

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S ^{15c}

Work addiction—the lethal habit that ruins more lives than narcotics
Diary of a brainwashing contest ■ West Indians—lonely exiles in Canada

November 4 1961



Science takes
a new look at

THE GREAT LAKES

What they are
and what we've
done to them



INTRODUCING THE 1962 DODGE a new lean breed of Dodge that'll out-run, out-corner and out-economize most any car around. It's undoubtedly the quickest, toughest, most dependable car Dodge ever built. It's a low price, full size car . . . a thoroughbred that doesn't need pampering. It drives twice as far between oil changes, 32,000 miles between grease jobs. Brakes adjust themselves automatically. It accelerates quicker, yet gets five per cent more miles per gallon than the '61 Dodge. The body is rustproofed . . . gives you years of high trade-in value. Want more? Dodge gives you more! Things like an improved gearshift for smoother, crisper shifts; a smaller transmission hump that gives the man in the middle more legroom; easier, more responsive steering; deep-sprung chair-high seats; to name just a few. There's never been a Dodge like this one. There's never been *any car* like this one. Drive it. You'll find it's a very, very hot automobile indeed. **DRIVE THE NEW LEAN BREED OF DODGE**

ON DISPLAY NOW AT YOUR DEPENDABLE DODGE-VALIANT DEALER

NEXT: 14-year-olds who master university science

The Grade Nine class at North Toronto Collegiate this fall—285 youngsters within a year either way of 14—are studying electrostatics, the kinetic molecular theory, and covalent bonding of the elements. Most of the rest of Canada's 14-year-olds won't encounter these complexities until they reach Grade 12 or 13, or university. This may be a grave loss for them. The North Toronto youngsters, their teachers report, take this kind of science and "sop it up like blotting paper."

This approach to science began as a response to the headlong speed of atomic development, which has in 20 years left traditional programs of instruction almost hopelessly behind. Universities are dissatisfied with the level of understanding brought to their science courses by high school graduates. In some provinces courses are being revised, but most are merely updating the old material. "I am teaching the same stuff I was taught 24 years ago," a teacher complained recently.

Two science instructors at North Toronto, S. R. Huntington and Norman Gillespie, were appalled to discover that beginners could, and often did, get a better grasp of science fundamentals from television and casual magazine reading than from the standard school curriculum. Why not, they asked themselves, devise a course beginning with the atom, which is basic to all understanding of science? Why not unify the separate disciplines of physics, chemistry and biology? Why not teach atomic structure, kinetic molecular theory, and energy transformations, and so make all the rest of science easier to understand? Wouldn't this eliminate the mechanical memorizing of laws and formulas by showing the student why the laws are true in the first place?

"We tried some of our ideas on Grade Nine classes," says Gillespie, "and they worked." The school's principal got board-of-education approval for a pilot program in two classes last year. It was so successful that this year all Grade Nine pupils are taking the new course.

Huntington and Gillespie say that their pupils, unencumbered by preconceptions, understand with ease what the teachers expect to be troublesome. Grade niners, who didn't even realize they had studied any chemistry, have explained the "why" of natural laws to older brothers and sisters in the regular Grade 13 course.

Are other schools likely to follow this lead? There are some straws in the wind:

✓ The joint committee of the Toronto board of education and University of Toronto, and the Ontario Teachers' Federation science committee are both interested in what's happening at North Toronto.

✓ The McGraw-Hill publishing company took one look at the Grade Nine course and decided to publish it. McGraw's Canadian editor, William Darnell, says: "I told head office this might be the most important contract we had ever signed."

✓ Dr. A. D. Allen of the chemistry department at University of Toronto says: "I feel that this system of teaching high school science must eventually be adopted everywhere."

Approval isn't unanimous. One older teacher, looking over a description of atomic electron orbits, said: "Far too advanced for Grade Nine."

FRANKLIN RUSSELL

WATCH FOR

TOTS' TOGS THAT FIT, identified by a new "Canadian Standard Size" symbol approved by the department of trade and commerce. Parents, who found sizing by age unreliable, will be able to choose clothes from a chest-hip formula for torso garments, a waist-hip system for items that fit at and below the waist, and a neck-arm system for boys' shirts. Retailers will be given charts showing how to fit the child by the new measurement system.

ARCTIC TOURISM: The Northern Affairs Department is trying to interest passenger ship operators in summer cruises from Montreal

into Hudson Bay, with stops at Eskimo settlements where tourists could shop for handicrafts. Another proposal is midnight-sun flights from Dawson, B.C., to beyond the Arctic Circle. On June 21, passengers could see the sun go down and pop up again within a minute.

POZZOLAN: It's a type of shale that builders in Europe have used since the time of the Roman Empire to strengthen concrete, but it's never been very popular. Now the Holdfast Natural Resources Company is building a \$1,000,000 pozzolan processing plant near a large deposit of shale on Salt Spring Island, B.C., and plans to market the finished product in western Canada.

WATCH OUT FOR

EMPHYSEMA, a little-known but fairly widespread lung disease often mistaken for pneumonia, asthma, or congestive heart failure. Some medical men say it now has a greater incidence than tuberculosis, and the death rate is higher. The National Tuberculosis Association in the U.S. warns: "The chief and only essential (outward) symptom is shortness of breath. Emphysema begins insidiously."

POWER TOOTHBRUSHES with a battery in the handle and detachable brushes for each member of the family. Cleaning speed: 2,000 strokes per minute.

TEST CASE: Can a boss fire striking workers?

For the next two years, in some Canadian court, the CPR and local 299 of the Hotel and Club Employees Union will fight over whether an employer has the right to fire an employee for going out on strike. Both sides say that no matter what the lower courts decide, they are determined to appeal the decisions all the way up to the Supreme Court of Canada. The case has become a test of an employer's and a union's rights during a strike, and prominent management and labor men say the case is one of the most important ever put before the Canadian courts. Here's how it started.

On June 26, the management of the CPR's Royal York Hotel sent the 1,188 workers who had been on strike for two months, two printed forms. By July 15 the strikers were to return Form A if they wanted to come back to work or Form B if they wanted to "resign." After one warning letter on July 10, the hotel on July 18 "closed the books"—fired all the employees who had not returned to work. The union protested to the Ontario labor relations board and received permission to prosecute the CPR for illegally threatening to fire employees engaged in a legal strike and for illegally carrying out the threat.

David Lewis, the union's lawyer, says, that although employers have fired striking workers before, this is the first time he knows of that the striking workers have fought their employer in court. He is basing his case on several clauses in the Ontario labor relations act, but he believes the case is important to almost all unions because almost all provinces have similar clauses in their labor legislation. These laws do not contain clauses that in so many words prohibit an employer from firing workers who are out on strike. But Lewis contends that in Ontario the law does contain provisions that, when read together, do protect a striker's job. "If the CPR wins this case," he says, "other employers in other provinces may be encouraged to take similar action, and the basic right of workers to strike lawfully could be effectively emasculated."

Angus McKinnon, the manager of the Royal York says he fired the strikers because "the hotel had to keep operating. Management has the right to operate in spite of everything." About 600 strikers have crossed the picket lines to

resume their jobs and McKinnon has hired about 600 new workers. Last month, he made 150 of them "permanent staff," eligible for the pension plan and other fringe benefits.

Outside the hotel, the strike is growing steadily more bitter. Because of the picket line, McKinnon has lost 12 profitable conventions, the city government has cancelled all civic affairs in the hotel and Premier Frost and several of his out-of-Toronto cabinet ministers have moved out. The musicians union has forbidden its members to play in

the hotel and unionized delivery men refuse to deliver supplies. They park at the curb and hotel employees unload the trucks and carry in supplies.

Archie Johnstone, the beleaguered president of local 299, says his local will stay out of the hotel until all the strikers are offered back their jobs. "This is more than just a railway hotel strike," he says. "It will affect unions right across the country. We can last as long—and longer—than the management of the Royal York Hotel."

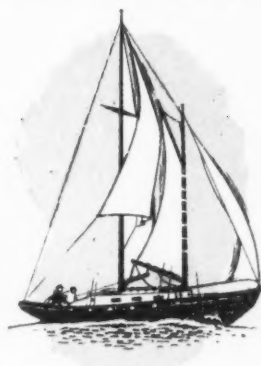
DAVID LEWIS STEIN

How to buy a new, two-masted, handmade Nova Scotia schooner

For all but a handful of determinedly salty Maritimers, the schooner has become a romantic memory. The day when the slim, swift vessels that sailed from Lunenburg were renowned throughout the world has vanished so completely that last summer, when schooner sailors in Gloucester, Mass., challenged Canadians to an international race meet, there was no one in Canada to take up the challenge.

But this winter, for the first time in a generation, six new schooners will be built in Nova Scotia. Their owners will join the dozen or so who came together after the Gloucester humiliation, held a series of races off Hubbards, N.S., and formed the Nova Scotia Schooner Association headed by Rear Admiral H. F. Pullen, RCN (Ret.). A few more schooners are on order in Newfoundland. Canadian sportsmen hope to organize races with New England sailors for the first time since the 1920s when Capt. Angus Walters, in the famous Bluenose, showed his heels to all comers.

The new schooners are 30 to 40 feet long compared with the 150-foot Atlantic clippers and the 70 to 100 feet of the Banks fishing schooners that were killed off by power vessels in the 1930s. They are fitted with cabins for cruising and week-end sailing. But they are true double-masted schooners, the mainmast aft of the shorter foremast. In the most common rig they carry two small foresails before the mast and a large mizzensail abaft, with triangular topsails and staysails when there's a favoring breeze.



The comeback of schooner sailing as a sport may be a reprieve for some of Nova Scotia's family shipyards, which work with native oak framing, pine planking and galvanized nails rather than with imported mahogany, screw nails, fine rigging and "yachting" accessories. Using the old methods and the old materials, they can build and rig a sport schooner for about \$6,000, a fraction of the cost of a modern architect-designed yacht of equal size.

These old-style craftsmen disdain blueprints and work from hand-carved models. One prospective buyer visited ten shipyards; only two would consent to use plans, and they preferred not to. One respected builder, presented with a model 26 inches long, said he couldn't construct a vessel from that. He used a two-foot ruler and always built his models to fit it.

ALAN ROUSE

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: How "the ghost of a dead China" blocks our hope of peace

DOES RECOGNITION OF RED CHINA mean abandoning the island of Formosa to Communist tyranny?

Most people seem to assume that the answer is yes. Neither Mao Tse-tung nor Chiang Kai-shek will accept the idea of two Chinese governments, one in Peking and one in Taipeh, with a seat apiece in the United Nations — in fact, this refusal is about the only thing on which Mao and Chiang agree. Therefore it's taken for granted that if Red China is admitted to the United Nations, Chiang and his ten million Formosans will be thrown to the Red wolves.

Actually this notion is unrealistic. Chiang and his island realm are protected not by the United Nations, but by the United States Seventh Fleet. If the U. S. were to withdraw its protection, no amount of UN resolutions would prevent the Chinese Communists from taking over Formosa. But so long as the U. S. remains his friend and ally, Chiang and Formosa are secure.

The United States is not going to recognize Red China, no matter what the rest of the world may do. This has been stated time after time, by U. S. governments of both parties. In our view, it's the only honorable stand for the U. S. to take — because, unlike the rest of

us, the U. S. has a solemn treaty with Chiang Kai-shek, concluded only seven years ago and morally as well as legally binding. The U. S. has given its word.

But nobody else has. Nobody else is committed to Chiang in any way. There is no reason, legal or moral, why a majority of the United Nations should not face the facts of life in China and vote to seat the government that actually rules one quarter of the human race. So long as that government is excluded, and the ghost of a dead China seated instead, so long will the UN be unable even to seek, let alone find, a stable basis for world peace and disarmament.

Having to deal with a government it doesn't recognize would be a new experience for the United States, but it's not unique and it might not be unwholesome. Not only the Soviet Union but many other countries — Britain, for one — are now sitting in the UN with a Chinese delegation they don't accept as genuine. What they are doing, the U. S. could do. This might make it easier for Americans to realize how the UN looks to a country that has just been defeated therein, an experience that the Russians have continually and most other nations have had occasionally, but the Americans never.

MAILBAG: Why we must remember how Louis Slotin died / An anti (dollar) imperialist

Please express my deep gratitude, along with that of the rest of the Slotin family, for Barbara Moon's sincere and most accurate account (The nuclear death of a nuclear scientist, Oct. 7). At the time of the accident, there were many articles written, but Miss Moon, by her extensive research, has produced by far the best.—CORINNE SLOTIN, WINNIPEG.

✓ This is the kind of information needed to guide our thinking before a frustrated government and unscrupulous contractors stampede us all into fallout shelters.—F. W. MATHEWS, ST. HILAIRE, P.Q.

✓ Barbara Moon's article on Dr. Louis Slotin's tragic death should be required reading for those people who have succumbed to the propaganda that a nuclear war may not be so bad.—A. L. EVANS, CALGARY.

No wild parties

We protest John Gray's analysis of valley parties as "wild and drunken affairs" (How seven families really got away from it all: Oct. 7). We have each attended and enjoyed valley parties within the last year, as have our children.—JOHN AND HELEN STEVENSON, ROBERT AND RUTH BOYD, HUGH AND ANNA ELLIOT, GEORGE AND MARY POLLARD, CHARLES AND HELEN VALENTINE, LARDEAU, B.C.

✓ There are several families — the Beghins, the Tarrs and the Sawczuks — who were here long before we Quakers arrived and are still here and I doubt if they would agree with John Gray's suggestion that the town was a dying one in 1951. He has also overlooked at least four new families, with varying degrees of connections with the Quakers, who are moving into town right now and were here last summer. Their approach, generally more cultural than utopian, is already giving quite a different and more cosmopolitan tenor to the atmosphere here. He also implies that only the Quaker group has brought

life to the valley. It has certainly helped do some of this, but holds no monopoly on it. — C. P. VALENTINE, ARGENTA, B.C.

Editorial comment

I am a high-school student who wants to live, and if most Americans would read your recent editorials, I might get the chance to do so.—LINDA QUICKER, ATHABASKA, ALTA.

Why negotiation doesn't work

Having read the editorial (How Canada is being misinformed on the "propaganda crisis") of October 7, I am amazed at your craven attitude toward communism. Surely you haven't forgotten the lessons learned from other negotiations with the Russians in the past. The West has always lost something and the Reds have gained something. . . . Don't you understand that if we give in again the Reds will never stop until our backs are to the wall and we'll have to fight or surrender like cowards? —WILLARD RAMSAY, NEWCASTLE, B.C.

Horses and hoaxes

Re: The Anatomy and aftermath of a melodramatic hoax (Oct. 7). What wonderful sleuthing! Any farmer could



tell you that it would take a carload of dried apples to keep a horse all winter. — DAVID MILNE, CALGARY.

✓ I read the article with great interest, because I, too, trained as a pilot at No. 37, SFTS, Calgary. The photograph, presumably of Foster in the

Harvard, prompted me to check my log book for the registration number AJ969, which even after 19 years seemed to ring a bell. On checking my pilot's log book I found that my first two instructional flights on the 8th and 9th of December, 1942, were carried out in that very aircraft. Later, on January 11, 1943, I flew that aircraft solo and according to my log book performed sequences 7, 9, 15 and 22. This means taking off into wind, powered approaches and landings, steep turns and aerobatics. On completion of my pilot's training I served as a flying instructor at No. 34 Assiniboia, and there learned that Simon Eden, who is mentioned in the article, had been "scrubbed" or "washed out" as a pilot and been posted to the navigation school in Edmonton. Accordingly, he could not have been a member of Course 105 at Calgary as Foster claims.—A. M. PENNIE, RALSTON, ALBERTA.

Down with falconry

It was regrettable to note the publicity given efforts being made to encourage a revival in falconry (Falconry in the suburbs, Oct. 7). Hawks must kill to live but that is a vastly different proposition from the deliberate exploitation of that need because the falconer derives pleasure from participation in the killing. The author admits that in the excitement of the "sport" he felt little sympathy for the victims, terrorized between man and dog on the ground and hawk above. Surely, instead of encouraging pleasure in killing, we should be doing all in our power to encourage the widespread acceptance of Albert Schweitzer's wise plea for reverence for all life.—A. E. DAVIES, VICTORIA.

Beaverbrook in New Brunswick

R. B. Bennett (R. B. Bennett's noisy collision with the depression, Oct. 7), was born in Hopewell Cape, New Brunswick, which is in the southeast section of the province. Max Aitken (Lord Beaverbrook) was born at Maple, Ontario, and shortly afterward

his father moved to Beaverbrook near Newcastle, New Brunswick, which is in the northeastern section of the province. — GEORGE C. BELYEA, STANSTEAD, P.Q.

Playing footsie

Re: "A Toronto store is now selling plastic footwear for kids; when the kids outgrow them, parents can heat the shoes in the oven, then ram in a larger size shoe tree to stretch them." (Preview, Sept. 9.)



My mother never buys me shoes. The ones I have, I'll always use. She simply puts them in the heat, And stretches them to fit my feet. But, if the fire should be too hot, Instead of shoes, there's just a blot. — W. A. CLARKE, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

The real danger to Canada

Peter C. Newman (Backstage at Ottawa, Sept. 9) says that the Americans already have on their statute books the legislation necessary for the political absorption of this country. This statement confirms my view that the danger to the independence of this country comes not from Russia, but from the U. S. A. The Manifest Destiny complex coupled with the arrogant doctrines named after their Presidents in which they claim unilateral rights to interfere in the affairs of other countries, show that dollar imperialism is not a phrase to be shrugged off lightly. — W. B. SIMPSON, PORT COLBORNE, ONT.

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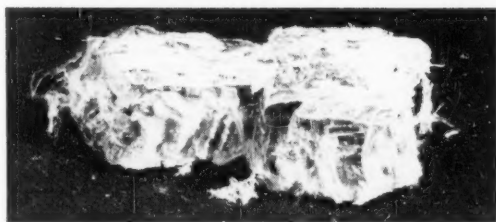


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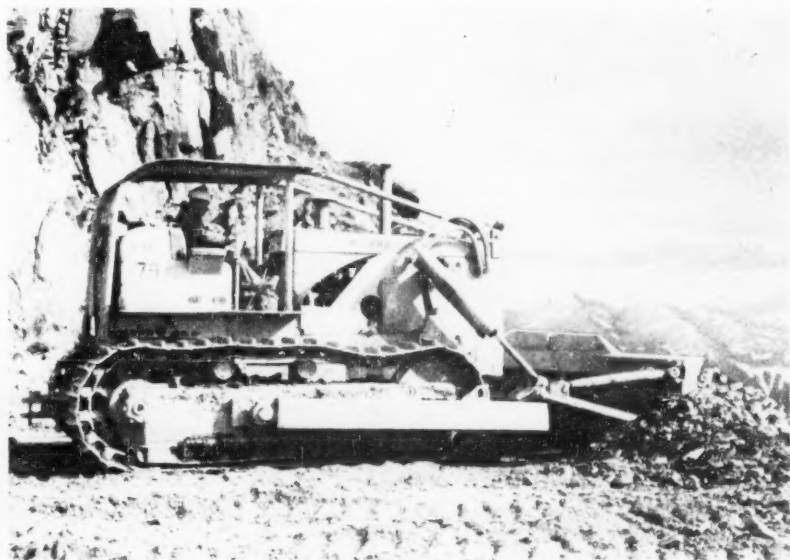
Prospectors have known of the Cassiar asbestos deposits for generations. They told of mountain sheep bedding down in the long silken fibres shredded by wind and rain from the rich asbestos outcroppings.

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MACLEAN'S

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MAILBAG *continued from page 2*

Is surgery overdone? Some laymen's views A singer speaks up for the "music monopoly"

I would like to acknowledge the fine thought-provoking article, Why surgeons operate, by Dr. Harold Bengt Atlee in the September 23rd issue. — KEITH W. HODGSON, DOWNSVIEW, ONT.

✓ I consider Dr. Atlee's article to be in bad taste and indicative of a desire to cater to sensationalism. — DOUGLAS P. BRYCE, M.D., TORONTO.

✓ In my association with physicians and surgeons I have met few who do not think they are Jesus Christ reincarnated. It is about time they took stock of themselves and occasionally read their pledge to serve humanity, if not better, at least conscientiously. — T. O. ARIE, EDMONTON.

What is needed for 1967

What is needed is an objective appraisal of the strengths and weaknesses of Confederation, what has happened to it in the last hundred years, and what is needed to improve our governmental structure. — R. M. GIBB, BEAUFIELD, QUEBEC.

The real Betty Trotter

My name is not Dorothy Trotter, (The hard life and well paid times of child models, Sept. 9) it is Betty Trotter, Associate Director of Walter Thorntons of Canada Limited. To add to the confusion, I am recently married and now my name is Betty Curry. — MRS. B. CURRY, TORONTO.

Brock Chisholm's mind

"The sick human mind" of Brock Chisholm's worry is none other than his own (Another incredible Canadian, Sept. 9). Any man who really sees no distinction between right and wrong, good and bad, is obviously unbalanced. In his case, however, it is probably only an attempt to keep a place in the limelight. — JOHN J. GABRIEL, VICTORIA.

In charity's good name

Re: Powell Smily's Trade Secrets of a Professional Fund Raiser (Sept. 23). What contempt can we have for Bolshevism when we ourselves employ deceit, conniving, brainwashing and blackmail in the name of charity? — KATHA ADAMS, ALBERNI, B.C.

A contralto's kind words

Among McKenzie Porter's glaring omissions (What the music monopoly does to—and sometimes for—young Canadians, July 1) was the fact that with the exception of Glenn Gould's personal manager Walter Homburger, there is no one in Canada, to my knowledge, who has the necessary experience and contact with the international music world to arrange such tours. In 1956 I chose André Mertens of Columbia Artists Management as my personal manager. At that time no other manager offered me any comparable future. Columbia Artists Management through the personal direction of André Mertens has provided for myself and other Canadian artists opportunities and mature advice that has immeasurably helped our careers. As far as programs are

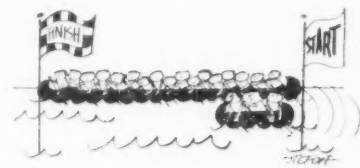
concerned, in my experience, management has never changed my choice of program. — MAUREEN FORRESTER, WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT.

South Africa and the Commonwealth

Peter C. Newman refers to "the expulsion of South Africa from the Commonwealth" (Howard Green: A friendly peacemaker toughens up: Oct. 7). After becoming a republic, South Africa applied for readmission to the Commonwealth but withdrew this application before it had been accepted on account of unwillingness to accept restrictions that might be made a condition of readmission. — A. GARDINER, SAINT-LAMBERT, QUE.

Better out west

I am sure many Canadians do not realize the excitement and, of course, the exhaustion of being a member of a war canoe spectacular (All-Canadian spectacle: charge of the war canoes, Sept. 26).



Naturally everything in the West is done on a larger scale. Our canoes are thirty-two feet long and carry not fifteen men as in the east but seventeen. Maybe in the future a true Canadian final will be held. — GORD MACNAUL, VANCOUVER.

The French-Canadian as citizen

The real truth is that the poor French-Canadian (One Canada: The Real Promise of Quebec's Revolution, August 26) has been made the pawn in the game of politics in this country for hundreds of years. It is time we corrected this error. Let us welcome the Quebecer as a Canadian, equal to, but not better than, any other Canadian. Let him move about freely in our country, from coast to coast, mingling with his fellow-Canadians, and proud of his country. Only in that way will we have a united Canada. Only in that way, can we glean the best of our various cultures and mould them together to make Canada a country of which to be proud. — G. R. JAMES, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

✓ The spread of bilingualism — despite the efforts of many individuals and organizations — is not likely to gain ground as hoped for by the French in general and Hugh MacLennan in particular. Mr. MacLennan has overlooked the fact that one language is the truest key to national unity. Besides this, we have to consider that the English language has assumed such importance in the world of today, that it would seem folly for Canadians to waste time and money on an antiquated and useless French dialect while the rest of the world is struggling to learn English to meet the requirements of the present age. — M. R. BRUNETTA, COBALT, ONT.

Continued on page 11



Wood Frog, by Harold V. Green, Photography-Microscopy Group of the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada.

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A defence of the friendly, hard-working Loyalists How the slush funds encourage theft and blackmail

I was pleased to read in the August 26 edition of your valuable magazine the article entitled Long Live the Queen, Long Live the Loyalists. For the general public it should prove interesting and enlightening. However, in any newspaper or magazine story, I suppose there is bound to be mistakes or half-truths presented. As president of the Dominion Council of the UEL Association, I should like to correct some of the more glaring ones. First of all, it is utterly untrue that members of the Governor Simcoe and Toronto Branch executives are not on speaking terms. Several times a year, these same members, together with representatives from the Bay of Quinte, Hamilton and St. Catharines branches, meet in a most cordial and friendly manner to discuss matters pertaining to the whole association. Second, I do not agree that our motivating purpose is tracing family genealogy, important as this may be, but instead it is striving to keep alive the fine traditions established by our ancestors and maintaining our priceless heritage. As to the original Loyalists perhaps being illiterate, they were too busy trying to survive and carve a home out of the wilderness, to record their deeds. It was unfortunate the author of the article did not include the significant happenings of this year that relate to our Loyalist heritage—the opening of Upper Canada Village at Morrisburg with its extensive collection of Loyalist buildings and furnishings; the visit of Sir John Johnson, sixth baronet of New York, whose illustrious ancestor, Sir William Johnson, played such an important part in the Revolutionary War and in the movement and settlement of the Loyalists to the St. Lawrence Valley, and the unveiling of the fine memorial to the Loyalist Regiments at Crysler's Battlefield Park.—DR. H. G. WALTON-BALL, TORONTO.

✓ The Loyalists have every right to be proud. Without the Loyalists, Canada, as we know it today, would not exist. It was a British country they founded. Our laws, our liberty, our form of government are all British. If people come to live in Canada they must accept that. Those who feel that they suffer under British tradition obviously shouldn't be here.—L. SANSON, FREDRICKTON.

✓ If the Loyalists are truly Canadian, they should work more to preserve our Canadian heritage and less to preserve our English heritage. Why cling to such outdated, foreign and unCanadian things as the Union Jack and the British national anthem, God Save the Queen, when we could salute a flag consisting of a Maple Leaf, the recognized symbol of our country, and sing an anthem in praise of our nation, O Canada?—ROBERT GAUTHIER, TIMMINS, ONT.

✓ Your brief account of "The legacy of a loyal clockmaker," says of Jordan Post that "He saw another of his six children, Melinda, when she died at the age of 28 after giving birth to her sixth child—Amy, the mother of 14 more." The illustration above confirms that both Melinda's death and her daughter Amy's birth occurred in the year 1842. Glancing at the remainder of Melinda's brood however, we find that Saphronia

was born in 1844, two years after her mother's demise! You have pictured the Posts as an interesting and prolific group of people. But let's not stretch the point!—B. A. COOPER, PALGRAVE, ONT.

Our mistake, Saphronia was baptized, not born, in 1844. She was born in 1835.

Jail the government!

Re: Political slush funds corrupt all parties (Sept. 9): When political funds are "extracted" from a contractor having government contracts it is a theft from the taxpayers, as estimates for the jobs are figured accordingly. When contributions are specified and demanded it is blackmail. Individuals could be indicted, convicted and jailed for similar action. Why not governments?—F. EDWARDS, REGINA.

The winnah!

Porter wins. He decoyed Berton (Pierre Berton takes the case of McKenzie



Porter, Entertainment, Oct. 7) right into range—lovely bit of duck calling.—DUNCAN MACPHERSON, TORONTO.

Ronald Turini's sustaining pedal.

The Canada Council first assisted Ronald Turini (Next trick for a new musical trump card, August 26) in 1958-59 to study in New York under Vladimir Horowitz and subsequently we provided the fare and some expenses to enable Mr. Turini to take part in the Queen Elizabeth of Belgium competition. When he returned to Canada the council also arranged and subsidized nine appearances for Mr. Turini with some of the country's major symphony orchestras. We do not wish to take any credit for the bravura of Mr. Turini's achievements, but think it might be known that we have at least supplied a sustaining pedal.—PETER M. DWYER, ARTS SUPERVISOR, CANADA COUNCIL, OTTAWA.

What the Liberals need

In your August 26 issue (Backstage at Ottawa. Yes there is a new Mike Pearson; now he wants to be prime minister) Mr. Newman sets out the secret strategy which the Liberals are to use in the next general election. He indicates that the Liberals plan to revive the hoary accusation that the Tory party is dominated by Bay Street and that they will be concentrating personal attacks on Toronto cabinet ministers George Hees, Donald Fleming and Dave Walker, as examples of Toryism—some strategy. I hope the Liberals plan to have something more in their program for the people than this.—VICTOR K. COLEBOURN, TORONTO. ★



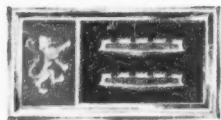
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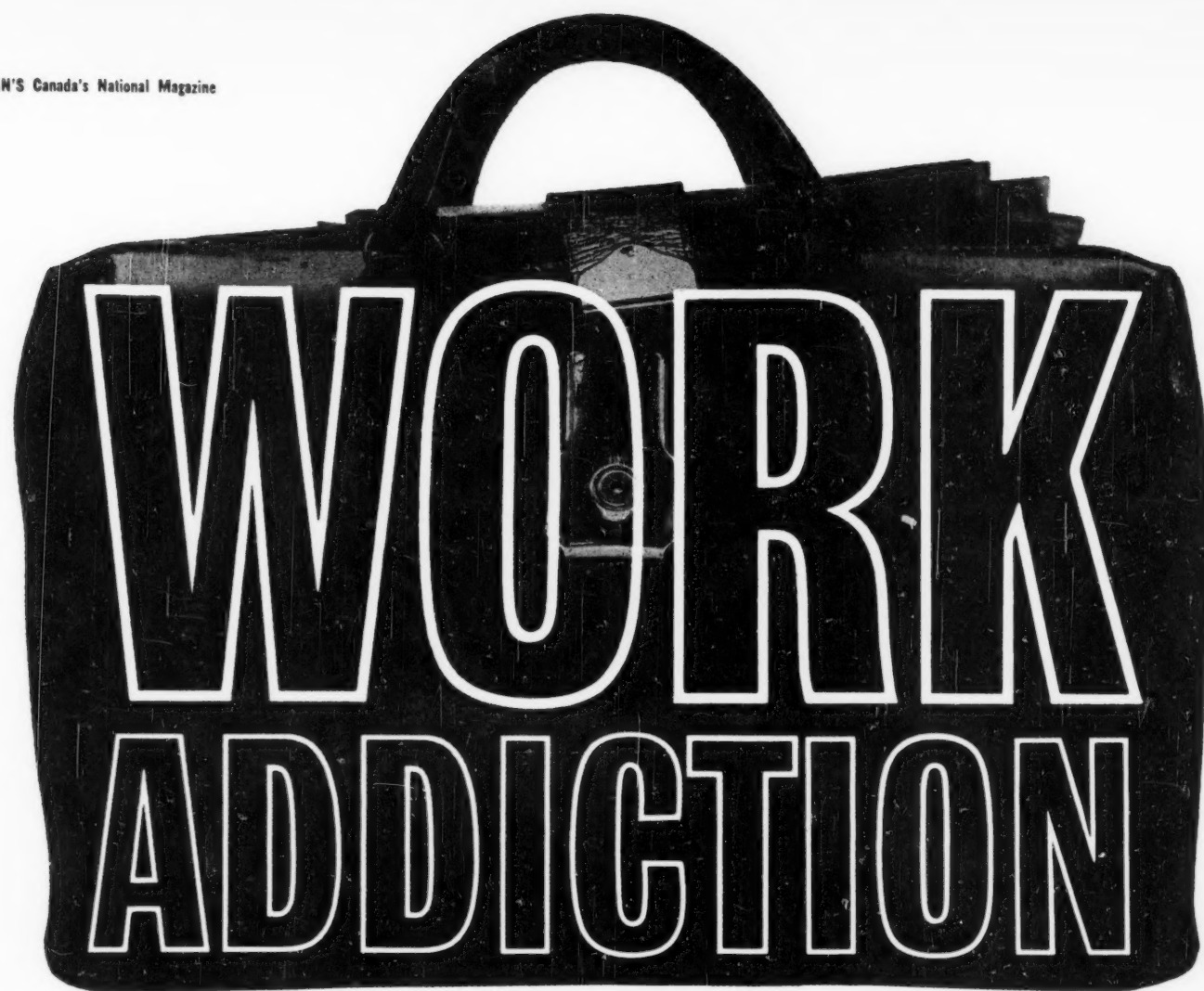


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WORK ADDICTION

—The habit that rules the men who rule the rat race

Medicine is discovering that some of the men we most admire, tireless demons for work, are as sick as the men we most despise, drug addicts and alcoholics. A report on the North American work addict and why he is hustling himself and the rest of us to the grave

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, Dr. Nelson Bradley, Chief of Psychiatric Studies at Lutheran General Hospital in Park Ridge, a suburb of Chicago, noted a curious pattern in some of his cases — disturbed children, alcoholic housewives, and wives who had suffered nervous breakdowns. Each had a husband or father who worked excessively hard.

Dr. Bradley is a former medical officer with a Canadian para-troop division who quit postwar medical practice in Wetaskiwin, Alberta, to study psychiatry in the U. S. While he was head of Minnesota's Willmar State Hospital, he helped devise new treatment and research programs for alcoholics and, as he became prominent in the field of addiction, he became increasingly skeptical of the reasons people give for overwork.

Now, after treating his patients' husbands and fathers for one year, he declares that many people we most admire — those who achieve success by tireless effort — are as mentally disturbed as those we most despise, drug addicts and alcoholics.

"We deplore every other type of addict," he says, "but we promote the work addict. We give him status. We accept his estimate of himself. These are our white knights in shining armor: the dynamic executive who is carrying the economy on his shoulders; the newspaperman whose paper will fail if he doesn't meet his deadline; the dedicated doctor who goes on and on — the whole health of the community depends on him, though there are only about fourteen other young doctors who'd love to have part of his practice and who are better trained than he ever was."

Addiction, Bradley says, can be broadly defined as an attempt to contain anxiety. The work addict uses activity to control his inner turmoil. He suppresses his inner tensions with the more agreeable tensions of work.

"An unhealthy relationship to work has the same mechanism as an unhealthy relationship to a chemical," agrees Dr. Gordon Bell of Toronto, an authority on addiction. "And it can be just as self-destructive."

In 1956 the Health Research Centre in Chicago, in one of the most exhaustive health surveys ever made, examined 600 executives and found heart disease in one out of six, glandular trouble in one out of seven, nervous and mental ailments in one out of ten, and gastrointestinal illnesses in one out of twelve. Out of all these people who had, at first, superior health and nervous control, only eight per cent — and these under forty — were free of disease.

Years ago the distinguished U. S. psychiatrist, Dr. Karl Menninger, recognized that the "connections of work with the destructive instinct are close and clear." It represents an attack upon something, the breaking down of resistance, the urge to master materials, situations and people. It evolves from man's first work, he says, which was killing.

The implications in this were glimpsed several years ago by the World Health Organization, which announced that it would study policy-makers. "High positions are often too much for normal people," the press release read. "Pressures are so intense that many with psychopathic tendencies become

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

A DISCRIMINATORY REPORT ON **THE
UNDESERVING
POOR**

By Jane Becker

This is a group portrait of the small and anonymous minority of Canada's poor who eat up the lion's share of the money and help given by all welfare services. Many of them have made a career of staying on the relief rolls down to the third generation — and their numbers, if anything, are growing

THIS MONTH Canadians are being asked to give more than \$31,000,000 to United Appeal and Community Chest drives to help finance voluntary agencies giving social, health and welfare services to as many people as need or ask for them. Between forty and fifty percent of Canada's 4,000,000 families will use at least some of these services during the next year. What almost nobody knows and hardly anybody has ever suspected until recently is that a small fraction of these — probably no more than 120,000 families all told — will consume about half of all the money and services available from both public and private agencies. They will cost from two thousand to five thousand dollars a year for each family — between \$240,000,000 and \$600,000,000, altogether, in direct financial aid and in the time and salaries of the social workers trying to help them.

These are the people that sociologists call troubled, chronically distressed, resistant, or, most often, multiproblem families. In ordinary language they could be called the undeserving poor, distinguished from the deserving poor chiefly by the fact that they are victims not primarily of circumstance but of their own ineptitude. They are not just the first people to swell public welfare rolls when times are thin; they are almost never off the rolls, even in a boom. Most are on the casebooks of several social agencies and, with an average "history" of at least seven years, many have settled more or less permanently on the lists.

"A MALIGNANT GROWTH ON CANADIAN SOCIETY"

Plagued by poverty, bad health, and large families which they can't handle either financially or emotionally, most have little hope of surmounting their situation. Their problems stem from their own dearth of education, their mental limitations, and just plain lack of moral fibre. Their troubles are so constant that no sooner has one smoothed itself out than three fresh ones arrive to take its place.

What worries sociologists most is that this pattern of dependence and maladjustment continues from generation to generation ("How would the children know any other way of living?" one observer asked), with troubles growing rather than decreasing. Vancouver, which has done extensive research into its problem families, has uncovered a number of third- and fourth-generation households getting social assistance. One such family has 230 relatives—all known to agencies. The Social Planning Council of Hamilton has found that

more than a third of the parents and grandparents of children in the care of the Children's Aid have been on agency lists themselves. Dr. Joseph Lagey, research director of the Community Chest and Councils of Greater Vancouver, calls such families "a malignant growth on Canadian society—slow, insidious, and capable of undermining our well-being."

Many observers believe that, far from fading as general prosperity rises, problem families will multiply as the country becomes more urban, life more complex and competitive, and as automation reduces the number of simple jobs which until now have kept some of the mentally dull and uneducated in the labor market. Miss Mary Jury, an area supervisor for the Neighborhood Workers Association in Toronto, says about a third of the cases in her district—a downtown, slightly run-down one—are such families. "Their basic problem is their inability to deal with the complicated life of a big city," she says. "In a small community they might get by without outside help. But coping with crowded living conditions, high living costs, big schools, high-pressure salesmen and a highly-varied community takes more adaptability and mental ability than they possess."

Gradually they fall farther and farther adrift of the main stream of life around them. To face the future they become either cheerful delinquents or gray scrubbers, to use labels coined by one sociologist. The delinquents work out their frustrations on society. Father may be a destructive drunk who frequently beats his wife or wrecks the furniture. Mother, a sloppy housekeeper without enough money or equipment, may have stopped trying. She often spends her time gossiping with the neighbors or drinking whisky in the kitchen.

The children may play truant from school, appear often in the juvenile court, and end up with a term in a training school or reformatory. They all cause trouble for police, neighbors, and the Children's Aid. Yet, these families often get along well together, and have a close-knit, albeit chaotic family life.

The gray scrubbers, on the other hand, retreat inward. Beset by troubles beyond their capacity to change, they give up hope, become either completely dependent on outside help, or resist it totally. Father may spend most of the day in a tavern or lying around the house, too discouraged or too ill-equipped to look for work. Mother frequently meets each crisis with some vague illness which confines her to bed. The children are listless, without ambition. Their family life, like their life outside home, is pointless and isolated. These are the most difficult of all to help.

Such families are hard to identify. (In the cases that follow, the families are real, but their names have been changed.) Unlike unfortunate people who get caught up in a depression or a wave of endemic illness, these families do not have their plight broadcast by agencies. Social workers are reluctant to pinpoint them since they represent a failure for the agency too. In fact, it usually takes long, close study to know for certain that their chronic indebtedness, their delinquency, and their slovenly housing conditions are due to their own

weaknesses rather than outside circumstances.

A great many don't ask for help or won't accept it when offered. Others become knowledgeable cadgers, making little effort to become less dependent as years go by. One northern Ontario man has been living contentedly on welfare money for years. He's not only made no effort to find a job himself, but each of his sons, shortly after getting married, has gone on the welfare rolls. The agency doling out the help is at its wit's end. "We've run out of arguments to try to convince this man and his sons that working for a living is a good idea," a representative told the Ontario Welfare Council last spring. "After all, they ask, why should they? Yet we're afraid to stop the payments because of the small children involved."

WELFARE BILL FOR TWO FAMILIES: \$115,000

What stands out clearly from a number of case histories is that despite all the money and time spent on them—these people show little or no improvement. London, Ont., was recently spurred to mapping out a three-year pilot project for intensive treatment of fifty of its most troubled families after discovering that about 250 chronically distressed households for years had been going through about half a million dollars a year in social aid, without an iota of permanent progress to show for it.

For her graduate thesis in social work, a University of Toronto student, Renée Roseman, recently traced two "hard core" Toronto families over their twenty-five-year history with social agencies. Each was the third generation of its family to receive help. Altogether, sixty-four social workers from nineteen agencies worked a total of forty-two years trying to straighten out the lives of the seventeen people involved. The families had cost \$53,000 and \$62,000 respectively, in salaries, financial aid and care of the children. Yet their situations were still basically the same as they had been when the workers first met them.

In the Ambrose family Mr. Ambrose, unskilled and poorly educated, had worked only intermittently for twenty-five years. He drank heavily and was rarely home. The family had lived in the same five-room house in a depressed part of town, on between twenty and thirty dollars a week, for twenty-two years. All but one of the eight children dropped out of school at Grade Eight or sooner. Five of the sons had been in juvenile court, and the eldest had fathered a child, later married its mother, been sued for nonsupport and assault, and finally divorced. The youngest boy had serious behavior problems and couldn't get along with other youths. He had had homosexual experiences with a man in the neighborhood. One daughter was a borderline moron, had been jailed for vagrancy and had given birth to an illegitimate child who was sent to a home for retarded children. Except for one son, who had finished Grade Ten and was doing well as an apprentice electrician, the children showed no more promise of pulling out of their situation than their parents. Yet thirty-one workers from twelve agencies had made fifty-eight visits to the Ambroses, held



eighty-five office interviews with them, telephoned them fifty-two times and written eighty-three letters.

On the surface the Borovs caused less trouble. Yet their situation was really worse than the Ambroses'. They had involved thirty-three workers from seven agencies over seventeen years, had had a hundred and seventy-four home visits, sixty-two office interviews, ninety-five telephone calls and a hundred and forty letters. Unskilled at fifty-eight, Mr. Borov had managed to earn between thirty and fifty dollars a week for some time, but had recently been laid off his job, with little prospect of another. He and his wife were married after their oldest child was born; they fought constantly. Mrs. Borov, a sloppy housekeeper, was subnormal mentally and could barely read and write. They had provided such an inadequate home life, in damp basement apartments, for their five children that only one was still living with them. Three others were in foster homes and a fourth had been adopted. None had any close contact with each other or with their parents. The Borovs had no friends, no community life. Mr. Borov regularly beat his wife, but the two never quite got around to separating.

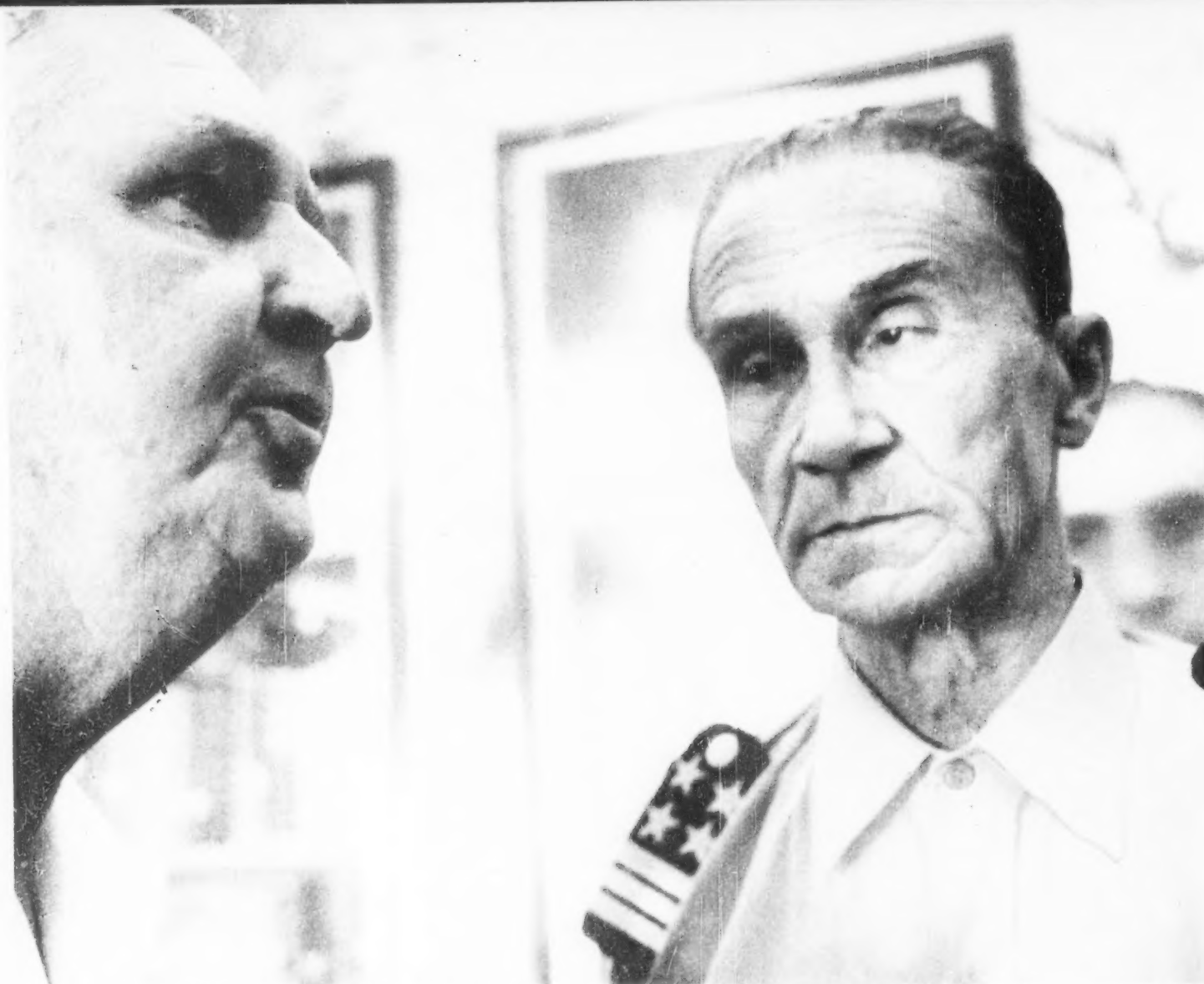
Similar situations are found all across the country. So far, only Vancouver and London have studied their multiproblem families seriously, but Vancouver has found 2,800 families—three percent of the city's total and about six percent of all those accepting some kind of aid—with multitudinous problems. They probably use about half the annual \$5,365,000-budget of the city's principal social agencies.

CHARITY'S HAPHAZARD ARMY

In Charlottetown, the Protestant Family Service says twenty-eight percent of its clients use between fifty and seventy-five percent of its funds. Halifax finds its five hundred problem families form slightly more than six percent of its total case load. Two Montreal agencies estimate their multiproblem families at between five and eight percent of their cases, and in Cornwall, beset with serious unemployment and housing problems, almost half the Family Service Bureau's seventy-five cases are problem families. One social worker says the percentage of families using the bulk of the welfare money in her area rises and falls in relation to the number of jobs available.

Yet the machinery which could help these families toward a more normal life, ease the drain on the public coffers and give the children a fighting chance, is hampered by lack of money and organization and by the way our social aid system has grown up. Social service in Canada is largely a piecemeal affair. The public health nurse calls to see that the baby is being fed properly; the Children's Aid follows up reports of child neglect; the city welfare department determines if the family is eligible for welfare, and organizations like the Big Brother movement try to straighten out a delinquent son. But no one takes responsibility for the whole family. A crisis may bring all the officials to the doorstep in force. ("I feel as if I'm

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At the end of his adventure, Galvao, right, still aboard the *Santa Maria*, talks quietly with U.S. Admiral Allen Smith about disembarking passengers at Recife.

WHY I STOLE A LUXURY LINER

BY HENRIQUE GALVAO

Just ten months ago twenty-four armed men took over the Portuguese liner Santa Maria. They played tag with navies and air forces across half the Atlantic. They were the hottest news story in the world. Then they were forgotten. This is the log of their hairbreadth cruise as the rebel — or pirate? — captain lived it

LA GUAIRA IS ABOUT twelve miles north of Caracas. It is visited monthly, more or less, by various Spanish passenger ships and by the trans-Atlantic luxury liner *Santa Maria*, belonging to the Colonial Navigation Company, in which the Portuguese Government has a financial interest. Legally, every one of these ships constitutes a portion of the territory of its nation of registry.

Why not begin the uprising against the dictatorship on one of these floating parts of Iberia that moved to where we were, just as other uprisings began in a city or on a mountain of a nation's fixed territory? An act of piracy? Obviously not, in international law, for there would be no attack by one ship on another and the seizure would have the clearly political purpose of rebellion.

The *Santa Maria*, because of its prestige as a luxury liner and because of its speed and other resources, was by far the best candidate for the operation, which we called *Dulcinea*, because we were romantics fighting for our

lady, Liberty. Our plan was as follows:

FIRST PHASE. The seizure of the *Santa Maria* by commandos taking orders from me after these men had embarked at the port of La Guaira as paying passengers. Once the ship was under our control, it would change direction, sail secretly toward the west coast of Africa by way of the South Atlantic, so that it could arrive without warning at its objective.

SECOND PHASE. With our original band and those crew members who, we were sure, would join us after the ship was taken, we would make a surprise attack upon the Spanish-held African island of Fernando Pô. There we would seize a gunboat and the high authorities of Spanish Guinea. Now with the help of native forces, which we hoped would follow us, we would attack Luanda, the capital city of Angola, in an enveloping commando operation.

OBJECTIVE: the conquest and liberation of a portion of Portuguese territory where we could form a government and from which, with

adequate resources, we could unleash a war against the Salazar regime.

The first date set for Operation *Dulcinea* was October 14, 1960. However, four days beforehand we were still short 7,000 bolivars (\$2,000) of the amount needed for fares and we had succeeded in buying, on the Caracas black market, only a few pistols and revolvers and one submachine gun. During these four days we barely scraped together enough money to feed the commandos in training.

WE STAKED EVERYTHING ON A FINAL GAMBLE

We were forced to postpone our start. The *Santa Maria* was scheduled again at La Guaira on December 20. Another postponement took place. The liner would return on January 20. One more postponement would mean *Dulcinea's* utter collapse — total defeat before hostilities even began.

Our entire group sold all their remaining possessions for what they could get, sold even their own labor, in order to raise the money we still lacked. The last, breathless loan obtained by one of us was arranged three days before sailing at the monstrous rate of fifteen percent per month. CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

This article is taken from My Crusade for Portugal by Henrique Galvao, soon to be published by The World Publishing Company.

A NEW LOOK AT THE GREAT LAKES

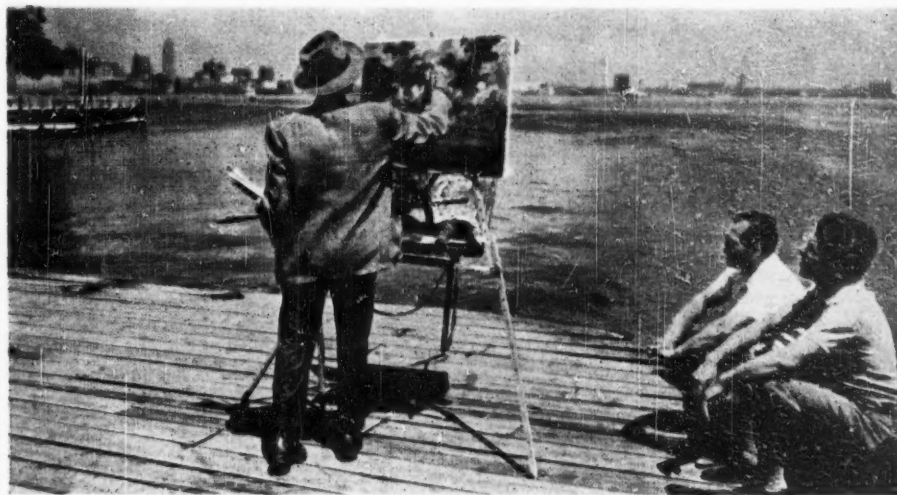
BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

IT'S HARD TO THINK of the Great Lakes as anything less permanent than the shape of North America, yet they're showing signs of age. A lake's ultimate destiny is to destroy itself. It grows wider and shallower as wave action and surface drainage erode its shores and sediment fills up its basin. These are slow processes. But the aging of the Great Lakes is being speeded enormously by man, whose ability to destroy them parallels their importance to him. Today the Great Lakes influence the lives of a sixth of the population of North America. Over ten million people live in towns and cities directly on their shores. They're the site of three cities of over a million population, including the ninth biggest city in the world, and they're the world's busiest inland waterway. More shipping probably passes through the locks at Sault Ste. Marie than through the Panama and Suez Canals combined. All of this means increasing pollution, chemical change and disturbance of nature. At last report, the equivalent of 446 barrels of oil a day were being dumped into the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers. The salts left in the effluent of sewage treatment plants are turning parts of the lakes brackish. Algae growth is in places so dense that it's clogging water intakes, and at times turns the west end of Lake Erie a noticeable green. The Welland Canal has let the sea lamprey into the upper lakes, where it has done serious damage to the fishing industry. The Great Lakes have become a pressure point of a vast economic complex equipped to draw so much power at Niagara that Canadian and American authorities have agreed to take most of it at night to leave some water coming over the falls for the daytime tourists. In the late twenties, Chicago was diverting so much Great Lakes water to flush its sewage down the Mississippi drainage system that it was limited by supreme court permit to 1,500 cubic feet a second. The biggest supply of fresh water on earth (the second biggest is in Lake Baikal, in Siberia, 5,315 feet deep) and a New World Riviera for hundreds of thousands of holidayers, the Great Lakes have become the latest critical area in our waning natural resources.

To decide how Canada and the United States can go on using the lakes without running into trouble is the job taken on by the Great Lakes Institute, an organization headed by University of Toronto scientists which is conducting a continuing survey of the Great Lakes from a research vessel, the *Porte Dauphine*. I first heard of the *Porte Dauphine* from Dr. George B. Langford, a towering, bald man who is head of the

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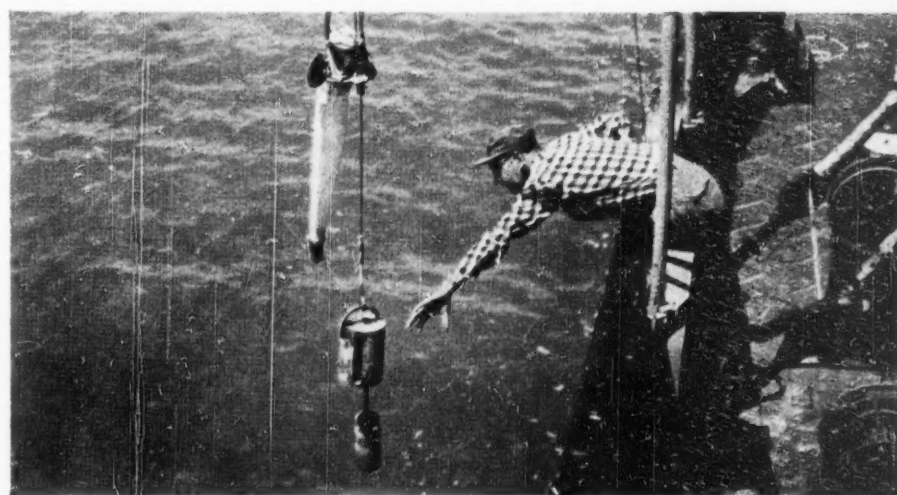
They're a new Mediterranean for ten million people. But for the scientists of the Great Lakes Institute they're an unexplored inland sea now beginning to yield some ominous secrets. All five lakes are slowly destroying themselves. We're speeding the wreckage by making them "the greatest dumping ground in North America"



A painter at work across the bay from Toronto. The waterfront he's painting handled 287,000 tons of overseas cargo in 1958, and 760,000 tons in 1960.



A clean breeze, a green skyline, a morning stroll along the south shore of Lake Superior . . . and a slowly vanishing aspect of life on the Great Lakes.



*Aboard the research ship *Porte Dauphine* a scientist reaches for a device that measures density of plankton — tiny animal and plant life — in the lake water.*

MORE PICTURES OF THE PORTE DAUPHINE IN ACTION ON PAGES 62 AND 63

THE GREAT LAKES

continued

Department of Geology at the University of Toronto and Director of the Institute. To say that he's enthusiastic about the Institute's work is an understatement.

Many organizations in the United States and Canada are involved one way or another with Great Lakes research, but none on such a comprehensive scale. The University of Michigan at Ann Arbor is engaged in the same work, but has no full-time research vessel, and gets along on university funds, whereas the Great Lakes Institute has support from the Canadian Department of Transport, which loaned the *Porte Dauphine* and pays its operating costs; the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests; the National Research Council; the Defence Research Board and the National Science Foundation of Washington. In addition, participating scientists come from the Transport Department, the Ontario Water Resources Commission, the University of Western Ontario, Columbia University, and McMaster University as well as the University of Toronto; and services have been supplied by the Toronto Harbour Commissioners.

"On both sides of the line," Dr. Langford told me in his office in the University of Toronto Mining Building, "people have always wanted to get on with this job, but research had fallen between stools. The United States have eight states bordering the Great Lakes but haven't been able to get to first base. Sooner or later, and the sooner the better, there will have to be much more rigid controls on the lakes. I can foresee an international police force. As it is, the Great Lakes are the greatest dumping grounds in North America. Ships coming in from Europe and Asia and all points of the world throw all their garbage into the lakes. They're supposed to put it in cans and bring it to port, but cooks from all over the world dump it overboard."

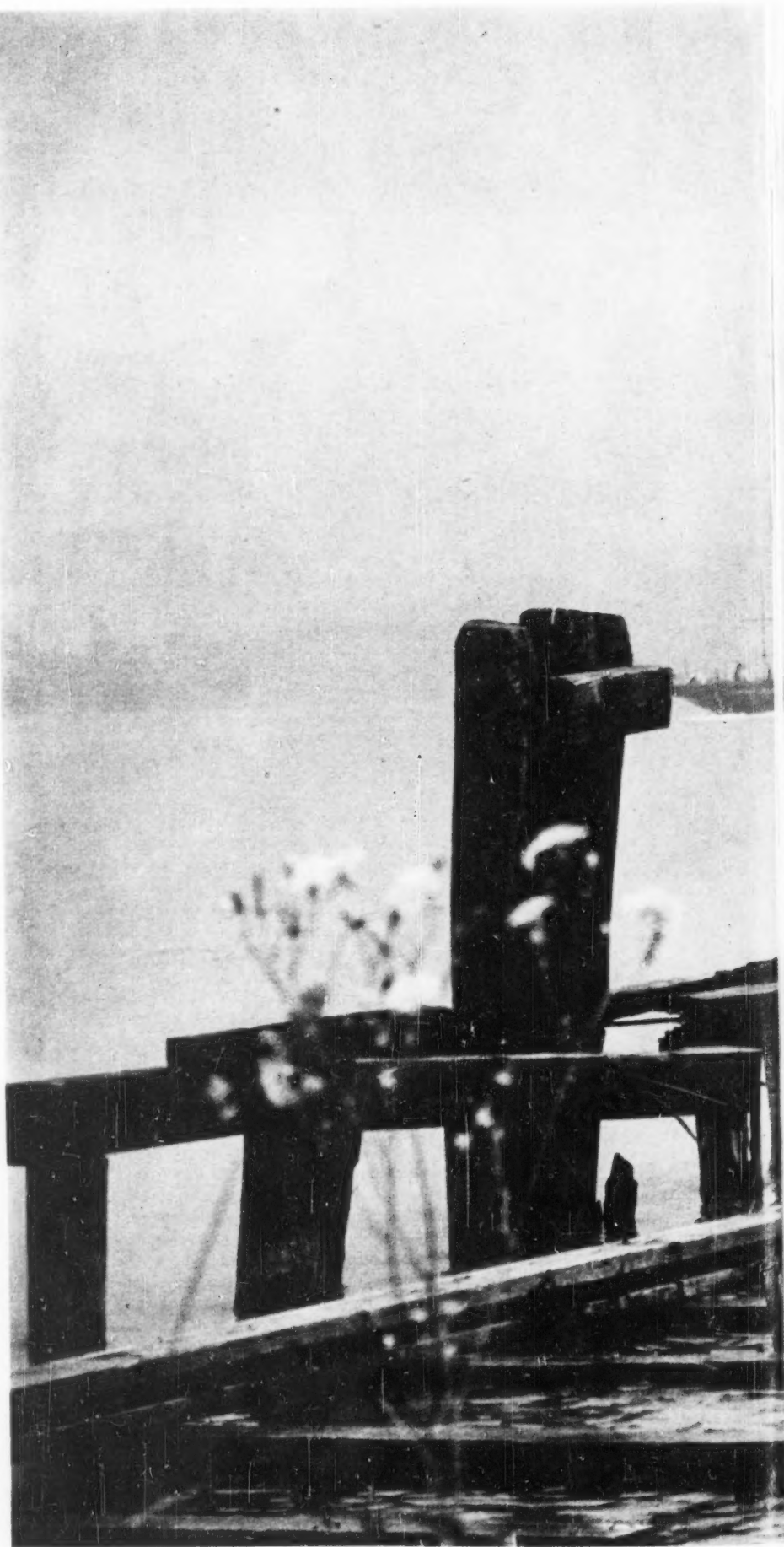
The Institute's biological program comes under the head of Dr. F. E. J. Fry, and physical research under that of Dr. Roger Deane, a lank, dedicated professor who does skin diving and tried to interest me in it, with no luck. He did, however, arrange for me to take a trip on the *Porte Dauphine*, which I was to pick up at Douglas Point, on the east shore of Lake Huron, near the town of Kincardine. Douglas Point is where Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd., with the co-operation of the Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission is constructing Canada's first commercial nuclear generating station, and the Great Lakes Institute is doing background checks of water chemistry and currents, as well as fish and plant life, within the 2,300-acre guarded strip of shore line. The Institute has the commission's whole-hearted support, in fact, blessings, in its efforts to assess the future effects of the plant's operations, if any.

It was behind a heap of the blasted and bulldozed rock from which rises the huge concrete shell of the reactor that I first saw the *Porte Dauphine*, three masts against a milky morning sky. She was suddenly there as if someone had projected a home movie onto a wet bed sheet, moving very slowly, silently and impressively for her size, and was gone just as suddenly, as if someone had snapped the projector off. I wasn't able to board her until the evening, when she appeared again in a drizzling rain. Two Great Lakes Institute men took me out to the ship in an outboard motorboat. I felt a couple of hands discreetly supporting my backside as I struggled to climb aboard. I arrived over the rail like a large trout and found myself talking to a deck hand in overalls who came out of a conglomeration of winches, ropes, cables and cranes in the rain.

The *Porte Dauphine*, a busy-looking 125-foot, black-hulled workshop with white

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Near an old dock east of Windsor, a railroad car ferry moves slowly into the Detroit River. Entering the traffic jam at the mouth of the Detroit River pilots commonly see thirty to forty freighters lined up in a five-mile strip of shipping lanes.







A FALL OF BIRDS

A gentle story of a boy's last days alone with his older brother, of a wild white owl and a telegram before Christmas — all on the day before yesterday, in a time when a man still had to cross an ocean in order to find death in a war. By Ronald R. Jeffels



I remember him as though it were yesterday, but nearly twenty years have gone by since he stood leaning against the frame of the door reading the letter. I remember, too, that it was the first official envelope I had ever seen: brown glossy paper, ominous, bearing the black letters OHMS across the front. My mother came in fretfully from the kitchen. This was a dreaded moment for her. She knew by looking at my brother what the letter contained and she came forward without a word to kiss him. He was awkward and self-conscious and moved away slightly, not because her attentions embarrassed him, but because war is first of all a violation of woman's rights and the gentleness within her.

"It's come then." Her voice was apologetic. It wavered, then broke, and I knew she was about to cry.

My brother nodded simply, as though this were the most usual thing in the world, as though it happened daily and was, after all, without particular significance.

"Does it say when you have to go? Is it soon?"

"Not yet, not for another month. Now, Mother, don't worry. Everything's going to be all right. Nothing can happen and we'll all be home again soon." His tone was not convincing.

I was seventeen. I knew Europe only from the geography books. France was a purple hexagon, Italy a brown top boot, Portugal and Spain an orange square, and Germany a black wolf's head. Their peoples were as strange to me as the inhabitants of

the moon. They spoke harsh ungodly languages in which it was possible to write romantic poetry or epic stories but totally impossible to make love, order a meal, or change trains. Yet this paper world with its cardboard men and women was about to claim my brother. I found the idea improbable and unreal but frightening.

At night we watched my father bent over the newspapers, following the broad black arrows which showed the enemy armies poised along a thousand miles of frontier. And there were flashes of headlines announcing the mobilization of British troops, or the appointment of new generals, and pictures of civilians, collarless, in waistcoats, digging trenches in Hyde Park or drilling self-consciously with bits of stick on the moors and commons of England. And women with brave, dead eyes stood in queues to have their babies fitted for gas masks.

My father had not forgotten the war because no man ever does, and he had a permanent morning cough to remind him of what happened at Ypres. But as the years passed he remembered only what he wanted to remember, and the endless stories he told us as children were of good comrades, leave in Paris, and quick moments of happiness. For him the years in the trenches were all a remote, unreal dream.

He took me aside twice as I was growing up. Once, soon after I was fifteen, he thought the time had come to explain the manly (continued on page 47)

The rise of the tree-savers

Since the war a million city trees have been destroyed in Canada by bulldozers, snowplows, vandals and disease. At times, the public has seemed to hate its trees. Now, the professional tree-savers are fighting back with test tubes, strange machinery and a determination that tomorrow's children will play in the shade

BY FRANKLIN RUSSELL

ONE MORNING EARLY this summer, a strange-looking machine shot past a bulldozer working beside Highway Ten, north of Orangeville, Ontario, uprooted a thirty-foot tree and roared away in a cloud of dust.

This Jules Verne-like incident is one example of a relatively new breed of men at work—the tree-savers. The machine belonged to the Ontario Department of Highways and was saving a small wood lot of pine trees from the bulldozer's destruction.

The tree-savers are a mixed bunch; some are arborists working for parks departments, others university or government pathologists hunting for cures to tree diseases; the rest are tree surgeons using axe, chisel and saw to doctor trees back to health. All are working with growing speed and effectiveness to halt the tree destruction that began when the white man landed in North Amer-

ica and which is only beginning to be slowed today.

Their work is changing the face of Canada's cities. Elms, oaks and maples are fast disappearing from our streets. Replacing them are faster-growing, more easily maintained trees, like crab apple and mountain ash in the east, and cherry and plum in British Columbia.

Saving trees is nothing new. The Romans doctored their more valuable trees. But only in North America, and particularly in Canada in the last ten years, has tree-saving been forced to become a really well-organized fight. In only twenty-five years Dutch elm disease, a fungus distributed by beetles, has killed a hundred million elm trees in North America. About five million maples have died in Canada in the last ten years of an unknown disease, vaguely called "dieback." The commonest tree in the eastern U. S., the chestnut, was wiped

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Above, an Ontario government tree-saving machine moves in before the tree-destroying bulldozers on a road-widening project. The thirteen-ton machine uprooted the twenty-foot elm and carried it (right) to safety.





THE NIGHTMARE LIFE OF A HEMOPHILIAC

There are 2,300 "bleeders" in Canada. To each of them a minor scratch or even a bump may bring agonizing pain, a crippled limb, or death. This is a new report on an old disease, as old as kings and prophets — and, for science, almost as baffling as ever

BY DERM DUNWOODY

SOMETIME IN THE NEXT month or two, unless the gods are uncommonly kind, twenty-year-old Carl Terpstra, a tall darkly handsome youth, will call at St. Joseph's Hospital in Peterborough, Ont., for what he roughly calculates to be his 550th blood transfusion. About forty-five minutes later, after politely suggesting to the intern where to jab the needle, he'll return to his bookkeeper's job in his father's furniture store.

Carl is a hemophiliac — a bleeder — one of 2,300 Canadian males for whom a thistle scratch can mean days in hospital, or a bad bump excruciating pain, a crippled limb and maybe death. When Carl was born, his parents had never heard of hemophilia. Except for a tendency to bruise easily, he seemed as healthy a baby boy as either of his two older brothers. But, when fifteen months old, he was operated on for hernia and almost died as a result of uncontrollable bleeding. It was then that his condition was diagnosed and the chilling facts of hemophilia were explained to his parents:

The disease can be transmitted directly only by a female; Mrs. Terpstra was a hemophilia carrier. Some of her sons, she was told, would be afflicted by the disease and some of her daughters would be carriers, passing the condition along to their sons according to the laws of heredity. Carl's condition, the doctor said, was incurable and his chances of surviving past puberty slight; at that time only two of every twenty hemophiliacs lived to be twenty.

SIX SONS, THREE OF THEM BLEEDERS

Mrs. Terpstra's next child was Anthony, a hemophiliac. Two years ago, a strapping sixteen-year-old who stood six-foot-four-inches, he died in Toronto General Hospital when an irresistible hemorrhage followed a sharp attack of flu. Vincent came next—normal. Then Francis was born, adjudged to be normal at first, then discovered to be a third hemophiliac son. Six sons and three bleeders: par for the course according to the laws of heredity.

Today Francis is twelve years old. He has just passed with honors into his first year at high school despite spending almost half his year in Grade Eight in bed, unable to walk. He has a driving ambition to be a skin diver. When he gets up in the morning and hooks his

crutches under his arms — on the mornings when he *can* walk, when the dreadful pressure of exploded blood doesn't tear at his joints — Francis sings. He has one complaint—wearing ankle boots. "Couldn't I have some ordinary shoes just for Sundays?" he asks his mother. And he'd like a bicycle — "I'd be careful" — though he knows that the slightest spill, the smallest scrape, would in all probability mean another long, agonizing stay in hospital.

Some day soon probably Francis will get his bicycle. Though exquisitely aware of the danger, Wiebe Terpstra and his Dutch-born wife learned that a hemophiliac son must be raised to live close to death. He must determine his own limits of adventure, find out for himself what he can do and can't do. Death is a dare. One bleeder, in his twenties, cheerfully admitted he was a habitual highway speeder; and a thirteen-year-old confessed he sometimes played touch football around the corner though forbidden by his parents.

Hemophilia is a cruel, painful disease. In Vancouver, not too long ago, a nineteen-year-old sufferer committed suicide. In Montreal, a confessed heroin addict tearfully explained to a court official how his hemophilia had driven him to drugs — anything to ease the searing pains in his knees and ankles; he'd started on sedatives when seven years old, built up a tolerance and graduated to stronger pain relievers. On a holiday trip to Saskatchewan recently, a Toronto boy bit his tongue and died. In a small Ontario village, despite the warnings of a doctor, a dentist extracted a hemophiliac's tooth — and the boy died before he could be taken to hospital. In another case — and there are dozens similar — a Montreal bleeder decided to try street hockey, got bumped, and died two weeks and forty transfusions later of severe internal hemorrhage.

It is cruel, as well, to the parents; they must forbid their child to engage in rough-and-tumble sports, must absorb and rationalize the self-guilt that comes to a mother cursed with the knowledge that it was she — her genes — that made her son a cripple. To the healthy brother of the hemophiliac it can be a torment: when he falls down and cries, nobody cares, but when his brother merely stubs his toe, there's a major fuss complete with crying

mothers, desperate doctors and troubled fathers. To the sister of a hemophiliac, knowledge of the disease can be terrifying. She *may* be a carrier, her sons *may* be hemophiliacs — but there is no way of knowing, no test. Should she marry, have children? Doctors don't discourage it. It's the girl's choice, her gamble. The fifteen-year-old daughter of one hemophilia-stricken family I met had not yet been told that she may be a carrier, but she will be soon—either by her parents or, brutally, in the schoolyard.

To the bleeder himself, hemophilia is like poliomyelitis or heart disease, an affliction to which the victim can only learn to accustom himself. "There's nothing you can do about it," says Carl Terpstra, home from a dance. "You have faith and you get by. Just face things day by day and you get by."

"SOMETIMES WE WERE ALL IN HOSPITAL"

His father, Wiebe, who established a furniture store so that his hemophiliac sons might have jobs, leans over the kitchen table in their comfortable Peterborough home and says, "Three times we thought you were dead. Three times the doctors and the priest gave you up. It's only a miracle you're alive."

Carl talks differently. "We used to have drag races in our wheel chairs, my brother Anthony and me, at the hospital. One time I remember Anthony and I were in Toronto General — we always asked for room 202 — and Francis was in the hospital here in Peterborough. Sometimes none of us could get out of bed."

"I remember," said the elder Terpstra, "how we had to wrap bicycle tires around your behind so you wouldn't hurt yourself if you fell . . . And how I used to take you to school on piggy-back."

"And I remember," said Mrs. Terpstra, "how I'd hear one of the children playing in the backyard start to cry and I'd try to listen to know which one it was."

Carl lives by his plasma transfusions. If he begins to bleed internally—through the kidneys usually, or perhaps (as happened the other day) by twisting his wrist while putting on his undershirt — he sees the swelling, the beginning of pain, and hustles himself down to the hospital for a transfusion of normal blood. Should he ever need an operation or a tooth taken out, he would first build himself up with a series of transfusions, as many as he could stand. In his younger days he'd take transfusions directly from his father. Today the plasma comes from the Red Cross blood bank, which stores blood voluntarily given by donors and supplies it free of charge. One thing irks him: "If I went into hospital when I needed blood, it wouldn't cost me anything because the Ontario hospital plan would pay for it. CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



MY SECRET RENDEZVOUS WITH A RED ★ ATTACHÉ

The Toronto student was curious . . . perhaps too curious. He was determined to keep his strange tryst with the man known only as Serguei Divilkovsky.

Were the steaks and whisky meant to divert the youth or to subvert him? What did Divilkovsky want? And who — who, in the name of mercy — would pick up the tab?

BY HARRY MALCOLMSON

I WAS SITTING in my office on a Thursday late in June, getting back to normal after the ten most hectic days of my life. Then my phone rang. A man's voice with a heavy accent spoke: "This is Serguei Divilkovsky, cultural attaché, Soviet Embassy."

"Yes," I said.

"I have come from Ottawa and I want to meet you."

"Oh," I replied.

"Yes. Can I meet you tomorrow, one o'clock, Prince George Hotel?"

"All right," I said, and hung up.

I was bewildered. I racked my brain for some possible reason why the cultural attaché of the Soviet Union would want to see me, a Toronto law student. I did not at first see the remotest connection between the telephone call and the events of the previous ten days.

On the week-end of the twenty-fourth of June I had attended the annual conference of the Ontario Young Liberals, as president of the Toronto area Young Liberals. On the Saturday night I had moved a resolution which pointed out that a split of the protest vote between the Liberals and the New Democratic Party would help the Conservatives. The resolution urged the Liberals to work hard to develop policies which would appeal to uncommitted voters. There was a twenty-minute debate; and then the resolution passed. Five newspaper reporters crowded around afterward to get names and wording straight, but I paid little attention. They had already written down thousands of words since the conference began thirty-six hours before.

I thought that was the last I'd hear of the matter. But by Monday I had suddenly become one of those people who find themselves plucked from anonymity into an embarrassing public spotlight. The newspapers headlined the story of my resolution. The Toronto Globe described it as "a surprise leftward move." The Canadian Press

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THE WEST INDIANS: OUR LONELIEST IMMIGRANTS

Most of them are women without men. Some are men without hope. Almost all are permanent strangers in a white land that offers neither rebuff nor welcome. A visiting West Indian Negro reports on the sad handful of compatriots who got through the screen of our immigration policy to live here in exile

BY GEORGE LAMMING

PEOPLE WHO LIVE on small islands can't travel very far: the sea happens so quickly. The sea is their only knowledge of a frontier. And that's why the distance others call a continent doesn't quite make sense to islanders until they are transported there.

So I thought, as I set out to learn about Toronto. It was the wrong time of year for rain, but this was a very wet week with wind like a mild hang-over from winter. I recalled the apology an immigration official once made, "Climate," he'd said, "it's the only reason we stop West Indians coming here." But the weather wasn't so hostile and I continued, loitering here and there with one intention. I had hoped to hear a voice, any voice whose sound would tell me where its owner came from. For the West Indians talk the same language in several different tongues; Barbados will not be confused with Jamaica, and Trinidad mocks them both. That's why I waited—to recognize one of those accents. Soon I gave up the game. After all, my business was black faces, and it's difficult not to notice what a Negro looks like. But the streets of Toronto seemed utterly white that day.

When I thought of West Indians in Canada I had a vision of islands submerged in an ocean of land. This feeling was confirmed by some figures and a phrase in Immigration Department literature which speaks of "classes of person admissible to Canada."

In September 1959, thirty-eight West Indians arrived from Barbados to work as domestic servants wherever they were sent. Twenty of them had been assigned to families in Montreal. The others filled similar vacancies in Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. In November of the same year, Trinidad provided thirty-two. They had come to do the same kind of work and

their distribution followed a similar pattern. Eight stayed in Montreal; seven traveled to Toronto; and the remaining seven went to Oakville, Ottawa, Carleton Place, Ont., and Winnipeg. Each month added its own quota and as the figures increased the continent assumed more colossal dimensions. The total for that year stopped at the official maximum of 280.

Many would have been strangers from the start, since they had come from nine different islands and the mainland territory of British Guiana. Now they were further separated, serving white families and searching for friends in seventeen different and unknown places that stretched across Canada, a dispersal covering 4,000 miles. And all of them, women.

You begin to wonder whether these statistics throw any light on what might conceivably be a Canadian policy of selection. The West Indian concludes that in the minds of those who arrange these matters, there are two urgent preoccupations. One is with sex; a fear, that is, of importing the black male. The other appears to be a technique of separation. West Indians may enter, but at a rate, and in a way that allows the vast continental distances to swallow up their numbers: Hamilton, nine; London, two; Calgary, eight; Vancouver, two.

"IT IS COMFORTABLE, BUT LONELY"

A minority derives its confidence from numbers and if these, already so few, are depleted by distance, no group can find the power to organize. Some decent, fanatical individual may continue his struggle to convert newcomers but a communal sense can't thrive if it is permanently restricted by such a lack of numbers.

One afternoon, in the prosperous district of Forest Hill in Metropolitan Toronto, I went to visit a West Indian domestic ser-

vant. The house was set far back from the street with a neat ridge of grass sloping all around and up to the steps. It looked almost plain on the outside but on entering I could feel a new luxury descend on everything. The carpet spread out like nature everywhere. It climbed up the stairs and finally disappeared in the color of the walls. Every footstep was made silent by the texture and depth of that turf. In the living room, one sofa rolled itself out to the full length of the wall. A small chandelier and two red candlesticks were mirrored in the polished surface of the dining table.

"Do you like working here?"

"It is comfortable," the woman said, "but lonely."

She waited on a family of four. It took some time before I noticed her white cotton frock, so simple, and astonishingly subtle in its design. You knew she wore it on the job yet no one could have guessed if it was meant to be a servant's uniform. It would have been perfect for a First Communion. She had made it herself.

She was a short woman of peasant stock, deep black, with strong, very delicate hands, and small, lucid eyes that seemed always on the alert. She had been educated to read and write but needlework was her greatest passion. When she talked, I could recognize the rhythm of Jamaican speech.

"And how do the people in this family spend their time?" After a moment's reflection she answered: "The husband, he goes to work. The children, they go to school. And the wife, she goes to games."

The wife had gone to games so we sat in the large hygienic kitchen with its invisible cupboards and a white telephone which seemed so necessary and new. Her story was typical. About three years ago she was one of sixty-six women who had been selected from a total of 1,500 for domestic service in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWMAN



Even off stage Normand can't resist clowning, mimicking and offering his quicksilver wit. Here, he was not performing for a night club or television audience but for his own associates at a conference called to discuss his part in the TV show, *Music Hall*. The meeting was through—disheveled and fatigued (see photo over page).



THE FIFTH COMEBACK OF QUEBEC'S FIRST FUNNYMAN



Four times the sharp tongue of Jacques Normand has drawn sponsor's blood and had him banished from television. Now, Quebec's favorite show-business maverick is back once more — this time on the biggest show of the French network **BY ANNE MacDERMOT**

"A GENIUS . . . AMORAL . . . the sharpest tongue in Canada . . . Jacques Normand? Ooh la la! Watch out," say the critics, and sponsors ask themselves once again whether it is wise to bring him back. But the people of Quebec have no such doubts. When comedian Jacques Normand returns to television this season as master of ceremonies of the biggest show on the French network, it will be because they know no one can touch him.

Normand has signed a thirty-nine-week contract with Music Hall, the peak-hour Sunday-night variety show. Good-looking, slight, debonair, Normand has always recklessly wielded insult and irreverence. On four different occasions the extra cognac before the show has led to the remark that broke the sponsor's patience. Each time Normand disappeared. Each time he came back through the front door. "I feel like Chessman coming back for the last time," he says about his fifth comeback.

What is he like, this *enfant terrible* of Quebec show business? He was playing at a little cabaret late this summer in the Eastern Townships, doing the kind of act that made him famous and that he will do occasionally

in the Montreal night clubs this winter, now that he's back in circulation again after two years in Paris. There is something about the way Normand slouches on stage, lifts drooping blue eyes to smile out at an audience apparently full of friends, and suddenly breaks into a husky-voiced stream of truculent barbs, insults and cutting satire—something that makes him an electric personality on stage and a hard one to describe on paper.

His act is like that of a Paris chansonnier except that he doesn't write original songs. Instead he ad-libs between songs. Bilingual Montrealers compare his social satire with that of American comedians like Mort Sahl and Shelley Berman. A real *Canadien* he falls into neither national category but somewhere between his French and American counterparts.

Once Normand starts talking, and this is what he calls his trade, he doesn't care whom he lashes out at. He is always open to jibes from the audience. In fact he looks for them. Cocking his pipe he chats:

"Everybody is talking these days about this Berlin crisis. What a silly business. It would be like dividing Montreal at St. Lawrence

Main. Who is going to fight for Westmount?

"Mr. Diefenbaker? I think he ran out of gags before I did. But you know the gag was invented by my mother. She is a great comedian, Bertha. She says about Mr. Diefenbaker she wishes he wouldn't make the effort to speak French. 'When he speaks English I understand a little,' she says. 'But when he speaks French I can't understand a word.'"

"But the cabinet up in Ottawa is not much fun these days. When I think of Ottawa I think of an empty car driving up to the parliament buildings and two ministers getting out . . . eh? A bit nihilist, eh? I like that sort of thing."

Normand was wearing a blue and white striped sports shirt over khaki pants, a blue sweater around his shoulders and dusty shoes. He had a coat over his arm. In a take-off on urban sophistication he tugged off the sweater, shook out the coat, which turned out to be an evening jacket, and then slowly and carefully pulled it on over the summer clothes. "Well, I must be half vacationer, half man *du monde*," he said gravely. "There are people here from the suburbs of Sherbrooke after all." A group at one table, apparently from Sherbrooke, was not amused. A woman snarled and left.

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THE FIFTH
COMEBACK OF QUEBEC'S FIRST FUNNYMAN *continued*

On a Quebec stage all he has to do is look down his microphone. Then he can say anything he likes



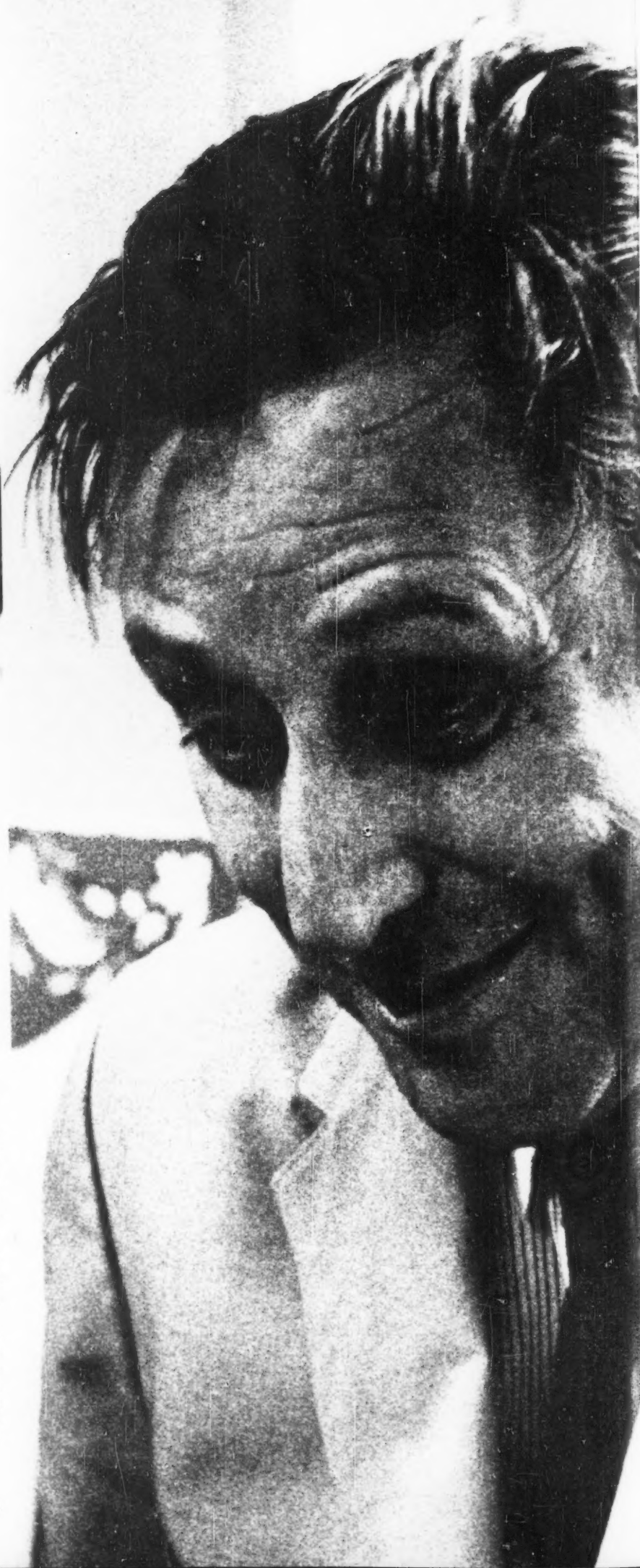
"I have a little song for you," Normand went on smoothly. "They do not allow this song in Paris. It is about a man who says, 'Don't count on me if there is another war,' and over there they are already getting ready for the next war. But it is a nice one. Here it is, 'L'Amour et la Guerre'."

Off stage Normand will tell you, "Me, I'm a pacifist. But if we have a war I'll do a show. I usually do."

He can play in French or English. Mixed audiences are not usually receptive. The French get as bored with his English patter, he says, as a Toronto audience gets when it hears a French radio program with everyone laughing at jokes it can't understand. His English is good and quick. He has used it on Red Feather shows in Toronto and appearances in Hollywood. Last spring he entertained the Chamber of Commerce at its national convention in Montreal's Mount Royal Hotel. "I have no complex in English," he says enigmatically. He's not particularly complex in French either. "I am a showman, not a miracle man. Go to Ste. Anne de Beaupré for that. But I know how to make people laugh."

Normand, now thirty-eight, discovered his talent on his first job. He had broken two vertebrae diving while training for Olympic swimming in Quebec City, his home town, and his recovery kept him back in school. He was not quite seventeen when he decided to get a job. He

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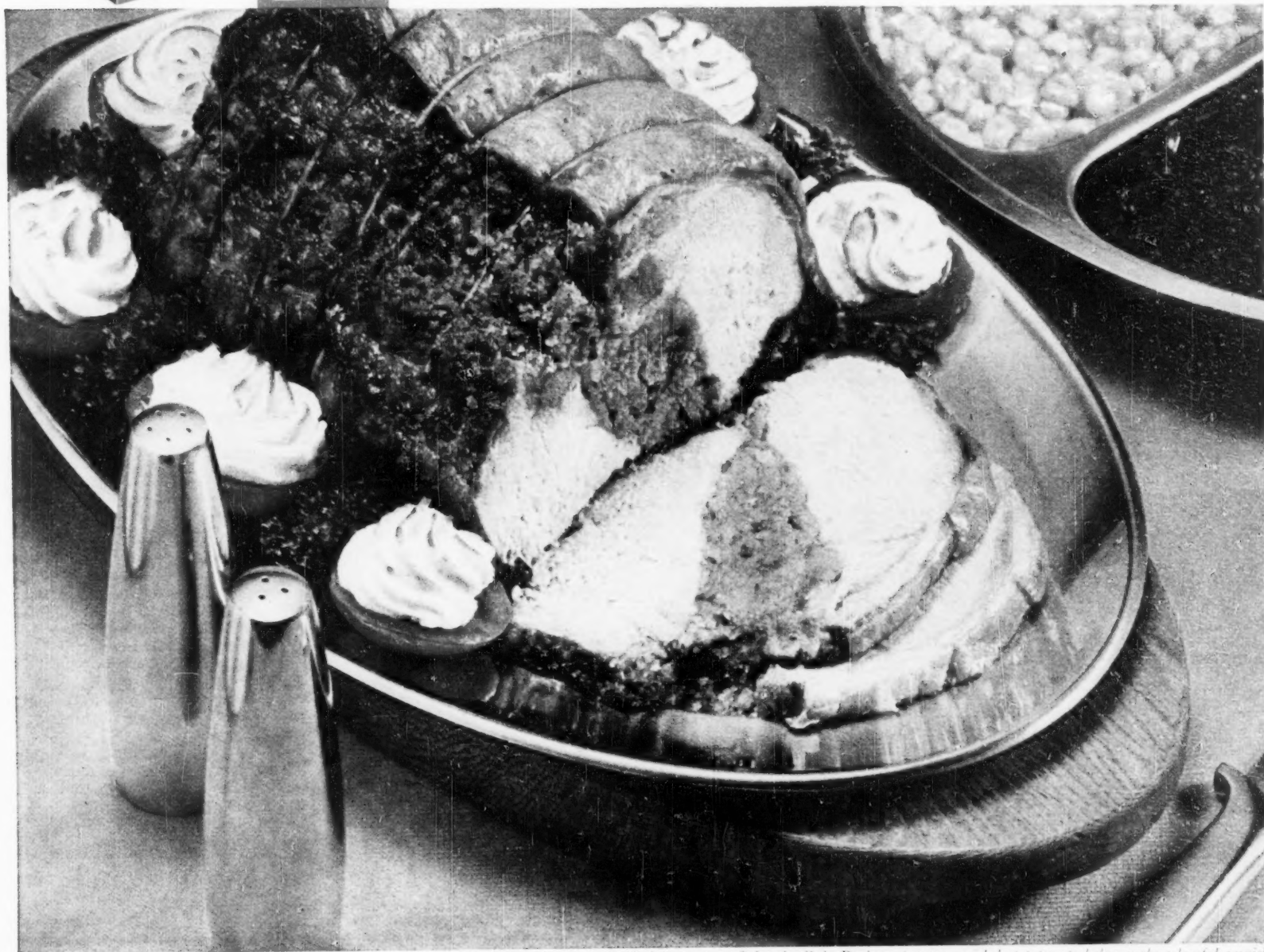




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CANADA



PACKERS

Montreal mayor Camillien Houde wasn't scared of much. But he admitted Normand could frighten him

applied as radio announcer at the local station where he told them he was bilingual. He read Vick's Vaporub phonetically and landed twelve dollars instead of ten a week. It was not long before he was embellishing station breaks with wisecracks (in the tradition of Rawhide, whom he has never heard) and he got a program of his own. He has a good singing voice and in *Le Fantôme au Clavier* his

fame spread fast along the French network. Soon afterward he came to Montreal and started appearing in night clubs where he was a smash hit.

"What Jacques did in the years after the war was a big, big thing," says Paul Berval, a Montreal comedian who started with Normand. "He brought something different to Montreal clubs. Till then the city had been importing American acts

only. Jacques developed a style of his own and became the first Quebec entertainer to draw big crowds.

"He had a very, very good grip on government, local and federal. Every night he joked about what was happening in the news, about people and politics. At first people were scared of him. Then they got to love him. You remember the late Camillien Houde, mayor of Montreal? He was not scared of much. But Jacques Normand could frighten him on stage, he said."

Berval worked at the two clubs Normand operated himself, *St. Germain des Prés* and *Les Trois Castors*. He is one of many Normand protégés to reach the top, although he had other plans when he began. "I studied for tragedy," says Berval, "but had to turn to comedy. There's no tragedy in Montreal, except in life."

French Canadians laugh loudest at the things they hold most dear. On radio and television taboos hold Normand back, but in the clubs he has only to stand and smile and look down his microphone. Then he can say anything.

The insults are remembered

The head of CBC's Variety section, Laurier Hébert, says: "Jacques knows how to strike *la corde sensible*. He can say what every intelligent French Canadian may be thinking but he says it humorously and so gets away with it. He used to throw barbs at Duplessis. Today the issue is separatism. I don't think Jacques is a separatist any more than most of us. But he uses issues as they arise. I don't think he necessarily believes in them. He is very intelligent, Jacques. People don't always remember this."

What people do remember, sometimes, is Normand's erratic performances, late arrivals, hard-to-take insults. "Yes, I insulted General Motors," he will tell you. He lost the big television show *Porte Ouverte* as a result (but this fall General Motors nevertheless asked him to do the Montreal introduction for its Paris-recorded *Motorama* show). "A big company," says Normand. "The next thing I want is the Vatican."

"Jacques needs a challenge," says Jean Bissonnette, another CBC producer.

"When he gets to the top he gets bored and throws it away. With *Porte Ouverte* he was doing fine. Then he had a woman's show in the afternoons, then a quiz show. Every two years it's a good time, then he loses everything. People say he's not stable, it's hard to have confidence in him. But everybody *does* have confidence in him. In April, 1959, he came back from Paris and for the first time in my life I saw everybody standing up in the *Café St. Jacques* and yelling 'bravo!' before he opened his mouth."

It was during his early days in Montreal that Normand married singer Lise Roy. For a while they were a popular pair on radio. They have been separated for some years. Normand's family consists, for him, of his mother, who lives in Montreal, and his brothers and sisters. The family name is Chouinard. Jacques was christened Raymond. He took the names Jacques and Normand from his grandfathers and uses them in show business because they're easier to pronounce. Mme. Chouinard is the "Bertha" who often turns up in Normand's stories.

"We were talking to my mother the other day about Gagarin," he said. "And mother said yes but how can you prove it? And we said mother will you take the word of Mr. Lowell, a big scientist in the UK? Do you have to have proof for Jesus Christ? But mother said we had the pope on our side, and Mr. Kennedy was a good Catholic, married to a French girl, and we have General de Gaulle—we won't fight in the moon."

Normand is one of twenty-one brothers and sisters — "a lot even for a French Canadian family." His mother and father were both widowed when they married, with eight children between them. Then they had thirteen more. Jacques is devoted to his own brothers particularly and much of the money he earns goes toward their education. "My brother Paul became a lawyer this year," he says. "I pushed him into it. I wish every day I was a lawyer. But go into politics now? People would never take me seriously. They like politicians who are funny and comedians who are funny. But they won't take a mixture."

Education is perhaps the one subject Normand speaks seriously about. "We



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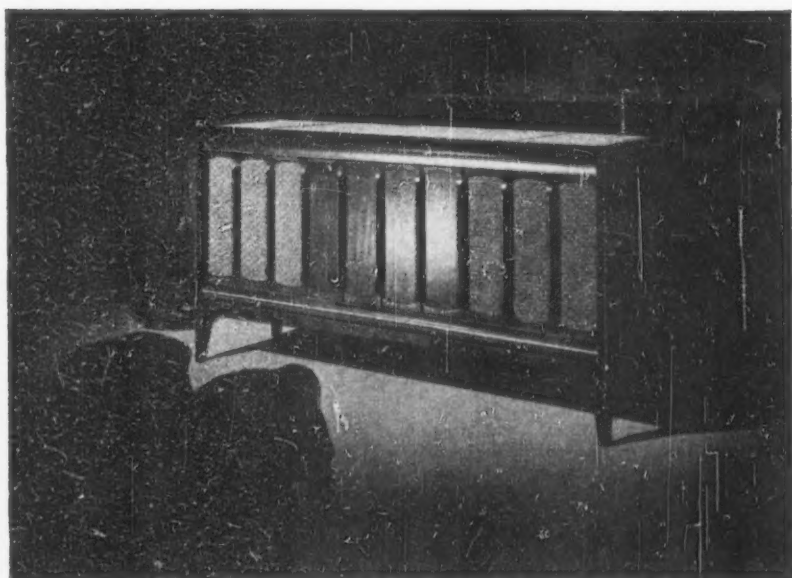
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should go ahead and spend money on education in this province. Even go in debt. We are seventeen generations in debt already. Why not go eighteen?"

He has learned his English by grabbing it. "I did not learn it at school. I read a lot. I like very much Hemingway. I too would like to kill a lion . . . not the female lion, you know, no, not the female. She can produce little lions and then we can kill them."

He would like to perform more in English, but as well as he does in French—not with a French accent. "The Chevalier thing is overdone."

Among the American comedians Normand puts Bob Hope first. "Chaplin—ah he is god. I wish I had his ability to mime. My gestures are not good. Some jokes are untranslatable. Pantomime would be the answer." His diving accident has left a permanent mark in a faint paralysis of hands and fingers.

"Jacques Normand has the genius to be an international comedian," says John Pratt, MP, mayor of Dorval and a former showman who trouped with Normand in Korea, "if he would learn to discipline his tongue. On stage his ad-libbing is his greatest asset. He has great charm and a tongue like a sabre. But it gets him into trouble. He puts living before a career and doesn't take the trouble to choose his victims."

It may be the recklessness, which backfires as often as it hurts others, that makes it impossible to dislike Jacques Normand—that plus his legendary generosity to artists starting out in the game. In a jealous business, show people will tell you that Jacques Normand has no enemies.

But there are others who would warn him against too much reliance on off-the-cuff performing. Paul Berval quotes Maurice Chevalier: "The best ad-lib is always prepared." For Les Couche-Tard, the late show that Normand did with Roger Baulu, there were three script-writers. The show was a success and will run again this winter.

On Music Hall Normand will be on his own. It will be a change for the old established program which, last year, was running without any MC. "Don't call me Ed Sullivan," Normand says, and adds unnecessarily, "I won't be the same week after week. Sometimes I may do an act. If there is a big star I will shut up."

The show has a variety bill with guest singers and dancers from France and the U.S. "No long-haired stuff," says Normand. "By half past eight on Sunday nights the people of Quebec want to laugh." Musing on his contract he said, "Thirty-nine weeks—a long sentence. I hope there will be a comma for a Christmas holiday."

He is as apt to share such thoughts with his audience as his comments on current political happenings.

"I heard the Red Army chorus last night and I think Khrushchov is ahead. Kennedy never sang that way. And Truman certainly didn't."

"No I don't think we should have a subway in Montreal. I told Drapeau I was against it. We have too many holes in the city as it is. I don't think we should go underground right now. I went underground in the last war when I wrote pamphlets for Pétain and spent six months in jail."

"The New Party? What's new about it? But I don't criticize it. We need more parties. People should give parties all the time."

"Now the talk is about the moon. I don't think we should go. But we'll need a vacuum cleaner to get there. I understand it's all dust."

"General de Gaulle? I sometimes think

he thinks he's Joan of Arc. He's always hearing voices. The first he heard were on the BBC."

Jacques Normand is the first to admit his material is not exportable, at least not to France. "I cannot make jokes about General de Gaulle in Paris," he says, "the people will only take that from a Frenchman."

It's not particularly exportable to English Canada either. Just as Gratien Gélinas' Tit-Coq, even translated, found its best audience in Quebec, so entertainers like Normand Hudon, Dominique Michel, Denise Filiatrault, Muriel Millard, Olivier Guimond, Paul Desmarceaux and Jacques Desrosiers draw crowds there and there only. In a class by himself is Quebec writer and actor Doris Lussier, one-time secretary to Father Levesque at Laval University and professor of political science there, whose Uncle Gideon of the Plouffe family ran away with his academic career and brought him into full-time showbusiness in Montreal. As Uncle Gideon, the gamy old habitant from the Bos country, Lussier stepped across the

PARADE

A goblin with cavities?

Some doors will open more warily on Halloween this year. At the house in Winnipeg, for instance, where last year little hungry hobgoblins seemed to arrive in an endless stream until the leader of one group exclaimed, "This is our second time around, and boy are we beat!" And at the Vancouver home where goodies were doled out graciously last Halloween until the arrival of one figure bearing a sign: "This child has bad teeth. Please give her money."

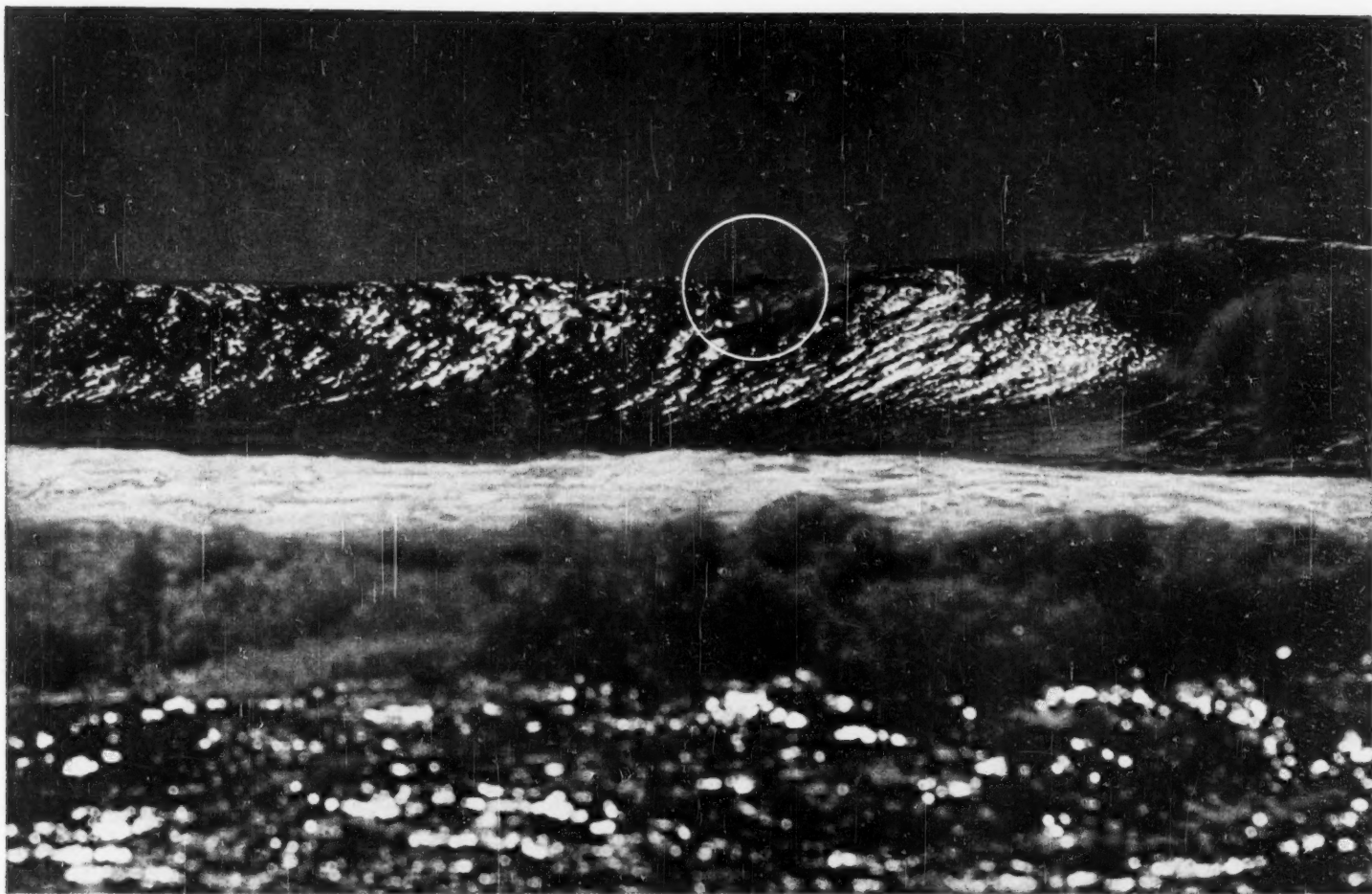
Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

language barrier. But it is the French record of "Uncle Gideon at the Ball Game" that has sold 20,000 copies. These artists all use a peculiar blend of the sophisticated and the corny, the raucous and the polished.

Normand played for two years in New York at the Bal Tabarin where they thought he was a Frenchman. "Well I am," he says. "Three hundred years ago. My family comes from a village called Beaumont-la-Ronce on the Loire near Tours. I still have some relatives there. It is a little place—a hamlet as you say—about two hundred and fifty people, but very pretty and good wine."

But it is in Quebec that Normand is at home. And here, many say, he has been spoiled by the curious love Quebec has for its favorite showman. For them, all he has to do is talk.

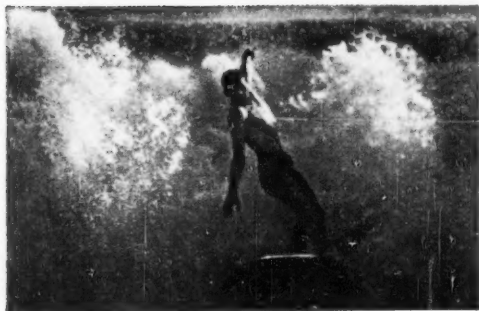
"I am going down to Baie St. Paul next week to see my sister, Mme. Simard. They exploit the forests there—*terre de la reine*. At least they get something out of Elizabeth. But she has been very nice to me. She writes to me often these days. All my letters from Ottawa start: 'Queen Elizabeth II, defender of the faith.' My T4's are the funniest thing to come out of Ottawa. They grab for money there. The ministers are not paid enough. I think, and when they see a young upstart earning too much they get mad. But they should not. To become a comedian takes a long time. We should be paid more. Three strikes and you're out. And the politicians have an old-age pension called the senate. We don't have that. After ten years in show business you should join the senate. I'm for the senate." ★



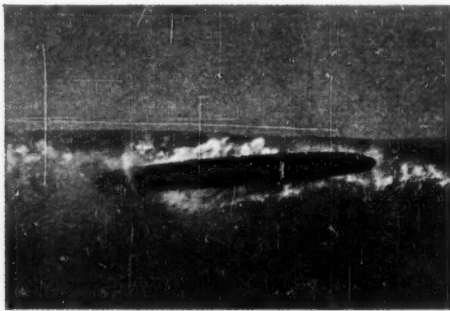
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2. "I balanced precariously on a solid sheet of boiling foam that raced toward shore with a mounting roar. I had to try tiding it in before the wave's full fury broke loose. Too late! There was no way to turn. I had miscalculated!



3. "Like a collapsing brick wall, the mountainous wave broke behind me. Then, just as I glanced backward, the full force of the mighty billow smashed down. Over I went! I was dragged under and punneled breathless by tons of water while fighting the treacherous undertow.

4. "Back on the beach, bone-battered but unbowed, it was good to sit and watch for a change. Even better was the drink of good old Canadian Club that awaited me." *Why this whisky's world-wide popularity?* It's the distinctive light, satisfying flavour of Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, and tall ones after. Try Canadian Club yourself and you'll see why it is served in every notable club, hotel or bar the world over.

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The elm was to be destroyed. It won a reprieve. Then it was attacked—with axes, fires and bombs

out by a virulent blight in only twenty-six years. Since the war, roughly a million irreplaceable city shade trees have been destroyed in our cities by bulldozers, snowplows, vandals, neglect and disease. Vast areas of the new Canada—shopping plazas, parking lots, housing subdivisions—remain treeless, and look like reconstruction after an atomic-bomb blast.

Till recently, the record of the tree-savers has been depressing. Howard Ferguson, who had once been Ontario premier, fought, with temporary success, to stop the widening of Toronto's Avenue Road and the destruction of old shade trees there; but the trees were toppling rapidly again shortly after his death in 1946. Between 1946 and 1951, Toronto de-

stroyed 21,000 city shade trees in various street widening projects. Montreal lost more than 30,000 in the same time.

The incredible incident of Winnipeg's Wolseley Avenue elm showed how difficult it may be to save any tree in the city. It was due to be removed as a traffic hazard in 1957 but won a reprieve from Mayor Stephen Juba after a public

outcry. Clandestinely, it was hacked, chopped, gouged, girdled, set on fire and finally finished off with a homemade bomb. Its assailants are unknown to this day and the furor over its destruction obscured the brilliant efforts made to save it. Under horticulturist Professor A. C. Ferguson's direction, tree surgeon Alec Gudziak grafted twenty to thirty small strips of living wood into the trunk. These bridged the areas without bark and grew into strips of conductive tissue. In addition, Gudziak circled the tree with small elms and grafted their tops into the big tree, above the girdling. Gudziak's work would have saved the tree but it was not devised to withstand bombing. The elm died in 1960.

Though Gudziak was unsuccessful, he showed that modern tree surgery can be an essential part of the tree-saver's art. Ross Wood, a Niagara Parks Commission tree surgeon, recently operated on an old oak. First, he used a power chisel to clean out a rotted hollow. He lined the cavity with tar paper, then laid in four-inch layers of concrete, each spaced by tar paper inserts, and designed to move fractionally when the tree flexed in the wind. He drilled a hole diagonally up beneath the cavity and hammered in a brass drain-pipe to remove condensation.

The tree was sprawling and Wood cut out some branches to balance the weight on the trunk. He linked other branches with stainless steel wire, and drove a cadmium-plated brace through two branches above a splitting fork. Then he pruned to get beauty of appearance and to allow sunlight through to sustain the grass at the foot of the tree.

Skillful tree surgery like this can save almost any tree as long as it isn't actually senile. But it is a supreme irony of tree-saving that there never have been so many commercial tree surgery companies in Canada—about 300 today—and never so little tree surgery done by them. Most make their money trimming or removing trees, not saving them. "In the old days," says Wilfred Weller, an Ontario tree expert, "people who owned trees loved them and cared for them. Today it's a very different story."

F. Earle Martin, president of Cedarvale Tree Experts Ltd., one of Canada's biggest tree surgery firms, recalls saving an old oak with extensive surgery for former Royal Winter Fair president John McKee for \$500. Today, he has trouble persuading tree owners to spend ten dollars to remove dead branches. "So little cavity work is done," he says sadly, "that the art almost disappeared during the war."

The commercial tree-men find some sentiment for trees today but this usually disappears the moment it has to be backed up with cash. Weller says the great days of tree surgery were during the depression. "Those who kept their money had no hesitation in spending it," he says. One Toronto millionaire kept Weller working for nearly three years transplanting \$75,000 worth of fully grown trees to his Bayview Avenue estate.

Through this, and other big jobs, Weller became a top tree-moving expert, capable of transplanting trees weighing up to fifty tons. Oddly enough, this is earning money for him today. Though few people can be bothered with tree care, many have no hesitation in plunking down \$400 to \$600 for a half-grown tree transplanted to their bare suburban lots. The economics of this baffle Weller. Often, he transplants to areas only recently denuded of trees by builders. But he has noticed the demand

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for transplants — he did 3,000 one year — comes mainly from people who want trees for practical reasons: keeping the house cool or providing shade for outdoor barbecues, on a sort of "instant tree" plan.

To survive destruction in the city, a tree must not be a nuisance or get in the way of making a profit. When Gordon McNair was city arborist for Hamilton, he noticed that all oil companies had rubber-stamped their new service station plans with: "Remove all trees in area." He tried to sell the idea that trees could vastly improve bleak station sites but got nowhere. "Who sweeps up the leaves?" asked one company executive.

When a huge elm on an apartment house lot in the old district of Rosedale, Toronto, was killed by Dutch elm disease recently, the owner rang Jack Kimmel, the City of Toronto arborist and asked him to remove it. Kimmel can't touch trees on private property but he warned the owner the dead tree could infect the neighborhood. It's still standing, a danger

PARADE

It was a fish story—but a good one

The Berlin situation was getting no better as this was written but relations between the United States and Canada had soared to a new high when it was reported from Kelowna, B.C., that a representative of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service had arrived to restock certain lakes with fish. American visitors were catching too many Canadian fish and Washington had decided to make compensation, the official explained, and identifying himself as a graduate of the University of Alberta he borrowed a desk at the local National Employment Service office and started hiring men for the restocking job. Worked hard for two days, too, before he turned out to be just a young fellow with a great imagination. Meanwhile, however, his idea had made a lot of people feel good, deep down inside, and we're glad the cops turned him loose as having done no harm.

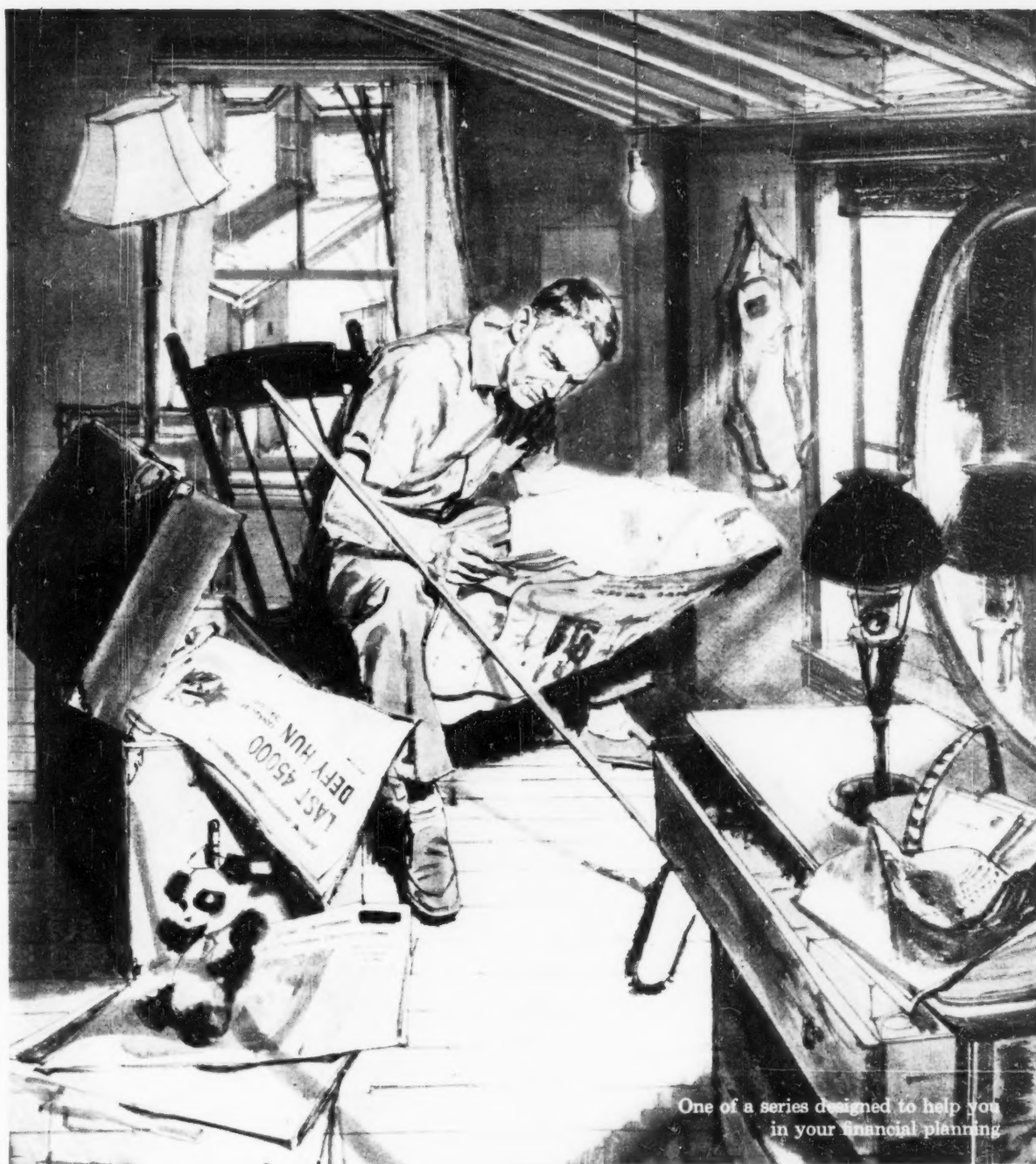
Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

to millions of dollars worth of stately elms for want of a \$100 removal job.

This cavalier attitude to trees is the main reason why preservation work is fast passing out of private hands. The International Shade Tree Conference has mushroomed into a powerful tree-saving force. Some of its members want laws to give them control over trees on private property. Its membership comes largely from tree experts in municipal, state, provincial and federal governments. These men often have power and money to save trees on public property. Even so, this does not make their jobs easy.

George Dalby, Superintendent of Horticulture of the 3,500-acre Niagara Parks Commission parkland flanking Niagara Falls, uses 7,000 gallons of spray and a crew of twenty to combat all the enemies of his 57,000 trees. He fights a bewildering variety of tree-killing fungi. He tries to control tree-eating scale insects and spider mites and to halt the spread of the beetles which carry Dutch elm disease. He force-feeds diet-deficient trees with fertilizer drilled into their root systems. Latest methods and chemicals keep his tree losses to less than a thousand a year.

Few municipalities are anywhere near ready to embrace this sort of tree care even though their trees may be worth millions. "Many communities seem re-



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A 1940 newspaper stopped him cold!

He found it rummaging through an old trunk. The story of the Dunkirk evacuation was there, recalling his own decision to enlist.

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signed to heavy tree losses," says John Riddle, manager of the 100-man Davey Tree Expert Company. "They can't believe that treatment is worthwhile." He has great difficulty selling the idea of spending three dollars per tree to spray against disease. But he has no trouble getting \$100 to remove a tree when it dies and becomes dangerous or unsightly.

To save trees, municipalities must have an intelligent system of cutting corners and costs since they lack the public support for heavy tree spending. Ron Hamby, general superintendent of the Metropolitan Toronto Parks Department, has a relatively big budget for tree care—\$30,000 to cover 3,500 acres—but his scores of thousands of trees are in every conceivable location, in gullies, ravines, vacant lots, and by roads and super-highways. He has no hope of battling diseases that reach his trees from adjacent areas but instead concentrates his experts and equipment on the highest priority trees. He uses a combination of pruning and spraying which keeps strategic tree losses to around one and a half percent. A good part of his budget must go to getting rid of diseased, dead elms—five hundred of them every year.

Montreal has perhaps the worst problem. Once famed as a great tree city,

its tree losses are today running 300 percent higher than Toronto's—1,500 a year from collisions with snowplows alone. Arborists visiting the city are horrified at the public disregard of trees. "It's almost a hostility," one arborist said recently. A Belgian-born horticulturist, Joseph Dumont, is fighting hard not only to halt the tree slaughter, but also to educate the whole city to tree saving.

The tree in the modern city may be unloved by its owners, a barrier to progress and a host for disease, but rural trees probably die needlessly in far greater numbers. Little can be done to save trees from the march of power and telephone lines but Harold Spence, chief arborist for the Ontario Department of Highways, at least is saving them from highway construction.

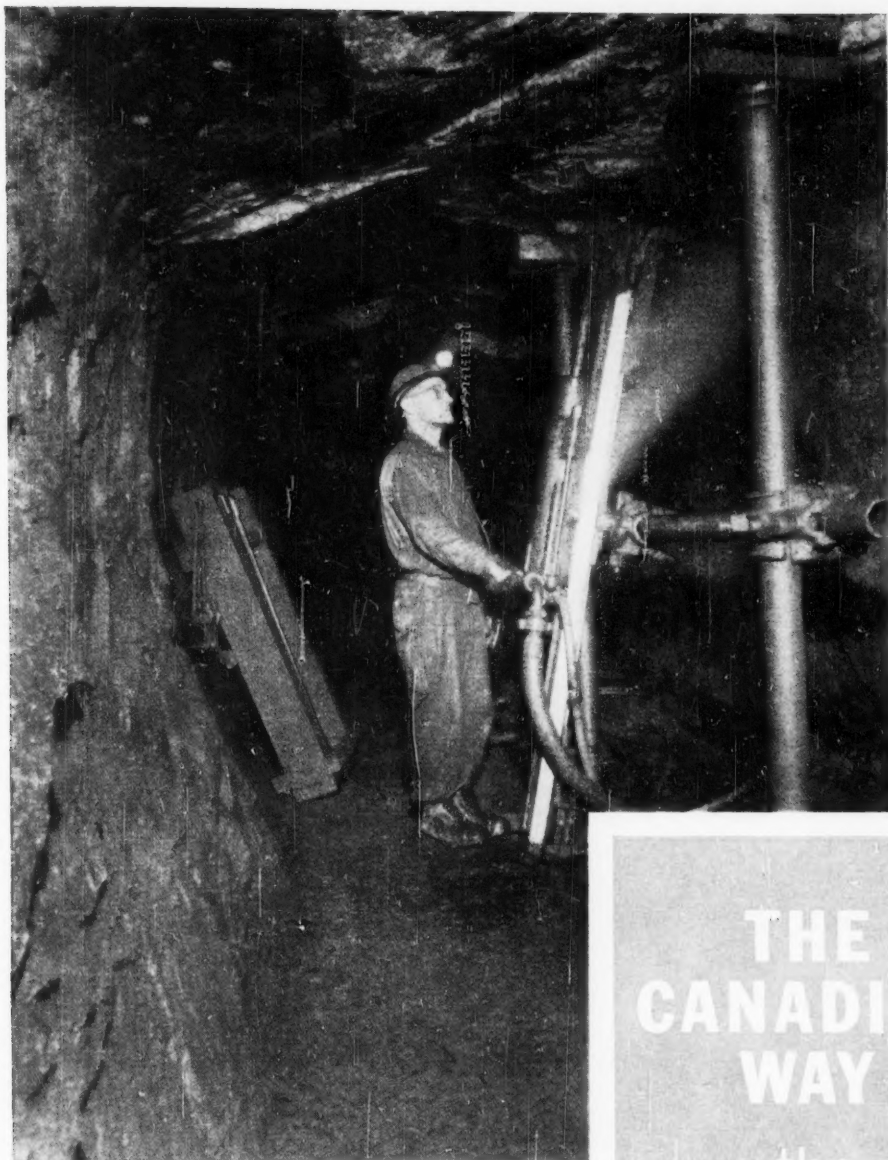
Ten years ago, engineers would send construction crews trampling across country via the shortest possible routes. Today, they go to work *after* the department's tree men have charted all valuable trees in the way. On the still unbuilt section of Ontario's 401 superhighway trees in valuable hickory wood lots in a score of places in the Chatham area, instead of being destroyed, are standing on the highway right of way.

But the department's greatest trick is the



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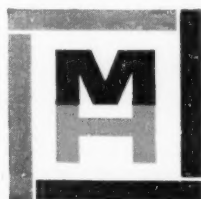
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Minerals from Canada are the vital raw materials for a large part of world industry. We are the leading producers and suppliers of nickel and asbestos; rank second in gold, platinum, gypsum, zinc and selenium; third in silver, cobalt, magnesium and molybdenum; fourth in iron ore; fifth in lead and copper. Our rock-bound resources are geared to world-wide growth. In the atomic age, Canada is in a neck-and-neck race with the United States as the leading supplier of uranium. In Manitoba, another Sudbury is mushrooming at the world's second largest nickel deposit. In Labrador and Quebec, new cities are growing as the Golden Horseshoe of vital iron is tapped for tomorrow.

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mechanical tree-saver. This is a weird-looking, \$37,000-machine which can ram its metal snout five feet into the ground and lift a twenty- or thirty-foot tree, roots and all, and replant it. Since 1959, this machine has been whisked all over the province and snatched more than 2,000 trees from under the blades of the advancing bulldozers. Arborist Spence would like to have a huge tree-float which will speed uprooted trees a hundred miles or more to new planting sites.

Tree surgery, transplanting, spray programs, feeding and pruning are all essential but arborists are reluctantly conscious that in a fast-moving world, the slow-growing tree is an anachronism. "Some trees may take 300 years to mature," said one arborist recently. "Then, wham! Along comes a new fungus and wipes them all out." Science may supply the answer: a fast-growing tree.

The Ontario Paper Company has thousands of hybrid poplars growing on Manitoulin Island on Lake Huron some of which, eight years old, are more than fifty feet high and nearly a foot through the trunk. They are growing at rates up to three times faster than normal trees. Dr. Carl Heimburger of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, is experimenting with a number of hybrid trees designed to grow faster or resist disease, or both. The chestnut may yet reappear, disease-resistant this time.

George Dalby points out that many existing trees can meet demands for speed. He is using ailanthus—till now held in contempt as a slum tree—to clothe Niagara Gorge banks quickly. He has a royal paulownia which, less than twenty years old, is nearly thirty feet high. But sheer speed may be dangerous. Lombardy poplars have become popular in Vancouver but their eight-foot-a-year growth makes ownership a trimming nightmare which, as local tree surgeon Nat Williams says, "often means the owners can't keep up with them."

Tree research has lagged far behind other sciences in the past, says Dr. James Reid, a federal government forest pathologist, mainly because it is difficult to speed up research on anything that grows as slowly as a tree. But research is quickening now. A Russian, Dr. P. S. Zakharov, is changing the physical properties of trees, making their wood fire-resistant, harder, more flexible and even colored. Eventually, the great tree disease problem may yield to chemotherapy—treating sick trees with antibiotics—though this is not yet a recognized science.

But none of this touches public apathy to trees. To counter apathy, the tree-savers are working to persuade youngsters that trees are a good thing. Montreal's Joseph Dumont has given 20,000 free trees to school children with encouragement to plant them, and has seen them sprout in a hundred back yards. Yearly, he sends a blizzard of tree propaganda to schools, public figures and press. "We can educate the people," he says.

The giveaway tree idea was tried in Toronto but abandoned because so many young trees ended up in gutters or garbage cans. But the Toronto Board of Education, say arborists, is doing an outstanding job of tree planting on school grounds and then interesting youngsters in looking after them.

Montreal will plant 200,000 trees in the next ten years. Toronto between 200,000 and 400,000. Winnipeg has an active plan to line most new streets with trees. The tree-savers all agree with George Dalby's philosophy at Niagara: "For every tree you lose, plant two." In this way, the next generation is going to get trees, whether it wants them or not. ★

Why the Scallop Shells in Dali's famous painting?

Salvador Dali's *Santiago El Grande*, Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, N.B. ▶

● Look closely at this monumental painting of St. James, at the Beaverbrook Gallery in Fredericton. You will see that the Saint's steed wears a scallop shell, and the vaults of Heaven are studded with such shells.

When the artist, Salvador Dali, chose the scallop shell as part of the symbolic theme for his painting, he let history and tradition guide his brush. For St. James is often portrayed wearing the scallop shell. And this same emblem, the scallop, became the badge of pilgrims journeying to the Apostle's shrine in Compostela.

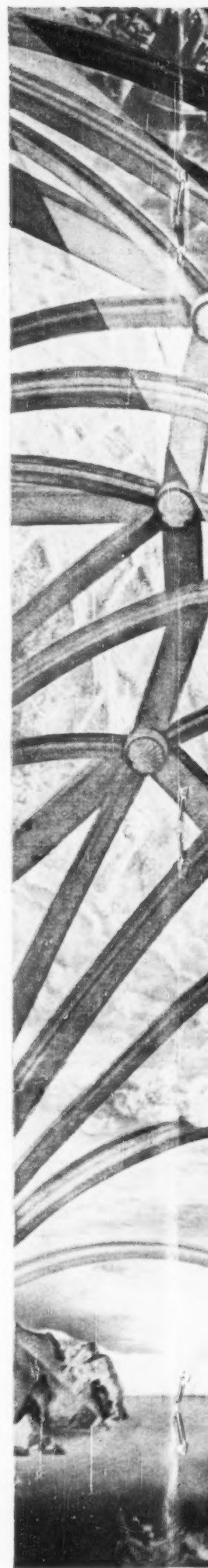
The journey . . . the pilgrimage . . . the quest—all have been symbolized by the shell since earliest times.

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MY SECRET RENDEZVOUS WITH A RED ATTACHÉ

**Was it just a joke? No,
he was a real communist**

distributed it across Canada. In Toronto all the newspapers wrote editorials: the Star's favorable, the Telegram's unfavorable, and the Globe's amused. It was even front-page news in St. Catharines, my home town. (I was not identified as a local boy, however, to the vast relief of my staunchly Conservative parents.)

But that was not all. It hardly seemed to be my resolution that the newspapers were discussing. I had proposed strengthening the Liberal Party. The newspapers treated my wording as if I had proposed mixing the Liberal and the New Party; even that I wanted the Liberals to join the New Party. Some party officials told me I had sorely embarrassed the Liberals. They pointed to the Federal parliament

PARADE

Get a horse!

An RCMP constable on Parliament Hill duty in Ottawa blushed as red as his dress tunic when, driving home after duty hours, he banged into the



rear of a car driven by a member of the House of Commons staff. "I'm awfully sorry," spluttered the Mountie. "My spur caught in the accelerator."

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where a CCF member, at question time, asked the Postmaster General:

"What glass mail should be used on letters asking Young Liberals to join the New Party?"

"Third class," was the reply from the cabinet minister, obviously in on the joke.

All in all, it had been a difficult ten days. I had become thoroughly tired of being told I wasn't a Liberal. People, some in fun, some seriously, told me I was really a socialist. Some even went so far as to mutter darkly about communist leanings, which showed how far things had got out of hand. I had never even met a communist: no communist could possibly be interested in what I was doing.

And then the telephone call.

It suddenly dawned on me that one of my friends who had accused me of being a socialist was pulling my leg. I laughed in relief. But when I phoned the friends most likely to have thought of such a stunt, they all denied it. (A couple of them said they were sorry they hadn't thought of the idea.) One volunteered to call a diplomatic acquaintance and see if there was a Serguei Divilkovsky at the Soviet Embassy. He called later that evening to say that there was such a person on the staff of the embassy with the rank of attaché.

I debated with my wife, Ann, whether

I should keep the appointment. I said I didn't think it would be politically discreet.

"I've had enough of your political discretion," Ann replied. "How about considering my feminine curiosity for once? I'm dying to know what the Russian wants to talk to you about."

So on Friday at one o'clock sharp I presented myself at the registration desk of the Prince George Hotel. I asked for Mr. Divilkovsky's room. Before the clerk could reply, a voice at my elbow said: "I am Serguei Divilkovsky." He had been sitting in the hotel lobby and had come

up behind me as I spoke to the clerk.

He was in his early thirties, wore steel-rimmed glasses and had wavy hair, high cheekbones and long shallow cheeks. He wore a double-breasted suit, heavily padded at the shoulders.

We stood facing each other in the lobby, not quite knowing what to do next. I had not been specifically invited to lunch, but since he had called me, I expected him to make the first move. He seemed to be leaving it up to me, so I suggested lunch and asked him where he'd like to go.

"One should patronize the lunchroom of

the hotel where one is staying," Serguei said. His English was clear, although he had a little difficulty pronouncing some words.

We went into the "lunchroom," the Prince George's luxurious and expensive Embers Room. The waiter asked if we wanted drinks. I asked Serguei what he would have.

"I prefer Canadian whisky," he said. I decided he was just being polite. All Russians drink vodka. So I ordered him a vodka and tonic. The look on his face when he sipped it indicated that he didn't

like vodka, or perhaps it was the tonic.

Serguei studied the menu and looked up apologetically, "I have not eaten in many Canadian restaurants," he said. "I have been here only six months. Before that I was posted in Paris. Would you suggest?"

I told him the Western decor of the restaurant indicated that steak was the specialty of the house. I ordered two of the most expensive.

Serguei was silent as we sipped our drinks and waited for the steaks. His mention of being in Paris provided the first bit of information that seemed to be conversation material, so I asked him about the situation in Paris when Khrushchov and de Gaulle had put on a great show of friendship, although the French Communists were bitter enemies of de Gaulle.

Serguei answered in a tone that made me think of a teacher reciting a proposition in geometry: "The Russian people desire peace and friendship with the French people, and the French people desire peace and friendship with the Russian people."

He paused for a moment. Then he added: "The Russians desire peace and friendship with the Canadian people, and Canadians desire peace and friendship with the Russian people."

I could only agree heartily. But that seemed to lead to a conversational dead end and another silence, happily punctuated by the arrival of the steaks.

Since Serguei was a cultural attaché, it seemed to me logical to talk of culture. I have some acquaintance with the Russian composers. "Do you know," I said, "that it was in Canada that Prokofiev's 'Love for Three Oranges' was given the second performance on all the North American continent? It was Canada that gave recognition to this neglected Russian classic."

Pasternak? "The man was a traitor"

I attempted to discuss Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff and Shostakovich. The conversation went nowhere. Perhaps, I thought, Russian authors are Serguei's field. I struggled through what I knew of Dostoyevsky, Turgenev and Tolstoy. Nothing, except I found us back to the "friendship of the Russian and Canadian people." I started doggedly into art, but then I like abstract art; and it occurred to me that maybe we were better off with the "friendship of the Russian and Canadian people" in this area. After all, the Canadian people don't like their contemporary art much themselves.

I decided to try Boris Pasternak. A contemporary and controversial writer might lure Serguei away from his geometrical pattern of conversation. When I mentioned the name he made a face.

"The man was a traitor," said Serguei.

I protested that Pasternak had demonstrated that in the revolutionary situation there is a great deal of confusion, but that didn't detract from the greatness of the revolutionary heroes, or their accomplishment. "The Russian people would understand that," I said. "Surely by now the Soviet authorities are permitting the book to be read in Russia?"

Serguei shook his head. I told him that in Canada publishers might decline to publish a book if it had nothing to say, or was dull, but they would never refuse to publish a book because they didn't like what it said about our history. Serguei seemed not to be listening.

"Tell me," he said finally, "how large is the membership of the Young Liberals here in Toronto?"

The actual membership is about 400. I thought I would multiply their strength a bit for Serguei's benefit.

"Four thousand," I said.

Serguei raised his eyebrows. "So small?" he asked.



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Score one point for Russia, I thought.

Our conversation rambled for a while. Serguei was proud that the Red Army Chorus was coming to Canada. What's more it was coming to Canada *exclusively*, not as part of a North American tour. He made a little speech about Russia's appreciation of Canada's aspirations toward cultural and political independence. Would it not be much better if Canada were not subjected to American influence to so great an extent? (I learned later that the United States would not let the Russians in unless they agreed to perform in costumes other than regulation Red Army uniforms.)

As I had expected, we had returned to the "friendship of the Russian and Canadian people." At this stage, I was enjoying our conversation a great deal. I had found that Serguei had a Party answer for all my questions; in nearly an hour of conversation I had learned absolutely nothing of his personal opinions about anything — except that he preferred Canadian whisky to vodka. And I still had nothing that could be called a clue to the reason for the meeting. He had told me that he was spending only a few hours in Toronto so I had reached the rather ominous conclusion that the sole purpose of his trip was to see me.

I decided to try another approach — an ingenuously weighted question. "Where were you, Serguei, in 1953 when Stalin died?"

"I was a student then at a Moscow university."

"Was your studying affected by the Stalinist terror described by Khrushchov after Stalin's death?"

"No, I suffered no disadvantages whatever. My fellow students and I were always at perfect liberty to study as we pleased. There was no restriction on our freedom at any time."

"Was it your parents, and the older people who suffered more?" I asked.

"No, they did not suffer in any way. They have always led secure lives free from any need or oppression."

"Oh, I see," I replied, "you feel then that Comrade Khrushchov exaggerated?"

There was a profound silence. Serguei didn't quite seem to know where the question had come from.

At that moment the waiter arrived with the bill. He put it halfway between the two of us. A crisis had arisen. This time it was I who rushed to discuss "the friendship of the Canadian and Russian people." It was no time to be antagonizing my potential host. I emphasized the need for greater understanding between the two great peoples. I extolled the Red Army Chorus. By this time I was getting pretty

good at the subject. But the bill sat.

Finally I was forced to make a feint toward the bill. Maybe Khrushchov was not going to pay for my meal? But he did. Serguei too reached for the bill, and won — in a walk. The only difficulty was that after he proudly placed a five-dollar bill on the plate, I was forced to point out, as graciously as I could, that five dollars was not going to cover our meal. In fact, it wasn't close. The bill was \$11.50.

Serguei accepted my invitation to take a walk and look at Toronto. We walked up Bay Street and Serguei pointed out what

a shame it was that the Canadian people should build such attractive buildings for the rich people. We proceeded north on Bay, turned left at Queen and inspected Osgoode Hall, the seat of the law courts of Ontario. Together we admired the building where bourgeois justice is dispensed.

We turned across the Civic Square, and I introduced Serguei to the Registry Building, the great repository of private enterprise where capitalistic transactions in the buying and selling of real property are recorded. I had a job to do there now, searching a title.

I thanked Serguei and we shook hands. I left him standing there, looking up at the columned building, but whether in admiration or distaste I could not detect from his impassive expression.

I still do not know why I was given this strange but delightful lunch. There has been no follow-up communication from the cultural attaché of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. But I have a feeling that Serguei may have a problem in explaining the objective and achievement of his mission to Toronto, when he turns in his expense account. ★



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Continued from page 24

THE NIGHTMARE LIFE OF A HEMOPHILIAC

Hemophiliac boys often rebel — at risk of death

But I don't want to spend a day in hospital—I want to get back to my job—so I have to pay the hospital costs because I'm an outpatient."

Carl's blood is normal except for one thing—it lacks a vital clotting factor (AHG or antihemophilic globulin). His condition isn't new. Ancient Hebrew writers told of cases in which circumcised babies bled uncontrollably and died; parents were allowed to dispense with the ceremony for later sons. In ancient Egypt family law did not permit a woman to bear more children if her first-born had died of severe bleeding from a minor wound. Some believe Queen Victoria was a carrier and that hemophilia was passed through one of her granddaughters to the Russian royal family. In 1918, Czarévitch Alexis, a hemophiliac, had to be carried to his execution, so sadly crippled were his legs. Another of Victoria's granddaughters married Alphonso XIII of Spain and is thought to have passed the disease to his sons. Literally, they grew up in a cotton-batting world; even the trees in the royal garden were wrapped in cushions.

A pulled tooth may bring death

But those afflicted derive little consolation from the distinguished history of hemophilia. "The royal families kept records," says Wiebe Terpstra, "and the common people didn't." Like many hemophiliac families, the Terpstras have been unable to unearth any trace of hemophilia on the maternal side. Even so, most hematologists feel that the disease is almost always inherited, that so-called "mutations" (when the disease seems to arise for the first time in a family) are rare. They agree, however, that mutations can happen—that any baby boy could be a hemophiliac, regardless of ancestry. Theoretically, a female hemophiliac is possible—either by mutation or in the unlikely event that a male hemophiliac had fathered a child in a carrier female. But there are only three or four authenticated cases on record.

The fairly normal appearance of the hemophiliac can be a burden. Reporting on some recent studies of handicapped children, Dr. William A. Hawke, director of neurological and psychiatric services at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, points out that the more obvious the disability, the more readily it is accepted by the child. Blindness and cerebral palsy, for instance, can be adjusted to more easily than diabetes or hemophilia.

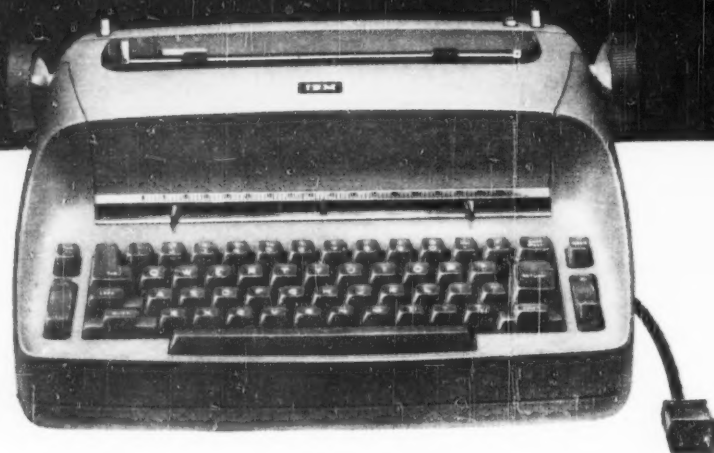
In the preschool years, the hemophiliac boy may rebel against parental discipline; he simply can't understand the reasons for restrictions on his play. As he grows older, says Dr. Hawke, he accepts the restrictions, but in so doing may develop exaggerated fears as a result of parental anxiety. Because of the overprotection, many become abnormally close to their mothers and fail to adopt normal masculine patterns of behavior.

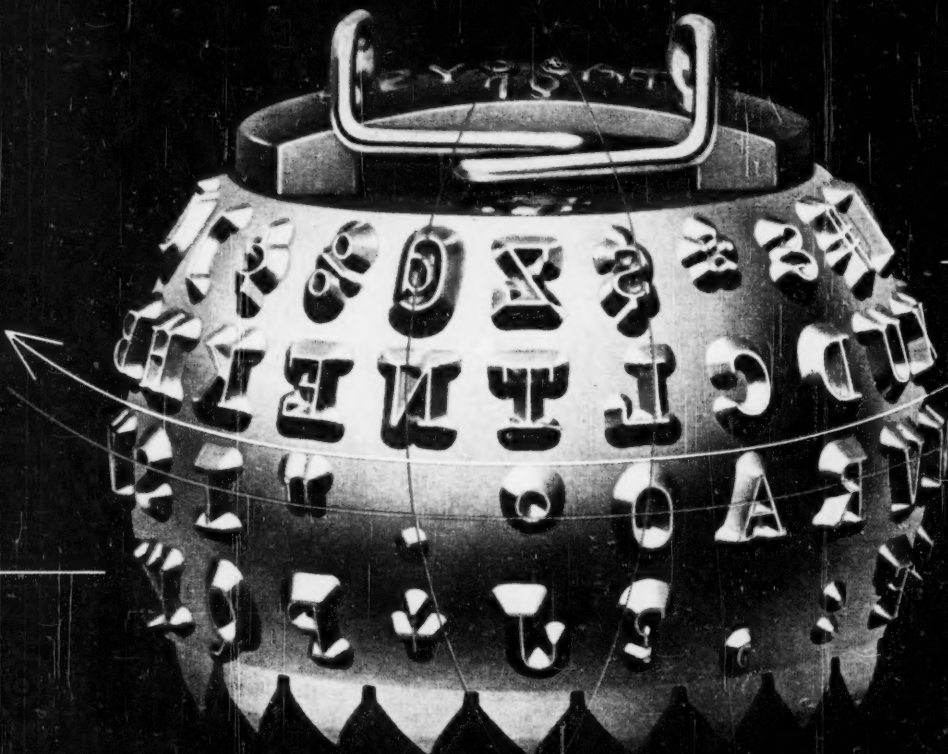
He can't be spanked, of course. In all probability, he will have a tendency toward overweight and extra pounds can put unnecessary strain on his muscles; consequently the boy's mother must watch his diet, must refuse him between-meal snacks even when every impulse urges her to pamper him. Candy and soft drinks are a threat to his teeth and an extraction can mean death—so no sweets. From the day

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he is born to the day he dies he will know pain; but drugs are dangerous and over-sympathy a risk. "Sometimes," says Mrs. Joe Rosenthal, president of the Ontario chapter of the Canadian Hemophilia Society, "I hear my Ronnie crying in his sleep and know that there's nothing in the world that I can do about it."

If he survives childhood emotionally unscarred and without serious crippling of the joints, he faces another problem—how to earn a living. To equip him for a sedentary occupation, he must have a good education. But some bleeders are unable to attend school at all, and even those less severely affected must stay home for days and weeks at a time. Home teachers are part of the answer. But a better solution—because it makes the child a part of the classroom and minimizes his feeling of isolation—is the Bell Telephone School to Home Communication System, a two-way hookup that allows the child to attend class by telephone, asking and answering questions as if he was physically present.

Given a reasonable education, the hemo-

PARADE

"But dear, I did remember . . ."

Some husbands never remember those thoughtful little gestures calculated to delight a woman's heart, but we can tell you of one in Stratford, Ont., who certainly does. He not only remembered his wife's birthday, he remembered to buy her a birthday cake and candles. He remembered to pick it up and take



it home. He remembered to leave it in the car so it would be a surprise and he even remembered to leave the windows down so the car wouldn't turn into an oven and rebake the cake. All he forgot to do was post a guard on the car to keep out the squirrels who got in and ate the cake.

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philiac can earn a good living—but only if his employer understands and accepts his frequent absences. Last May, under the auspices of the U.S. department of health, an eleven-page questionnaire was sent to bleeders in the U.S. and Canada in an effort to throw new light on the vocational problems of hemophiliacs.

Perhaps because of the relative rarity of coagulation defects—hemophilia incidence, according to one survey, is about one in 8,000 males—basic research has lagged until recently. Though no closer to a "cure" today than it was fifty years ago, science has nonetheless come up with some revolutionary new methods of treatment that promise a longer and more comfortable life for the bleeder. At Oxford University in England, a full-fledged hemophilia research and treatment centre has been established principally to study more efficient means of injecting into the blood stream concentrates that will compensate the hemophiliac for his deficiency and accelerate coagulation. A major discovery has been pig and cow blood. Now available in the larger hospitals in Canada, porcine and bovine concentrates are valuable in cases of extreme emergency; but they're so powerful, up to ten times as strong as human concentrate, that antibodies can form quickly




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and a sharp reaction result. Their chief value is as a cheap and readily available substitute for human blood, a commodity which will always be expensive and in short supply. By judicious use of the animal concentrates, doctors at Oxford succeeded in removing the stomach of a patient bleeding from a duodenal ulcer, an operation that probably would have proved fatal without the animal clotting factor.

Of even greater significance, as far as basic understanding of the condition goes, was the discovery of hemophilic dogs. In 1946, under the direction of Dr. K. M. Brinkhous, a kennel of dog bleeders — Irish setters — was established at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, to further knowledge of the carrier state, inheritance patterns and methods of treatment. Since this initial study was started, cases of true hemophilia have been reported in Aberdeen Terriers, Greyhounds, Scotch Terriers, Labrador Retrievers and even in the great St. Bernards.

Will science find a serum?

Two and a half years ago at the Ontario Veterinary College in Guelph a similar project was launched to study occurrence of Christmas disease, a rarer form of hemophilia but identical in its symptoms, in a family of Cairn terriers (Christmas disease was named after Stephen Christmas, afflicted son of Canadian actor Eric Christmas). Working in close association with Dr. J. F. Mustard, of Sunnybrook Hospital in Toronto, Dr. H. C. Rowsell and his staff traced the disease back to a single female terrier. From there they began a check of all her descendants. Early in the morning Dr. Rowsell and his assistants would set out collecting dogs, take them to Sunnybrook Hospital to investigate their clotting mechanisms and return them in the afternoon before the children returned. As a result they were able to compile complete family histories and, after obtaining selective breeding stock, established the world's only kennel of dogs affected by Christmas disease. While deliberate propagation of the disease may seem callous to some, it gives research experts an opportunity to experiment — almost impossible with human sufferers — and their findings may help clear up some of the mysteries of coagulation defects.

Today the Canadian Hemophilia Society (with its headquarters in Montreal) is faced by six research requests. At the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon, Dr. L. B. Jaques, head of the department of physiology and pharmacology, proposes a study to ascertain the effect of stress on the arresting of bleeding, a project he hopes could go a long way toward reducing crippling in hemophilic children.

At the University of Western Ontario, in London, Ont., Dr. J. C. Rathbun, professor of pediatrics, has applied for a grant in research to investigate the effect of drugs on blood platelet properties where a bleeding tendency exists.

At the Charles H. Best Institute (part of the University of Toronto), Dr. F. C. Monkhouse, professor of physiology, has requested financial help to aid him in his search for a nontoxic substitute for human antihemophilic globulin. Other projects are under way at McGill University, the University of Montreal, and, of course, at the Ontario Veterinary College.

It's possible that the researchers in Canada and other countries will some day come up with a serum to end hemophilia and other bleeding diseases. Until such a time — and it's probably a long way off — Carl and Francis Terpstra and their thousands of fellow-sufferers will survive on blood — other people's blood, animal blood — and on their own vast reservoirs of guts. ★

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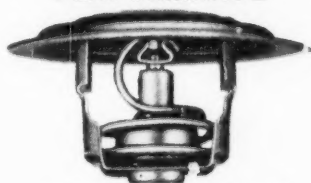
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BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

Continued from page 21 A FALL OF BIRDS

War was berets, poppies, the lament of bagpipes

manly art of self-control. It was an awkward bumbling interview, and we both came away from it flushed and embarrassed. I learned nothing I did not already know, except that now and then the aged think of the blood that once stirred in their veins. He took me aside a second time when Lorne received the letter.

"You ought to volunteer, you know. Then you can pick whatever branch of the service you want. But when they start calling men up the way they did the last time, you might find yourself shoved anywhere." He spoke in a monotone, completely without passion, but he was a silent man and I think now that it hurt him deeply to lose either of us.

That fall I wanted to register at the University. Lorne had already finished his degree in history and was headed for a post in External Affairs, but in July of 1939, two months before the war broke out, he had been accepted by the air force.

"They wouldn't take me. I'm not old enough." Some of my friends had already been down to enlist but they were turned away.

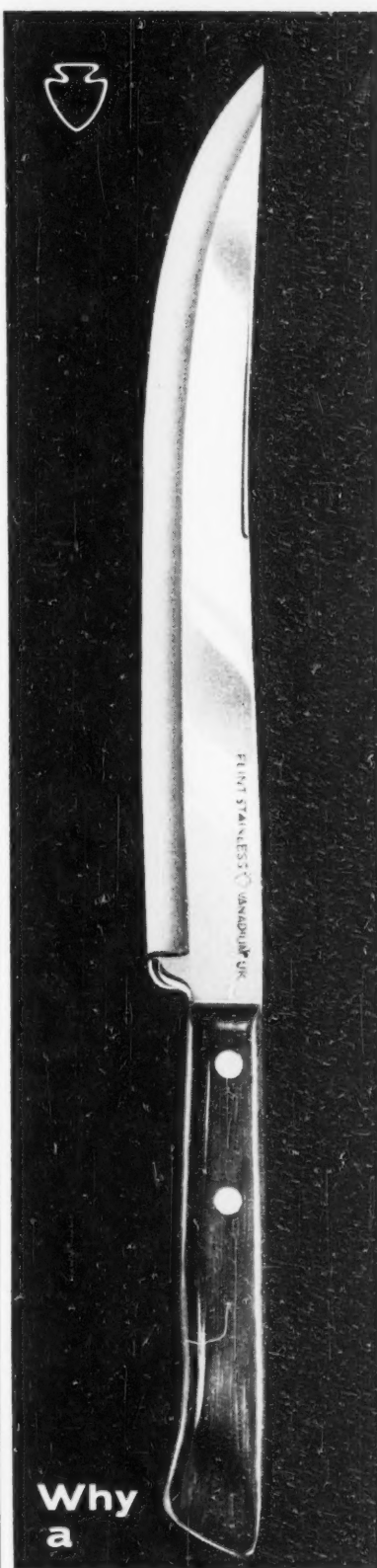
"If it lasts, and it will, you'll be old enough. In fact, you'll be just the right age. So you'd better do one year at the University and then join up. That way they might take you as an officer candidate and, believe me, that's a lot better than slogging it out in the trenches." He knew because he had done his four years as a corporal in an infantry battalion.

War was an unreal thing to me and those of my kind who grew to young manhood in the late thirties. It was a Prairie morning at the cenotaph under the first snow of winter, with old men in berets, with red poppies, with the lament of bagpipes. It was *Hell's Angels* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It was the clear bold purple of the Victoria Cross worn by a local doctor. But it was still unreal. The meeting with my father left me frightened and full of doubts and I went to Lorne as I had so many times in the past.

He was nearly five years older, sound, practical, and full of common sense, and as we grew up he helped me over the rough spots. No mood of mine escaped his attention, and he seemed to have an instant understanding whenever things went wrong. Sometimes he played the game of telling me what I was thinking, and he was more often right than wrong. I was closer to him than I have ever been to any other man.

We walked together down the long street that leads to the centre of the city. We passed the recruiting station where the first men stood in a queue waiting to go in. They smoked endlessly, shuffled their feet, and watched with growing uneasiness as the line inched forward. A sergeant-major with a high proud chest and glittering medals marched up and down, and with his pacing stick he looked like some prophet of old bending a delinquent people to his will. He scowled and threatened, because he had spent the best part of his life putting clockwork motors into men, and if the toy didn't run perfectly when the key was turned, he was an unhappy craftsman. He would have his work cut out with this lot.

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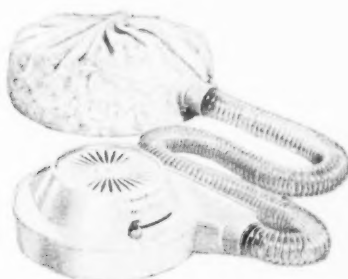




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We fished and camped. It was all rich, secure, endless — far from the terrible events of Europe

strip. Fill the bottle and it's *sir* to the MO. Got it?"

At night the same men would appear in the streets, ill-at-ease and self-conscious in their thick rough uniforms, to wander in vague discontent with loneliness cupped in their chests. Already I identified myself with them, and as we went home Lorne, and I talked quietly about the strange digestive process inside the belly of the armory which transformed men like ourselves into soldiers.

THE DAY AFTER the letter arrived he suggested we take a few days off and go shooting at a lake just north of the city. After an endless summer the stubble fields were black with mallard and teal, and Lorne loved hunting. My parents had a small cottage there and as children we spent the vacations together exploring the surrounding woods, seeking out birds' nests, or wandering along the beaches toward the point where the reeds grew straight and green.

We borrowed a car, loaded our gear and set off on a Friday afternoon about the third week in September. All the summer folk had returned for the opening of school and the little village shops and the single hotel were battened down for the winter. We drove at dusk through the empty streets, where the wind stirred the poplar leaves into a last flutter of life or exploded here and there into little brown puffs of dust. I remember that the silence depressed me, because we never came in the fall and usually these same streets were full of children playing children's games. And the familiar cottage was suddenly an alien place with its shuttered windows and dead lamps.

For two days we wandered along the side roads under an autumn sun. Here and there the threshing machines puffed their

long ribbons of chopped straw into the air and the piles grew into pyramids of gold. Throughout the day the hunters' guns echoed and re-echoed across the lake and the broad wedges of duck veered suddenly and fled down the wind. Along the circle of the horizon the smoke from burning stubble fields rose in slow columns, marking where the harvest had already been lifted and the land put to rest.

For some reason Lorne did not want to hunt and so we fished along the point where the marshlands begin and caught perch and pickerel which we cooked and ate at night. It was all rich, secure, endless, and there was comfort in the thought that we were so far separated from the events that were crushing down on Europe.

He made up his mind suddenly. He wanted to visit the island which lay across the lake to the north, a favorite place for boating and picnics. We both knew it well for we often rowed across in the skiff, and I think Lorne wanted to make a last pilgrimage to a place he loved and which recalled our childhood together. So we got the skiff down to the water's edge, loaded it with bedding and food for three days and set out.

From the beginning he had trouble with the engine. It coughed and died, coughed and died again and again before he got it started and we were under way. The wind cut down sharply as we left the cover of the shore and broke the water into little tempered blades that chopped hard at the sides of the boat. Halfway across the visibility suddenly dropped and it began to snow. Lorne swore roundly and nursed the engine. Neither of us exchanged a word and I began to wish we had never come.

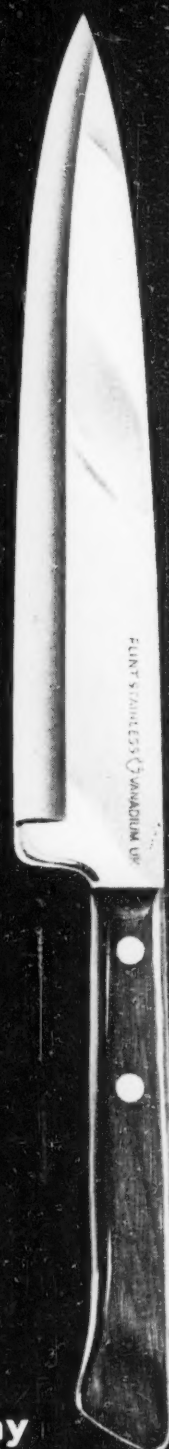
The engine finally gave up three hundred yards from the shore, so we nosed the boat in with the paddles. The reeds

JASPER

By Simpkins



"They're getting bolder every year."



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"Don't take that — you have to put it in a pot."

grew everywhere in thick rutting walls along the fringes of the island and we had to jump in up to our knees to get the boat ashore.

"All right, let's get the camp set up as soon as we can. I'll pitch the tent and you see what you can do about a fire. Damn it all, why did it have to turn out like this? We should have known better, coming out here at this time of the year." He began to toss the duffle bags ashore and I went in search of wood. By now the snow drifted down in great wet flakes, but it turned to ice water as soon as it touched the trees and reeds and in the dying sun the whole island shone and glistened.

We brought the fire as close as possible

to the tent and cooked our supper. Then we lay in our sleeping bags, watching the flames turn to coals and the coals to white powdery ash. Lorne smoked his pipe and we talked quietly about what would happen to us both if the war lasted.

"I don't know, I really don't know. But I don't see that it can last for that long — a year, maybe eighteen months, but no longer. And no matter what the old man says they won't take you. You'll still be under nineteen before the whole thing packs up. You want to know why I'm going? Well, for the first time in my life I can get away and be on my own. Straight from university into External Affairs... sure, it sounds wonderful. But I'd like a chance to spread out before all that starts.

This way I at least get to see something of Europe."

There was more to it than that but men never list patriotism as a reason for joining up. And soldiers are great optimists, because the laws of chance can never go against them and each man knows that he will come back.

I wakened a dozen times during the night. The ground was wet and the cold crept in under the floor of the tent and through the sleeping bag. Lorne slept on but he turned restlessly, mumbling black dreams to himself. Dawn came just after five and there was no further use trying to sleep. I got up, built the fire, and by the time he stirred I had breakfast ready. In a remote but suddenly mature way I felt responsible for him.

We decided to try for the early flights of ducks as they left the shelter of the island to beat north to the feeding grounds. The boat was a dead thing, clammy to the touch, sodden with last night's snow. But the sun began to warm the land and the lake steamed.

We moved off silently, perhaps five hundred yards from the shore and let the boat drift. There was no sound, no wind, no movement anywhere on the island. Now and then a quick eddy broke on the lake as a fish suddenly rose and fell away.

We rounded the point of the island and the first flight of mallards crashed through the reeds, straight-necked, wings pounding, their feet leaving long slashes across the water. Lorne had the shotgun but for some reason he didn't move. He had his back to me and I saw him drop his head like a man with a sudden need to pray. I whispered and nudged him with the paddle but he remained where he was. The ducks raked the air, gathered formation, wheeled against the sun, and then were gone suddenly across the trees.

We drifted on and I could find nothing to say. Then he turned, straightened his shoulders and shrugged in a helpless way, his eyes fixed on the barrel of the gun. Then he put it aside, picked up the paddle, and drove the boat ahead with long strokes.

I saw it first: atop the dead spar of a jack pine an enormous snowy owl, with tufted feet and ears, as motionless as white marble. For a long moment he stood sentinel over his lake and then his eyes turned in our direction. From the boat looking up I could almost sense the bird's fear. Lorne slid his right hand back and drew the gun to him. I heard both hammers click back into the firing position. The sound startled the owl and it took the wind on great slow wings, climbing into the sun and coming straight over our heads.

Lorne fired the first then the second barrel and the thunder of the gun broke over the island and the lake, cracking the silence. The reeds and the bushes were suddenly alive with wings.

But the owl flew on, flew on momentarily, because then it faltered, dropped one wing, and toppled quietly and without protest like a dry leaf taken by the storm.

I heard Lorne groan and he kept the gun to his shoulder still sighting along the length of the barrel. Then he lowered it slowly until the muzzle rested on the prow of the boat and I saw some of the life go out of his body. He waited for an endless moment and then paddled on to where the owl floated head down near the reeds. He leaned over, picked up the bird with some difficulty, and with infinite care placed it under the tarpaulin. As he turned toward me I could see the disgust in his face and we made our way back to the camp.

He kept repeating: "I don't know why

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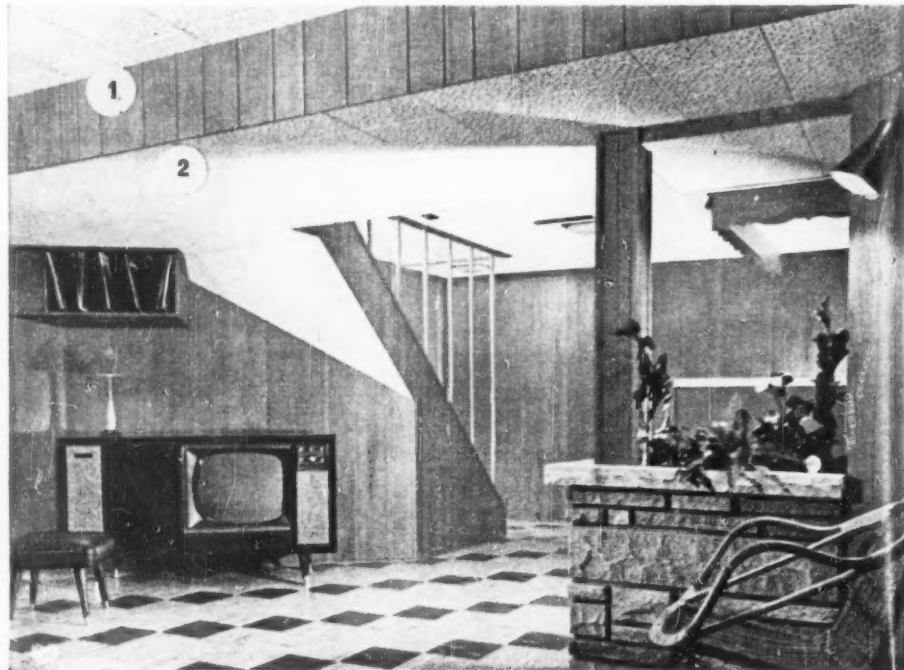
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I did it. The bird had no chance, not at that range against a shotgun. It was stupid, stupid and useless."

He refused to look at the owl so I went over to examine it. The wings measured a good four feet across, and the belly was as white as a bride's veil. The charge from one of the barrels had taken him full in the chest, but there was no blood, and he remained as beautiful in death as in life.

The owl wore a metal band around its right leg and I pried open the catch with my pocket-knife. It had been released eight months earlier from an experimental station in Montana. There was a code number to identify it for the official records and the finder was asked to return the band to the group of researchers who were studying migratory habits. The place, the time, and the manner of death were also to be mentioned.

We left the bird on the island under a pile of dried grass and branches and went home. I mailed the band and just before Lorne left for the air force received a reply thanking me for my cooperation and enclosing a small brochure describing the nature and extent of the experiment.

I REGISTERED at the University a week later and settled down to a long winter of study. Lorne wrote frequently, now from Brandon, now from Trenton and Toronto, and finally in July of 1940 he was posted overseas to a fighter wing. All that summer in England he flew sorties against the French coast and he wrote to my mother frequently about the wonders of flying and the new wisdom that had come to him.

Then late in September I had a letter from him, a letter which I still keep. It has none of the extravagances young men write in time of war; it is simple, direct and candid and it shows the measure of him as a man. Flying was a passion for him and in the air he discovered a richness in himself that he had never known to exist. He was proud of his skill as a pilot, proud of his squadron, and proud of the fear that accompanied him whenever he flew. During that summer he was twice promoted and at twenty-three he was a flight-lieutenant with the violet and white striped ribbon of the DFC.

We had the news by telegram just before Christmas. Most of my mother died on that day. And then a letter followed from his squadron commander. . . . Nothing much was known about his disappearance. He took off alone from a station in southern England for a mission against a target in the Pas de Calais area. The ground crews watched him climb against the sun as he set course for France. He was missing, presumed dead. And the letter was full of praise for Lorne's courage; he was held in the highest respect by his friends and his superiors. The squadron commander was sorry that he could offer no real comfort because words were useless things on such occasions. However, my parents could feel proud of the way in which Lorne had always carried out his duty — he was a good officer and a good comrade. . . . I remember that even in my grief I felt an infinite compassion for any man who had to write such a letter and I wondered how I might have done it myself.

Two months later we had a small parcel through the Red Cross in Geneva, together with an official letter confirming his death. His aircraft fell in the shallows just off the French coast and his body was picked up from the water by the German battery who shot him down.

The Red Cross returned his wallet, a pipe, a broken watch, and a silver identification bracelet he always wore on his left wrist. I still have the bracelet. It reads: TK63482, F/L Webster L.J., 3/6/18, C of E. ★



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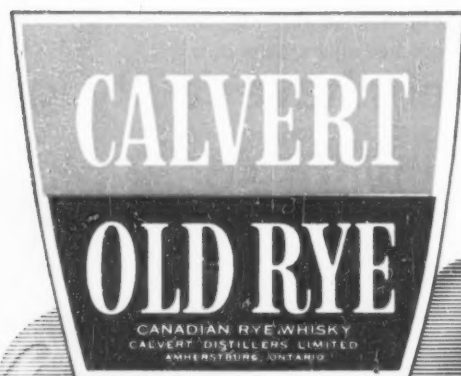
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THE WEST INDIANS *continued from page 27*

She has a two-room apartment, radio, television, magazines, a sewing machine. But she is alone.

Canada. This was the second family for whom she had worked. She was now earning \$145 a month, but her first raise of ten dollars had come only after a brief and decisive altercation with the wife. Her employers had made a vague promise about an increase. Then they forgot and she thought it her duty to remind them.

The wife said: "You probably don't know that some top class servants don't ever get that much."

This remark seemed to be a denial of her efficiency, and the West Indian waded in. "What you mean top class?" she asked. "Please answer me this one question. You satisfied with my work or not?"

"Yes, you work quite well," the wife admitted.

"Then don't ever talk 'bout top class to me again."

The wife gave her the raise and the matter was forgotten.

Awake at seven, she immediately assumes the triple role of mother, maid, and friend. This is the children's hour for a boy and a girl, both under ten. She supervises baths, prepares breakfast, hears all complaints, and gives advice on regulations at school. They have become used to her. Like the children from her own rural background, they listen as though waiting for the rain to stop. Then they are off.

Her relationship with the adults is more formal. The husband's demands are relayed by his wife whose talk never gets beyond domesticities. They are agreed that the West Indian will not clean any windows. Everything else may come within her duties for the day. The hours are long, but she may choose her own intervals of rest.

In the evening she meets the children again. They take their meals with her in the kitchen. She moves between them and the parents in the dining room. When eating is over, and all the fragments of supper are cleared away, servant and family separate. It may be eight o'clock when she retires to a two-room apartment on the third floor. This is her home, self-contained, and soft as cloud with carpet. It is furnished with all the items an average citizen may expect from an affluent land: television, a radio, periodicals passed on from the family's reading room, and in one corner, her sewing machine. But she is alone.

Of course, she is free to go where she likes after work. There are other domestics among her friends, but she feels, at this hour, that they live too far away. Such distance is not for walking, and fares soon become a luxury. Moreover, she doesn't trust the streets at night. So, she may read. She often sews. She waits for Thursday, a day of reprieve.

It is the domestics' regular half day. It begins with telephone arrangements for a meeting somewhere in town. They may choose the subway, or some building that each has remembered for its size. They come together to decide what to do. In the meantime, they walk. The stores become a kind of bazaar they attend from the outside. Gazing is free, and it is good to be together. But nothing has happened, and already the half day threatens to disappear. Soon it is time they made up their minds and hurriedly they do. They choose the Church.

A friend took me to the church where the women always meet on Thursdays. It was really the basement of the church that was open to them at this hour. Many were already there. We arrived in a welter of

voices. It felt like a picnic in an air raid shelter. The walls were steep, and the whole place trembled with noise. Behind a partition on the right, the younger women were playing netball. There was a table in the centre where others sat, eating or waiting to be served. Through a small window on the left, you could see a group in the kitchen piling rice and chicken onto plates. Up front there was a small chapel where a couple were rehearsing hymns. Everything happened at the same time, food, worship and fun. And always the Negro pastor was there. He seemed to spread like a shadow through the basement. He watched the game, whispered advice to the kitchen, and before you had swallowed, was back at the table lathering welcome on someone who had just arrived.

The church hall becomes a substitute for home. Strangers for a while, these domestics soon appeared as a federation of different islands meeting in judgment on living conditions both at home and abroad.

PARADE

You call that a cosmonaut?

Most disappointed observer at the big reception for Russian cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin, at Pugwash, N.S., was the little boy perched on his father's shoulder who finally spotted the world's first space pilot only to exclaim, "But daddy — he doesn't look like a monkey."

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They spoke freely about conditions of service, differences in wages, attitudes and habits among the families who employed them. Wages varied from a minimum of seventy-five to ninety dollars a month. An increase might depend on luck. Some families were more generous than others, some domestics more assertive in their demands. They all agreed that Jewish families paid the highest wages.

Such talk of wages threw light on the social gradations of wealthier Canadians. The domestic was a status symbol in some homes, and the size of a wage could be used as evidence of the employer's status among social rivals.

But it would be a mistake to think of these West Indians as domestics in any permanent sense. The scheme was their only chance of getting to Canada and they stuck to the jobs because jobs gave them security while they looked around. They were obsessed by prospects for the future. Many had already become nursing assistants in the hope that this would lead to hospital training. These hoped to become professional nurses. Others had crossed the border into the U. S. where they felt it would be easier to find courses in secretarial work, dressmaking, or hairdressing. Their thinking was geared to the future.

This scheme for domestics has now become the principal source of West Indian migration to Canada. It was started in 1955 with a quota of 100. A year later it was increased to 200 and during the next four years the figure rose slowly to 280 annually. In the six years of its application, the scheme has allowed 1,320 women to enter Canada. They achieve the status of landed immigrants and after five years they may apply for full Canadian citizenship.

These are the circumstances which these

*an advertisement of
interest to home owners
with heating problems*

these
examples of actual
installations show
clearly why

YOU CAN'T BEAT ELECTRIC HEAT

...for comfort...for convenience...for easy installation

HOW TO SPREAD A WING...AND SOAR TO NEW HEIGHTS OF COMFORT

Here is the beautiful "family wing" which Mr. Alan Perkins recently added to his attractive home. It's a practical example of how Electric Heating can save you time and money when you plan a home addition. Electric baseboard units add beauty and flexibility of decor to the dramatic Thermopane window wall. They also supply even, comfortable heat for the entire 350 sq. ft. of added living space. Yet, the cost of heating this properly-insulated new room electrically—even in the most severe winter months—averages no more per square foot than the conventional heating system that heats the rest of the house!

Both the electric heating and a generous number of appliance outlets were installed for less than it would have cost to extend the existing heating system. The work also required only one contractor.

For further information on Electric Heating Consult Your Electrical Contractor or Your Hydro.



HOW TO TURN YOUR BASEMENT INTO A TRULY SELF-CONTAINED APARTMENT

Heating comfort for a cozy basement apartment in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Dudley is room-controlled by safe, efficient electric heat. They didn't have to replace their furnace or extend their existing basement heating. For this entire extra floor of living space built-in electric heating units were easy to install with no major structural changes. Any basement room can be made warm and comfortable with easy-to-install electric heating.

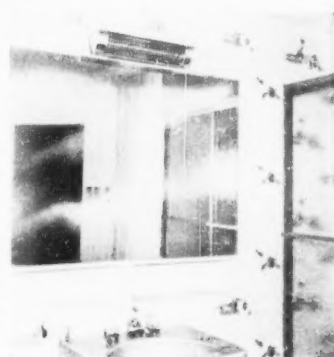


HOW TO HAVE A SUNROOM TO ENJOY ALL WINTER

Electric baseboard heating is proving ideal for installation in glass-walled rooms or porches where a major disturbance of the existing heating system would prove costly and impractical. In this delightful sunroom, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex MacKay, the installation of electric heating actually saved on building costs and speeded construction. Mrs. MacKay's plants thrive in this new kind of healthful, room-controlled heat... as safe and clean as sunlight itself.

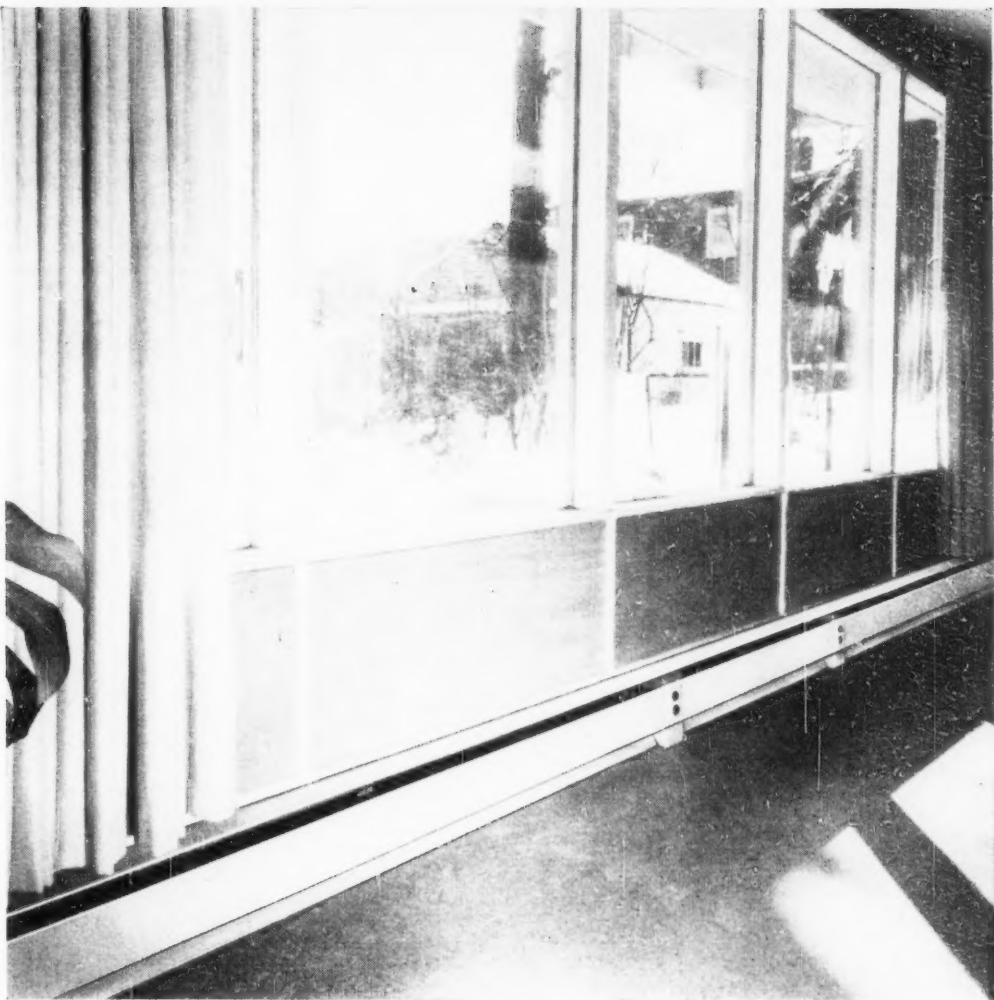
HOW TO HAVE "INSTANT SUNSHINE" WHILE YOU BATHE

The simple, overhead installation of an infra-red radiant electric heating unit provides the warmth and beneficial infra-red properties of sunlight instantly... at the flip of a switch! Electric heating units of this type are proving ideal for bathrooms, nurseries, indoor swimming pools and cottages. Installation is simple and inexpensive. Operating costs are low because heating need only be in operation when required.



TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE NEW LOW RATES FOR ALL-ELECTRIC HOME HEATING

HYDRO
is yours



See what *Mary Maxim* invites YOU to knit.

Mary Maxim sets the trends with the most exciting sweater fashions in bulky and fine wools.

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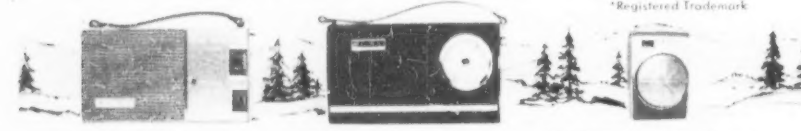
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RESEARCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE
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women meet to discuss in the basement of the church. "You hear what happen to Jean?" a woman says. "Good Lord, look what she gone and do!" Everyone at the table is eager and apprehensive. Some don't know Jean, but the news is important. It includes them. "She call me up in tears this morning," the woman explains. "It is like she may have to go to jail. That's all she keep saying on the phone. They going to send me to jail."

A Canadian salesman had lured Jean into the trap of installment buying. He had deceived her about the price of his wares, and had left the impression that she could pay as she pleased. Thinking of gifts for the folks back home, Jean ordered an enormous quantity of stainless pots and pans. Now a letter had come from a firm Jean couldn't remember hearing about. It read like a summons and the West Indian peasant regards any business with the court as a certain step toward imprisonment.

"He seem such a nice man," the woman continues, "and Jean even thought he own the store himself. But his name don't even appear on the papers. It is complete strangers she dealing with." The story is a warning to the others.

So the women talked until the organ reminded them it was night. Everyone collected in the chapel up front. The hymn books were passed around, and the day finished as the pastor had planned it.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.

Thursday was over. The half day had died slowly around them. Now it was time to go back to the lonely comfort of those suburban homes, and the sexless agony that each felt, but none could decently protest. They were women without men.

For men, there is no scheme comparable to this plan for allowing entry of female domestic help, but the Canadian government does not commit itself to any quotas restricting male immigration from the West Indies. Any man can try his luck, but his success will depend on the interpretation of the words "persons admissible to Canada."

If a man asks for admission because he feels he satisfies the Canadian government's requirements for useful citizenship, he may still be refused on grounds that he doesn't belong to any of the classes of persons admissible. This formula excludes no one specifically; it just can't accommodate those not included. On the face of it, the West Indian would be wrong if he said he had been discriminated against because of his color. But the figures might support such a suspicion.

A formula, which appears to apply

equally to all, allowed entry to Canada of roughly 200,000 Italians between 1951 and 1960. The number of Negroes (excluding those from the United States), largely West Indians, admitted in the years 1946-56 was 1,910.

But there is another, more revealing, figure. The Department of Citizenship and Immigration reports that in that same decade, 1946-56, 5,812 immigrants were admitted "who gave the British West Indies as their country of former residence." According to my figures then, 3,902 of these were non-Negroes—from a country whose residents, whether professional, clerical or unskilled, are predominantly black.

How does it happen? After three centuries of mixed breeding, many West Indians can claim almost any racial origin they choose. An application for entry is dealt with on its own merits, and the merits are decided by the official on the spot, but the applicant has to supply information concerning his racial origin. This gives the official his cue. The result is that two West Indians, comparable in merit as men and possibly first cousins, can have entirely different experiences in dealing with Canadian Immigration officials. One may declare his ancestry as Spanish, Portuguese or British and satisfy the official. The other says "Negro," since he looks it, and finds himself involved in correspondence that may last for years. It is a common complaint among West Indian Negroes in Canada that they are not accorded the full privileges of British subjects. And yet the number of Negro men entering Canada from the West Indies has shown an interesting increase in recent years. During the years 1957 to 1960, there were approximately 1,102. (The figure is not remarkable until we remember that only 1,910 were admitted in the previous ten years.) None of these were students. Indeed, many came in the category of "dependents not destined to labor force." How, then, do such men qualify as "classes of persons admissible"?

The answer is partly to be found in the industriousness of the domestic servants. As late as 1947, a West Indian with the status of landed immigrant, was only allowed to bring a wife or husband to Canada. Later the law was relaxed to include close relatives, brothers or sisters. Surprisingly enough, this was also extended to fiancées. Many a domestic servant has used this opportunity to sponsor a brother. Some Canadians have helped by guaranteeing employment on the relative's arrival. The position of the fiancée is at once straightforward and risky. He must marry within thirty days, or return. In the history of West Indian migration, men have always been the pioneers who later



sent for their women. In Canada, today, the pattern is new: it is the women who must import their husbands.

The importing seldom takes place without a struggle with officialdom. During my first week in Canada, a young West Indian nurse came to see me and to renew an acquaintance started years ago in London, England. She was now in the thick of trouble over the matter of her fiancé. She had been working in a Toronto hospital for three years. Her references were excellent. The fiancé belonged to the most respectable of clerical employees in Jamaica. The Immigration Official, therefore, had to concede that their general background was beyond reproach. Yet he insisted that he couldn't certify entry into Canada until she had proved the man was really her fiancé. Did she have any letters which would help to strengthen her claim? He thought it most natural that she should surrender her personal correspondence in order to satisfy his curiosity.

This case is not unique. Some weeks later I saw the last of a series of letters written to a domestic servant who had been having the same difficulty with the immigration office. The official had listed his reservations about the fiancé's entry, and his letter finished with this impertinent assumption: "Should you remain interested in this matter the case could be reviewed in six months." You would think he was replying to the lady's request for a change of lavatory bowl. This is the technique of postponement whose purpose is to dissuade. You wear the applicant down in the hope that his original impulse will die a natural death. Like the formula which hides behind that phrase, "classes of persons admissible to Canada," it increases the West Indian's frustration. And one unsavory result is the rise of the professional contact man.

He may be a West Indian who is also a naturalized Canadian citizen. An amateur public figure, he has probably taken part in many conventions, served on committees, and conducted an impressive correspondence with charitable organizations. He speaks on behalf of his ethnic group, but insists on all occasions that he is an ardent Canadian. Most important of all, he has friends in Ottawa.

One evening I sat with a West Indian in a Montreal bar, and listened to the details of five "cases of immigration" that had been successfully handled by the contact man. All five were West Indians who had sought advice on the best way of getting to Canada. The contact man allowed no direct communication between himself and these people. His instructions were relayed through someone else, and these were very simple: make no application; send birth certificates and photographs. When these arrived with the first installment of the fee the contact man left for Ottawa. At appropriate intervals during the next three months, the five West Indians all arrived, carrying passports no official at any frontier could question. It was expensive in dollars, but each had achieved an impossible status. Officially, they were now Canadians by birth.

West Indians in Montreal were holding a dance on the night I heard about the contact man. These dances are a regular form of entertainment, like the Thursday basement meetings in Toronto. But the Moose Hall is not the house of God, and Montreal allows more mischief than Toronto. The bar was run by three French Canadians who measured drinks like medicine, and seemed reluctant to return your change. This was the only part of the room where you could see what you were doing. Elsewhere the enormous crowd of faces moved about in darkness with occasional shafts of pink and blue light pointing from the ceiling. During an intermis-

sion, the bandleader complained people were not eating enough. "So, please, I beg of you — buy up the food." He was choking the microphone with his voice. The words hit the walls like thunder and dissolved into the general noise. Soon the music took over. It was a good band, and you could tell from the eloquent madness of the dancers that they approved. They had entered their familiar state of being possessed by the music. For that's the effect of calypso, well-served to a West Indian crowd in exile. It attacks the spine, and works an intoxication on every part of

the body. It doesn't matter how you hear what's being played. There is an instinctive bond between legs and ears. It was good to see this.

But there was a sad excess of women. The most cautious estimate would have put them at five to every man. And in many cases the men would monopolize their partners for the night. In spite of the many couples wildly dancing, almost every chair around the room remained occupied. Sometimes the women could bear it no longer; so they partnered one another and plunged into the crowd, danc-

ing together in a great free-for-all. Someone said, "Women like mangoes in this place. Abundant and at low price." He was a student. Only a student can afford to make this kind of joke. For these "mangoes" were largely domestic servants and the student has a special conception of this class of people. The dance was providing the domestic servants with a necessary ration of fun. To the student, it was all an ordinary bit of end-of-term slumming. A responsible West Indian informed me that at one university in Montreal, West Indian students had drafted a resolu-

More People Drink Lamb's Rum

because
they like its
pleasant,
tropical
flavour

The illustration shows a scene on the deck of a ship. Several sailors in white uniforms are visible, some standing and others near a ladder. A woman in a white dress is also present. In the foreground, there are two bottles of Lamb's Rum. The bottle on the left is labeled 'Lamb's Palm Breeze VERY LIGHT RUM' and 'LAMB'S RUM COMPANY LIMITED'. The bottle on the right is labeled 'Lamb's NAVY RUM' and 'LAMB'S RUM COMPANY LIMITED'.

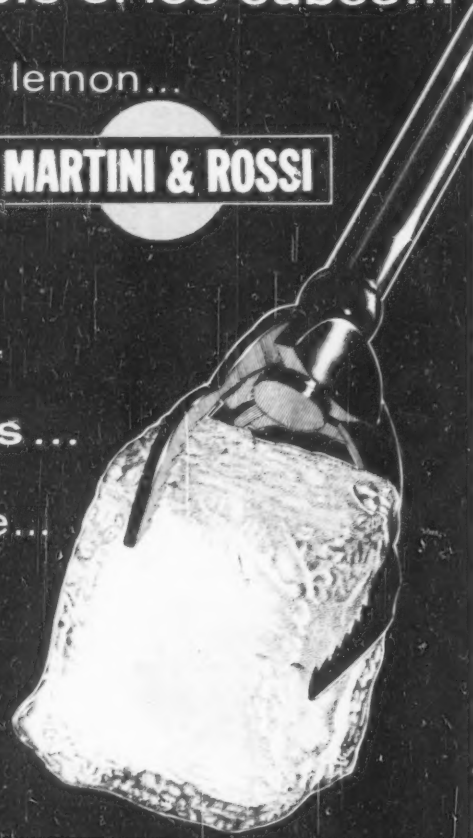
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tion forbidding domestics to attend their student functions. He was ashamed, and wished it were possible to conceal what he knew.

For the purpose of statistics West Indian students are divided into three groups: private, scholarship and special. Scholarship students are the responsibility of their territorial governments. In the academic year 1958-59, there were forty-two of these. Special students include those who have received Canada Council fellowships or similar grants made to West Indians. In the academic year 1959-60 there were about twenty-three such students. But the vast majority of students come within the private group. They were 1,179 in 1959, and 1,209 in 1960. They enter Canada on the understanding that they will be able to pay their way. Unlike the domestics, they cannot become landed immigrants, and as students they are not supposed to work. But the majority could never complete a three-year course without finding employment of some kind. So the clause which allows them into Canada later works to their disadvantage. They are not among the class of persons who can freely claim a work permit. Once more we encounter that formula — which applies to all students, irrespective of nationality or race.

Vacation is a time of great turbulence for the West Indian student. He complains, and his experience is his proof, that others find it easier to get work. But how can he make the charge of discrimination effective? A formal complaint would amount to a formal confession that he had been trying to break the law, since a student, remember, is not supposed to work. And the penalty can be deportation. So it is wiser to contain the anger and try again. In this respect, the student's life offers the spectacle of a man who must

not raise his voice. He lives by the charity of those who have the power to employ. As it happens, charity often assigns him to the railroads, or the factory. Others rent taxis and ply a driver's trade by night.

The student doesn't come within the category of immigrant but his skin unites him in the general predicament of domestic servant and railway porter. Education, however, has crowned him with the illusion of privilege, and a certain servility of mind often urges him to hide behind the prestige which education is supposed to confer. He is a product of the temporary democracy which takes place on every campus. Canada does not embrace him, but it never pushes him away. The university reminds him that he is not in Canada to stay. And, although Canadian citizenship might attract him, it could never compete with his wish for graduation day.

On the eve of my departure I had lunch with a West Indian civil servant in Montreal. Apart from the pleasure of seeing him again, it gave me an opportunity to check my general impressions with his long experience of the West Indian community. He had studied in Toronto years ago. He had enjoyed it but he couldn't help feeling that something important had been missed. It had nothing to do with academic standards. His regret was more personal and more concrete. He was still feeling the need to come to grips with his reality as a colonial and a Negro in the modern world. And Canada could not help him there. Canada could not even decide what Canada should do. There was no political party whose purpose or direction could give meaning to the struggle of its Negro citizens. There was no collective voice with which a Negro could honestly identify his own. ★

THE GREAT LAKES *continued from page 18*

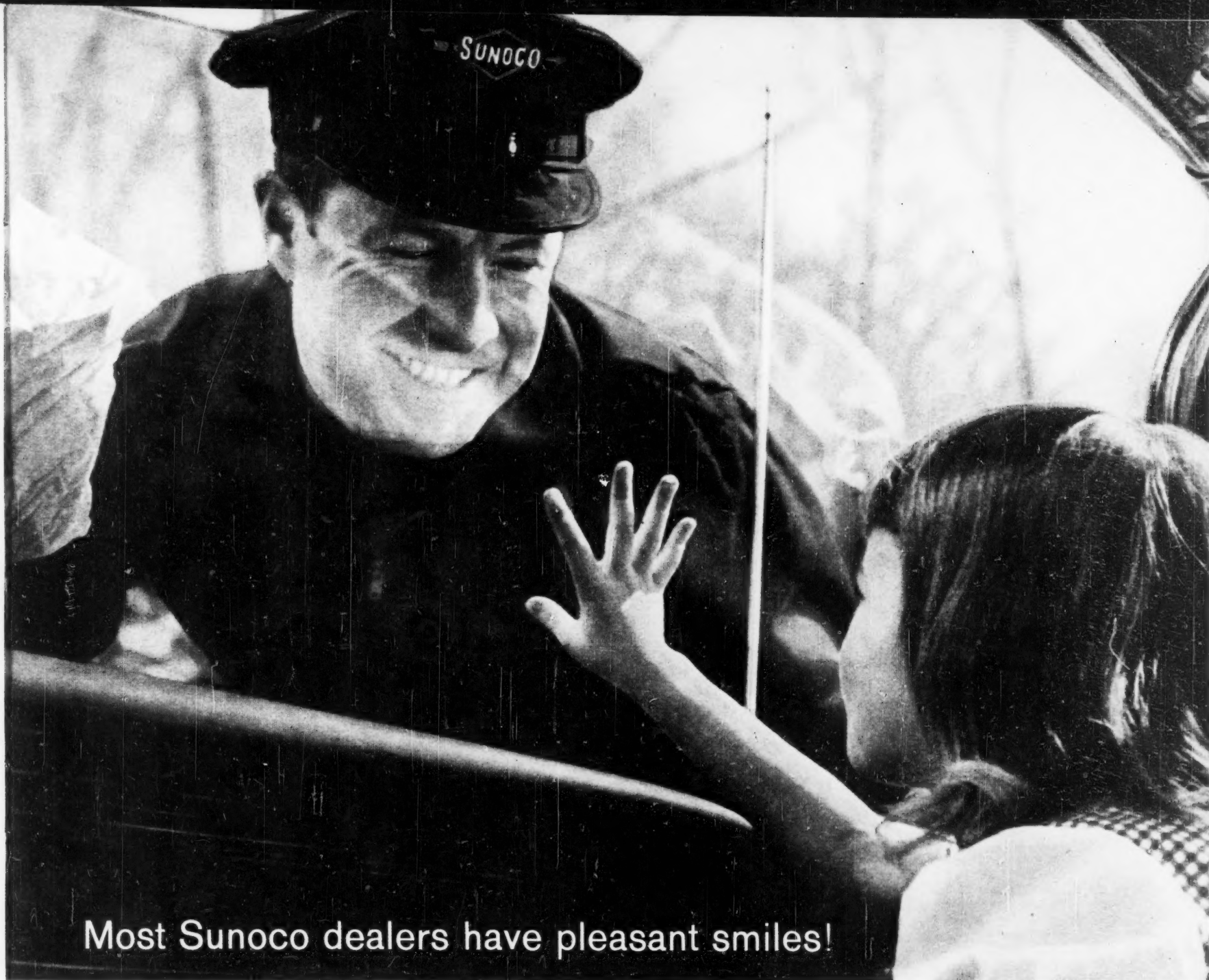
The laboratory ship at first seemed mainly water and flies — water inside, on deck and all around

superstructure and buff funnels, was built in Collingwood in 1952 for the Royal Canadian Navy, to be used as a gate tender, the name given a craft that opens and closes underwater cable barriers around mine fields. She has a crew of fourteen officers and men, along with a scientific staff varying in number from six to twelve. I was taken to the bridge to meet Captain Hodge, an erect, blue-eyed Englishman who served nine years with the Royal Navy. He was cheerfully busy at his chart table. A wheelsman sat on a stool, arm hooked around one of the spokes, holding a cigarette and looking bored. Captain Hodge handed me a notice typed on a Department of Transport form that read: "In the event of an emergency, God forbid, your boat station will be the port life float" — and told me to come up to the bridge whenever I felt like it. I wandered around the ship in the rain in considerable confusion, coming up against unfamiliar winches and strange equipment, with the water going the wrong way. The technician's lab was a brightly lit mixture of flasks, tubes and steaming equipment that made it look like a restaurant kitchen. Silent figures sat filling out reports and working before chemical apparatus. There was a general impression of water — water inside in bottles, and water outside on the deck, water gurgling past the sides of the ship, and there were thousands of flies. (The flies all disappeared when we reached Lake Erie and joined ship again when we docked at Leamington.) I found the galley. There was a big pot of coffee and one of tea on the

blistering hot galley stove, and anyone was free to have coffee or tea any time, providing he washed his cup afterward. I was told bitterly, by a seaman who spat disconsolately over the rail, that you could tell the tea from the coffee because the tea pot had a piece of white adhesive tape on the handle.

Later that night lightning knocked out the ship's radar and I learned that we were to put in at Goderich to have it fixed. As the *Porte Dauphine* would lie over for the weekend before starting research work in Lake Erie, I arranged to get off there and pick up the ship again Sunday night in Sarnia. I hoisted myself into an upper bunk, and woke in the morning in time to watch the captain line up the two navigation lights in Goderich harbor and come in to a dock that magically materialized out of the mist.

The cruise from Sarnia on Monday, down the St. Clair River, across Lake St. Clair and down the Detroit River afforded a powerful impression of the tremendous activity that goes on around the Great Lakes. We passed a constant procession of freighters; ships of the Hamburg-Chicago Line, the Hellenic Lines, Bristol City, Oldingham Hill and Manchester Lines; the Mitsui Line and the Rotterdam Line. We passed the Bethlehem, the Ben E. Tate, the Thomas E. Millsop, the Joseph H. Frantz, the Diamond Alkali, the Mount Evans, and one with a name that was my personal favorite — The Great Lakes Dredge and Dock Co. Spud Scow No. 9. Captain Hodge exchanged messages over short wave with an American voice that



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was polite but sounded as if its owner were in shirt sleeves. Great Lakes work is largely difficult pilotage. A salt-water ship docks perhaps twenty-five times a year; a lake boat sometimes three times a day.

The lakes are shallow, their lanes heavy with shipping. A Great Lakes skipper commonly sees thirty ships in his radar at one time; or, entering the traffic jam at the mouth of the Detroit River, thirty to forty freighters lined up in a five-mile strip of shipping lanes. When the 8,500-ton freighter Standard Portland Cement was rammed by the 580-foot Albert Ziesing on Lake

Huron in May, 1960, the resulting twelve-hour traffic tie-up involved seventy Great Lakes vessels. If a captain turns his head for five minutes in the Detroit or St. Clair Rivers he can be in real trouble.

The Great Lakes are singularly tricky basins of water. Although there is virtually no tide (the highest is at Chicago: eighteen inches) the syphoning effect of low-pressure areas, combined with a high wind, will produce a "seiche," an oscillation of water in the lake basin like the water swinging back and forth in a bathtub. The surface of Lake Erie will rise eight and

a half feet in a few hours, throwing out all the depths given on hydrographic charts. Lake Erie is notorious for its mean chop, and during an October gale waves in Lake Michigan have been reported by one scientific observer, who admitted to leaning toward the conservative side, at fifteen feet high, while others with him in the same storm estimated them at thirty feet. Great Lakes storms are violent and sudden and have taken a great toll of lives and ships. On May 8, 1914, in a moderate storm, the S. R. Kirby was hit by a wave that came over her port bow and tipped

her stern high in the air. A second wave smashed into her, and a third, catching her underneath, plunged her to the bottom. In November, 1958, a wave hit the freighter Eastern Shell, knocked out her radar, ship-to-shore telephone and directional finder and broke five glass windows in the wheelhouse. The captain's leg was cut so badly that he was only kept alive by the use of a tourniquet. In the same month, the Carl D. Bradley, a 615-foot limestone carrier broke in half in a storm in northern Lake Michigan and sank with a loss of thirty-three men. One of the worst Great Lakes tragedies took place on Sunday, November 9, 1913, when a storm sank eight ships on Lake Huron and two on Lake Superior with a loss of 235 men. There were no survivors.

Bird house? No, a bathythermograph

It was hard to imagine the Great Lakes in anything but a serene mood as we came out of the long, dredged-out shipping lanes that extend like fingers into Lake Erie through a surprising sweep of marshland that looked exactly like the savannas of Georgia. Shortly after emerging from these channels, the *Porte Dauphine* settled down to her main work, which was to make a "synoptic cruise," a phrase that bothered me until I realized that it referred to a synopsis of information about weather, currents, water chemistry and temperatures, plankton and sedimentation, gathered at each of a number of index stations. These are points of longitude and latitude, plotted on a hydrographic chart, which take the *Porte Dauphine* on a painstaking zig-zag course back and forth across the lakes. At the first station, when the sound of the engines stopped, and the ship lay rolling slightly in the swell, a lab technician came out to an arrangement that looked like a bird house, leaned over the rail and lowered a thin cable by a small electric winch, to which were fastened two instruments. The first was called a bathythermograph, which looks much like a small brass aerial bomb, with fins at the end. A photographic plate is snapped into place and on this the instrument automatically records a graph, plotting temperature against depth. There's always a sudden jog on the graph, indicating a sharp drop in water temperature. This is called the thermocline, and is well-known to all skin divers. It marks the level of the sharpest change in temperature between warm and cold layers, and involves an important fact about the Great Lakes. Seasons on the Great Lakes mean something much more complex than a simple change of temperature. Something takes place comparable to the change of seasons on land. It hinges on the fact that water reaches its maximum density at about four degrees centigrade (39.2 degrees on the back porch thermometer). Water, as it becomes either warmer or colder than this, becomes less dense. In summer and winter in the Great Lakes there is a separation of the water into a light layer on top and a heavy layer on the bottom. In summer the top layer is lighter than the bottom layer because it is warmer; in winter it is lighter because it is colder and because the lake as a whole is colder than the critical four-degree centigrade temperature. But in spring, as the top layer warms up, and in fall, as it cools off, there is a point in the process where the density of the water is the same at all depths. At this period, the water may be circulated from top to bottom by winds and currents. This process has an important effect on lake water, as it circulates oxygen, absorbed at the surface, down into the bottom layers.

Oxygen content of water, which is of course vital to all life in the lakes, is checked by the second instrument lowered,

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H-61-4

each time, with the bathythermograph. This is a foot-long metal cylinder trap, triggered by a weight that slides down the cable. The water trap snaps shut on its sample of water. The sample is then hauled to the surface and a chemical analysis is performed to determine its dissolved oxygen content.

Sampling of the lake bottom for sedimentation is done by another spring trap arrangement or by taking core samples with a small drilling rig. The lakes are settling basins for everything that swims, and dies; for decayed plant life, for hundreds of tons of topsoil washed from the surrounding land; and for everything carried into it by streams. Echo-sounding operations have indicated that in parts of the Great Lakes, particularly in Lake Superior, the bottom is bald, ancient bedrock, all sediment having sifted down into depressions. Much of the sediment from the bottom of Lake Erie, however, is a thick layer of substance so finely divided and silky that it's about the texture of soft butter, and so deep in places that the echo sounder fails to show bedrock.

The land is still springing back

Very little is known about the Great Lakes basins as they existed in preglacial times. There was probably a drainage system that was widened and deepened by the advancing ice. There may have been Great Lakes before the ones we know today, but if so all records were wiped out by the glaciers. Today's Great Lakes, and their immediate ancestors, which are known in considerable detail to geologists, were filled with the meltwaters of glaciers that receded so recently, in terms of geological time, that the land is still springing back from the release of their weight. The region of Kingston, Ontario, is known to have risen at least 600 feet since the ice left the area. Belleville is still rising relative to Toronto. As the glaciers receded, streams flowed off the ice and were often ponded into lakes between the ice face and the moraine of the glacial deposits to the south. The first lake, known to geologists as Lake Maumee, formed at the west end of Lake Erie, and began draining into the Mississippi, as all the first Great Lakes did. As the retreating ice exposed lower outlets Lake Maumee drained westward into another small early lake, Lake Chicago, which had formed at the southern tip of the Michigan basin. Lake Ontario and Lake Superior were the last to be uncovered. The Lake Ontario ice lobe, as it withdrew along its basin, first exposed the Niagara escarpment and allowed the water of Lake Erie to pour over it down the Niagara river. Finally, after a long pause at the east end of the Lake Ontario basin, during which time the meltwaters from the glacier drained down the Hudson River, the vanishing ice lobe exposed the St. Lawrence valley and allowed a long arm of the sea to extend up the valley almost into the Ontario basin. This was finally checked by the up-lifting land, to produce the Great Lakes as we know them today.

The glacial processes that formed the Great Lakes ended about 9,000 years ago. Sedimentation has been going on ever since. Today it is of tremendous importance to Great Lakes shipping, where every inch of clearance in harbors and canals means a big difference in a ship's payload. (One inch would mean a difference, to the Canada Steamship Lines' 730-foot grain carrier Whitefish Bay, of \$8,250 worth of wheat.) Great changes in the fish life of Lake Erie have taken place concurrently with sedimentation and change of temperature. (Something in the climate, as yet unknown, has raised the average annual temperature two degrees since 1920.) Species of fish have grown progres-



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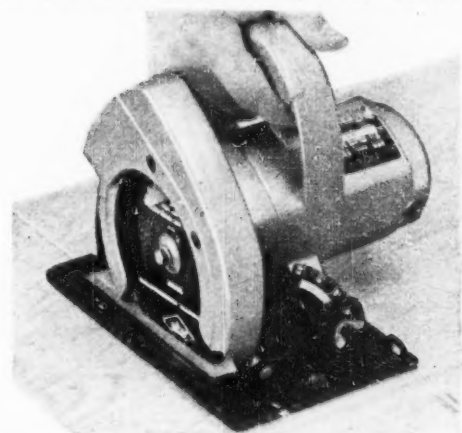
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Dartmouth, Dartmouth Lumber Co. Limited
Dartmouth, Halliday Craftsman Limited
Dartmouth, Mac Cullochs (Dartmouth) Limited
Halifax, Halliday Craftsman Limited
Halifax, Mac Cullochs (Halifax) Limited
New Glasgow, Halliday Craftsman Limited
Truro, Halliday Craftsman Limited

QUEBEC:

Abercorn, Abercorn Lumber Inc.
Asbestos, Caron & Frères Ltée.
Beauharnois, Léonard Veilleux Ltée.
Greenfield Park, Greenfield Park Lumber
Iberville, L. O. Laporte Ltée.

Jacques Cartier, Mid Lumber Inc.
Joliette, Desrochers & Wodon Ltée.

Laval West, Pagé & Frère Ltée.

Magog, Théo Langlois Ltée.

Magog, MacPherson Lumber Inc.

Montreal, A. Z. Lumber Company Ltd.

Montreal, Rutherford Company Limited

Montreal, Val Royal Building Materials Ltd.

Pointe Claire, Pointe Claire Lumber Limited

Quebec City, Louis Canar-Marquis Ltée.

Rivière-du-Loop, Nap Dumont Ltée.

Sherbrooke, Edéas Carrier

St. Rémi, J. R. Grégoire Ltée.

Trois Rivières, Pruneau Inc.

Valleyfield, Miron & Frère Inc.

Ville Brossard, Gavard Builders Supply

Division

Ville de Pierreford, P. E. Labrosse Inc.

Woodlands, John W. Goodfellow Lumber

ONTARIO:

Barrie, Allandale Lumber & Fuel Co. Ltd.

Barrie, Ball Planing Mill Company Ltd.

Billings Bridge, D'Aoust Lumber Sales

Limited

Bracebridge, Northern Planing Mills Co. Ltd.

Brockville, Hodgins Lumber Limited

Chatham, Glenn Garzell Enterprises Ltd.

Cooksville, Rockett Lumber & Building

Supplies

Cornwall, Hodgins Lumber Limited

Deep River, W. H. Johnston Builders Supply

Dundas, Snetinger Lumber Limited

Etobicoke, Installation Consultants Limited

Hawkesbury, Sinclair Supply Co. Limited

Hensall, A. Spencer & Son Limited

Islington, Beaver Lumber Company Limited

Islington, Kipling Lumber & Plywood Co. Ltd.

Kingston, Glen Supply Company Limited

London, Copp Builders Supply

Newmarket, W. H. Eves Limited

Oakville, The Oakville Lumber Company Ltd.

Oshawa, Oshawa Wood Products Limited

Ottawa, Beaver Lumber Company Ltd.

Ottawa, D. Kemp Edwards, Limited

Perry Sound, C. F. Jackson Lumber & Builders

Pembroke, Town Line Builders Supply &

Home Improvement Centre

Peterborough, Peterborough Lumber Co. Ltd.

Port Credit, Thomsen Lumber & Builders

Supply

Rexdale, Hanford Lumber Limited

Richvale, Loughlin Home Supply Co. Ltd.

Sault Ste. Marie, Myers Builders Supply Ltd.

Sault Ste. Marie, R. M. S. Builders Supply

Limited

Sault Ste. Marie, Soo Mill & Lumber

Company Ltd.

Scarboro, Campbell Bros. Lumber Co. Ltd.

Scarboro, Comrie Lumber Company Ltd.

St. Thomas, Marlatt Fuel & Lumber Limited

St. Thomas, The Big "A" Lumber

Sudbury, Evans Lumber & Builders Supply

Toronto, Rio Lumber Co. Central Location

Toronto, The Welsh Lumber Company Ltd.

Wahnapitoc, The Wahnapitoc Lumber Co. Ltd.

West Hill, Kingston Road Lumber & Coal Ltd.

Willowdale, Lansing Building Supply Limited

Windsor, Matthews Lumber Co. Limited

MANITOBA:

Brandon, Smith's Lumber Limited

Winnipeg, Alsip Brick Tile & Lumber Co. Ltd.

Winnipeg, Empire Sash & Door Company Ltd.

Winnipeg, Multart Builders Supplies

Winnipeg, The Winnipeg Supply & Fuel

Co. Ltd.

SASKATCHEWAN:

Saskatoon, The Plywood House

sively coarser. Until 1925, the important fish was the Cisco, or fresh-water herring, a plankton feeder that likes clear, cool water and spawns on a sand or gravel bottom. In 1925 these species dropped sharply in number although they have reappeared since in occasional strong spurts. Now the only fish of commercial importance are the smelt and perch.

The Porte Dauphine, all the time I was aboard, passed an endless procession of dead fish, about one every minute. One of the most abundant fish in Lakes Erie, Huron and Michigan now is the alewife,

a fish probably native to Lake Ontario which got into the upper lakes through the Welland Canal, and which dies by the hundreds of thousands and creates great stench on the beaches.

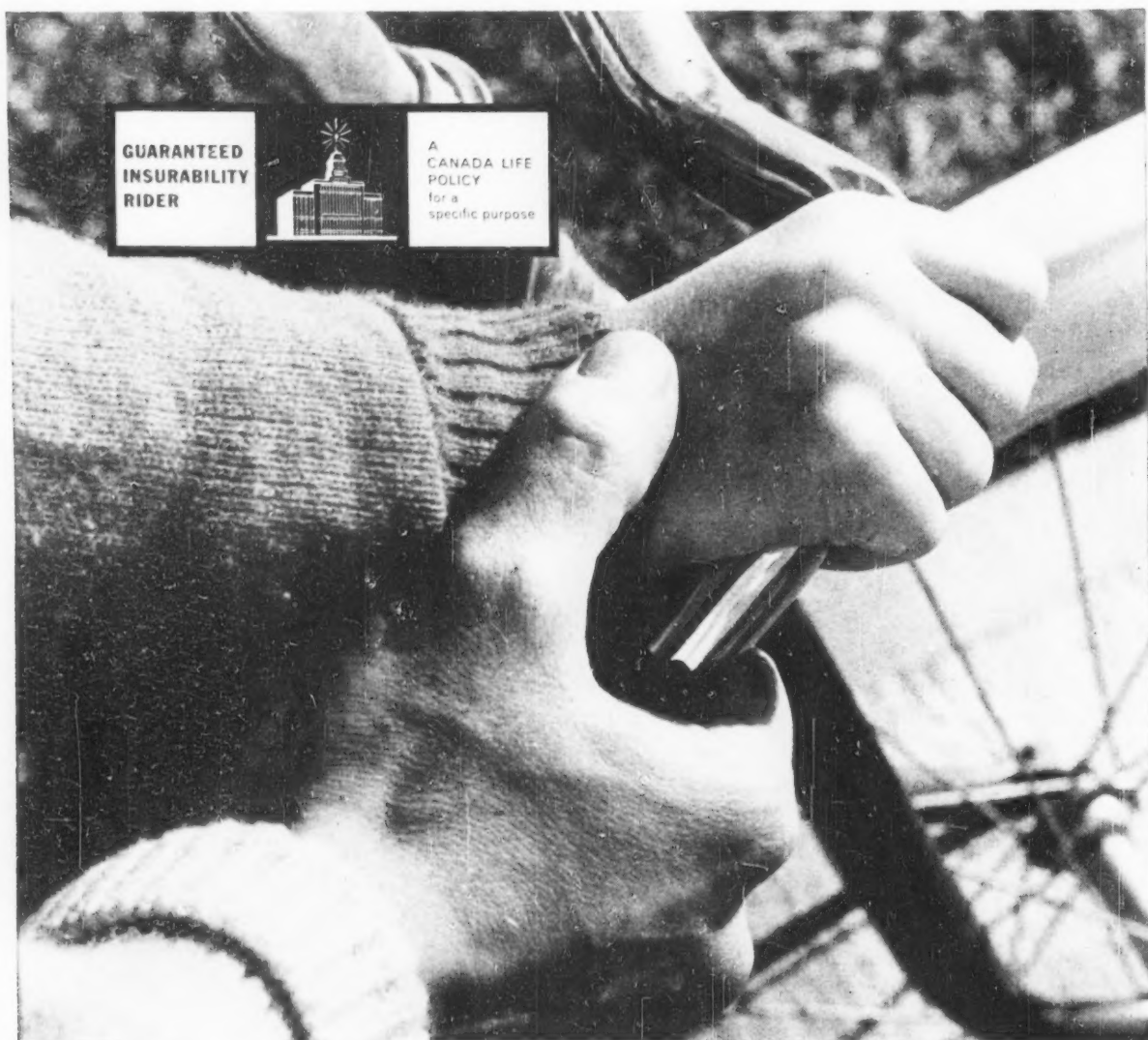
The Welland Canal also permitted the sea lamprey to migrate through Lake Erie, which it doesn't like to the upper lakes, which it does. The sea lamprey, a multi-hued ancient nightmare with weak eyes, a sort of radar for finding its prey, and a funnel for a face, is a vampire. It has enough suction to operate a windshield wiper, and has become so well-known to

harassed fisheries men that it is sometimes referred to simply as "the animal." It was landlocked in Lake Ontario some 9,000 years ago ("landlocked," in a biological sense, doesn't mean cut off from the sea literally, but cut off by conditions) where it has always lived in some sort of balance with nature. In the Upper Lakes, however, it has created havoc. In 1936 the catch of lake trout, the lamprey's favorite target, was five and a half million pounds in Lake Huron. In 1945 it was less than half a million, and today in Lake Huron lake trout are practically extinct. In 1944, in

Lake Michigan, the lake trout catch was six and a half million pounds. In 1950 it was 100,000 pounds and the fishing industry collapsed.

The sea lamprey has been the object of desperate countermeasures. Electrical barriers, which either electrocute the animal or deflect it into a trap, have been abandoned as too awkward and expensive to operate, and only partially efficient. Now the method being used is the poisoning of streams with a lampicide developed by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the barriers are used chiefly to count lampreys. Ironically, in the first year after completion of poisoning of all the streams in Lake Superior, the abandoned electric barriers counted the biggest crop of lampreys ever caught in the Great Lakes. Due to the lamprey's life cycle, however, this isn't a fair test, and the real results won't be known until next year, although results have caused considerable dejection in some quarters, especially in the United States. (In Toronto, Dr. J. R. Diamond of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, told me, "I used to be known as a pessimist. Now I find myself trying to cheer people up. I tell them we're not licked on the lamprey yet. But you know the Americans. They're either way up or way down.")

Each time the Porte Dauphine's engine bells sounded, and the rustling of the water subsided as the ship came to a stop, a young Water Resources Commission chemist climbed the vertical steel ladder to the fore-castle head to take his sample of water for bacteria tests. He swung a bottle on a cord, plopped it into the water ahead of the ship to avoid contamination



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*How Kenora
got its name*

The northwestern Ontario town that bears the euphonious name Kenora was originally known as Rat Portage. It was a logical name, since the bulk of the furs brought in to this central depot were muskrat. But it was not good enough when the community became something more than a way-station on a fur route. The surrounding territory, before it was divided between Manitoba and Ontario, was known by the Indian name Kewaydin or Keewatin. By taking the first syllable of this name, inserting the "no" of Norman, an adjoining community, and adding the first two letters of Rat Portage, the townspeople got Kenora.

from the ship's hull, hauled it out as it drifted up to him underwater. He did this several times until the bottle was full. One time, as I watched him, he said cheerfully, "we go our merry way, polluting as we go. But we always pollute behind us." When we cruised in to an index station close to Cleveland in the evening, the captain sent word down that there was a municipal dump marked offshore on his hydrographic chart, and the chemist asked if he'd stop the ship so that he could test for bacteria. As we came to a stop over the dump, one of the technical staff, a physicist, went down to the lab to the echo sounder, an instrument that will reveal objects in the water, including schools of fish. The paper in the instrument showed a lot of dark area, looking to me like tin cans and old corn flakes boxes. But the bacteriological tests (I got the report next week in Toronto) were all negative.

A microscopic catch

At each index station the Porte Dauphine staff made hauls of the microscopic animal and plant organisms called plankton. This is done by allowing measured amounts of lake water to pass through a fine nylon net about the shape of an airport wind sock. When the net is rinsed down, after a catch, into a small glass jar, the water in the jar is tinted bright green with a cloud of wriggling forms which under the microscope appear in a multitude of bizarre shapes, all with big dark, startled-looking eyes. One of the problems caused by the vast amounts of industrial waste going into the lakes, and by the salts left in the effluent from sewage treatment plants, is that these chemicals nourish plankton, as do the fertilizers drained off surrounding farm lands. Overproduction of plankton may liberate toxic material, and the decay of the organisms may use up oxygen to a degree where fish can't survive. There's a serious depletion now of oxygen in Lake Erie bottom water, and it is this overproduction of plankton that has at times turned the entire west end of the lake green. In Lake Michigan algae and suspended matter are so thick now that they are causing problems to industry that uses Great Lakes water.

Some of the most important work being done by the Porte Dauphine is the gathering of information on meteorological conditions on the Great Lakes, of which not very much is known. Until now, it has not been known whether precipitation is the same on the lakes as on land. This has a bearing on water-level predictions, and these, in turn, effect hydro operation and transportation. One thing being checked by the meteorological staff of the Porte Dauphine is a suspected stratification of the air over the Great Lakes, which may be responsible for some kind of pollution crossing the lakes and causing the blight known as tobacco fleck in Ontario crops.

The Porte Dauphine, which spends her winters almost alone on Lake Ontario, is gathering valuable information on winter weather conditions and ice movements. The time is probably coming when forecasts of ice movements will be made, which will lengthen the time of transportation on the lakes. In the meantime, the Porte Dauphine has been mistaken for an iceberg by the people of Hamilton and a ghost ship by the startled residents of Oswego, New York, when her lights appeared out in the harbor one dark winter night during a snow storm.

I got used to life on the Porte Dauphine, to the routine slowing and stopping at check points, to living out of sight of land, awaking to see water rushing past an open porthole, coming into Great Lakes docks as if we'd just completed an ocean crossing. (One small boy at Leamington called

to us from the dark. "Where are you from?" as if we'd just arrived from Pago Pago.) Life on board sometimes brought the need for a new look at the Great Lakes into sharp focus. One time, during mealtime, the mess steward, standing with his fist on his hips, swaying slightly, listening intently to a conversation among the technical staff about water pollution, reached over someone's shoulder, removed an empty milk carton from the table, and, without turning or taking his eyes off the speakers, opened the mess-room door and backhanded the carton overboard without

missing a word about the necessity of more controls on the lakes.

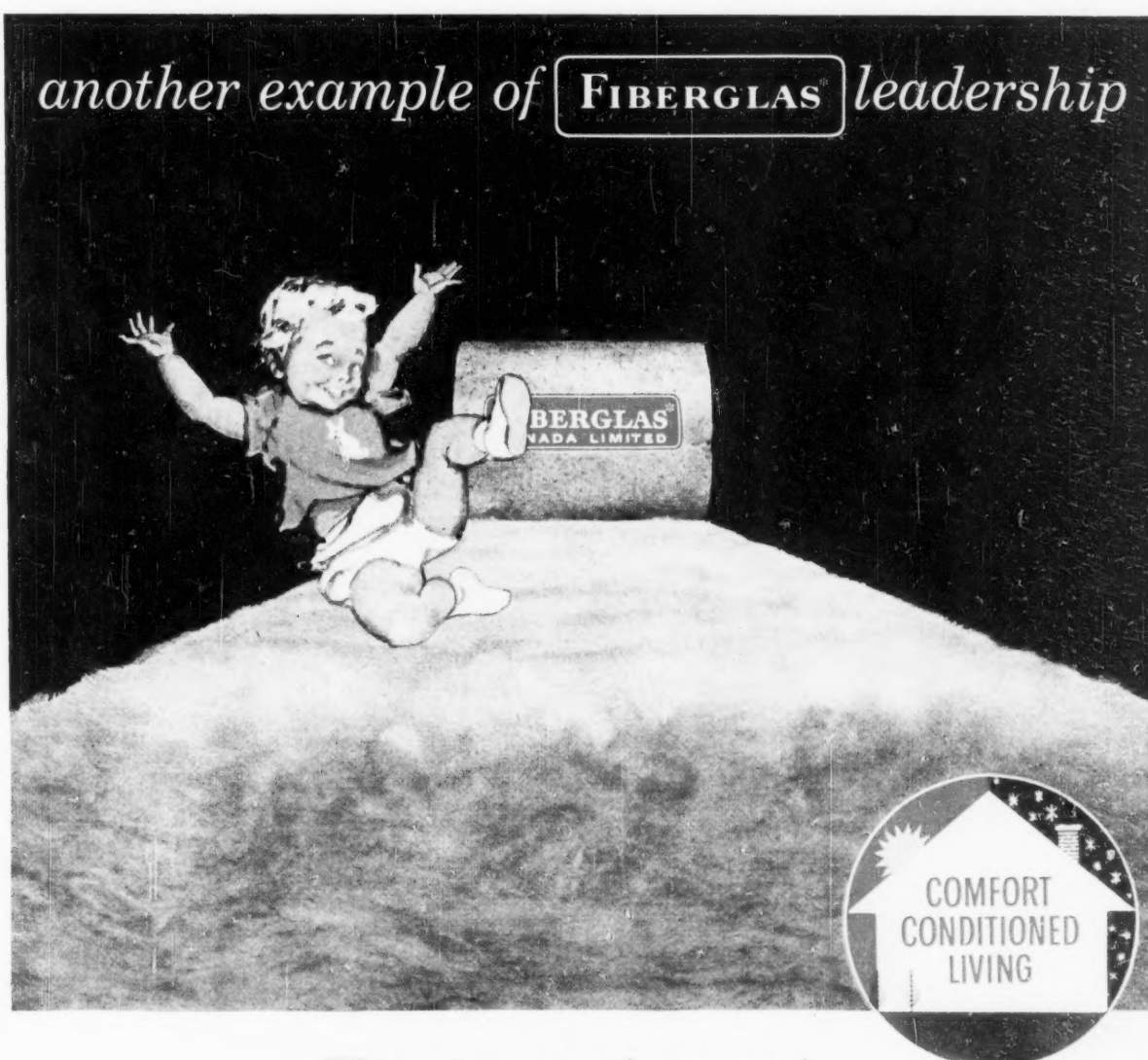
I left the Porte Dauphine at Port Stanley and walked up the road in the evening with the skipper of a huge tanker that was berthed behind the Porte Dauphine. He told me that his crew still insisted on getting their drinking water off Pelee Point, where the water is traditionally pure. "They'll pass up city water at the docks in Montreal to wait till they can dip it out at Pelee Point," he said with disgust, looking at the yellow sludge around the harbor. He went on to tell me that service station

operators wait until he's in dock before they flush all their oil out of their stations, knowing that he'll get blamed.

I remembered something I wanted to ask Captain Hodge and went back to the slip where we'd tied up. There was water between the Porte Dauphine and the dock and she was sailing majestically out into the lake, all her lights on. With a sudden forsaken feeling, I headed for the bus to catch the train for Toronto. ★

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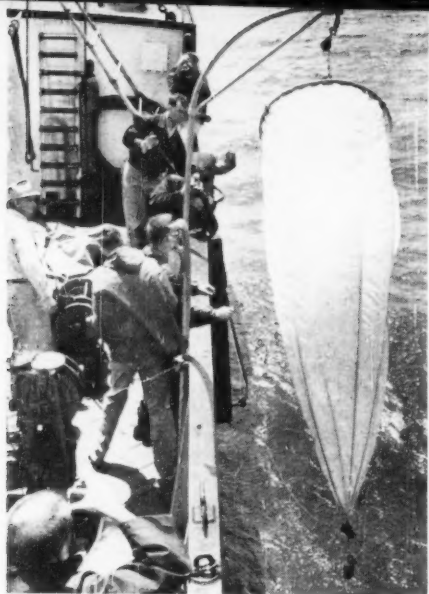
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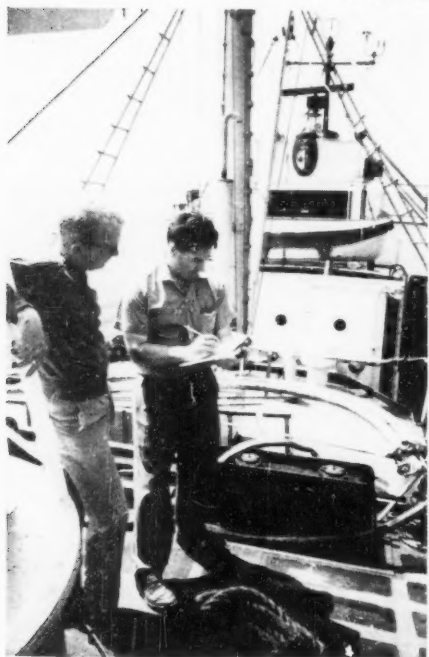
Her masts and decks heavily ornamented with scientific apparatus, the Porte Dauphine noses into lock number one of the Welland Canal on her way to Lake Erie to carry out scientific observations. Captain Hodge (with beard) is guiding the ship from bridge above wheelhouse.

At 7 a.m. in the laboratory on the main deck, members of the Canadian technical staff meet to plan duties for week-long 24-hour-a-day research program on Lake Erie. Left to right are Don Forrest, Brian McCarron, Dave Keene, Rod Pettet, George Moss, and Mani Acsma.



One of the duties of the technical staff is collecting plankton, the microscopic plants and animals that form a basic part of the diet of much marine life. This net, about a yard by three yards, is made of fine nylon mesh. The catch is sent to the University of Toronto for analysis.

By controlling the electric winch at his right shoulder, this technician will lower the rocket-shaped bathythermograph to the lake bottom. The instrument continuously records temperatures from the surface to the bottom for use in the study of water layers in the Great Lakes.



Weather is another of the Dauphine's targets. There is still little information about meteorological conditions over the lakes. Here, on the Lake Erie route, Forrest and Moss record data for forecasts, for study of heating of lake waters and evaporation from lake surfaces.

Log of the seagoing scientists

She has been mistaken for a fresh-water iceberg and a mid-winter ghost. She sails constantly on apparently aimless, zig-zagging courses. The *Porte Dauphine* is committed to an endless search on the endlessly changing Great Lakes. She is searching for knowledge—of temperatures, currents, lake-beds, winds, fish, eels, ice and plain filth



All work aboard the Dauphine is not out in the open. Above, McCarron and Pettet work out computations in connection with extremely precise readings of special thermometers. Such calculations keep staff busy as the ship moves from one sampling spot to the next.



Pollution—something the Dauphine finds almost everywhere on the lakes. Right, chemist Paul Aqualina prepares analysis of water sample for bacteria and phenol content. Lake Erie, shallow, with heavy shipping and large port cities, has the highest phenol readings of any of the lakes.



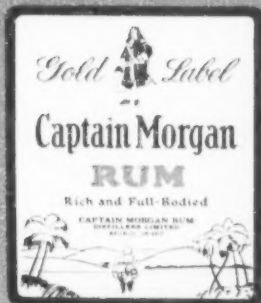
At work in the ship's laboratory are Forrest, Aesma and Moss. They are examining, on a special light table, a slide taken from the bathythermograph. The tracing of the slide is projected and transferred to graph paper for more intense study of the temperature structure of the lakes.



Lake Erie is notorious for its mean chop. But it's weather like this that the men of the Dauphine are often most interested in recording. It's not easy for everyone. Some occasionally wish they could chart wind and waves in a field of wheat—100 miles from open water.



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Continued from page 13

WORK ADDICTION

The work addict's home is just a branch office

leaders." Though the study was never completed, the thesis remains.

The work addict is the man who sets the work-pace we call the rat race: the man who sets impossible goals in the corporation he controls. Says Dr. Bell, "I know a firm that increases its quota every year no matter what it was the year before. The number of people in that firm who have cracked up or taken to alcohol is unbelievable." Another company keeps a record of every management decision — who was for it, who against; it bases promotions on post-mortems. The strain of such policies on executives is crippling.

The work addict, says Bradley, "is rushing us to the grave. Our unquestioning acceptance of him is frightening." In his work-won seat in the throne rooms of politics or business he all too often holds our fate in his hands — a man as work-oriented as a bee, blindly obeying an urge to turn society into a beehive.

"The terrific forces that now dictate the tempo of modern industry are calling the tune as to who will be healthy and who will not," says Dr. Bell. "Even men with great human resources can be enslaved by addiction. We've more slaves today than in the time of Lincoln."

THE THEORY OF WORK addiction is one we may tend at first to reject. Why should a well-paid person work harder today? The difference between \$15,000 a year and \$25,000, after taxes, is only about \$5,500. Companies spend millions on rest camps, and executives expound Aristotle's view that "leisure is better than work and is its end . . . the main content of a free life . . . the opportunity for disinterested action."

Let us look at the actuality. A study of 335 corporation presidents by the American Management Association shows that they have little interest in anything apart from work (except some types of community service, which they say is "good business"). They pour almost all their vitality and thought into the job. They work eighty to ninety hours a week and agree that their biggest problem is more time — to give to business.

A survey by Fortune Magazine of 221 executives puts the average office week at forty-five to forty-eight hours. In addition, the executive works four nights out of five and "goes home, not to a sanctuary so much as to a branch office."

It is not only executives who mock the forty-hour week, but salesmen, teachers, shopkeepers, tradesmen and professional men, and the swelling army of moonlighters in both blue- and white-collar ranks. Women must hustle to fulfill their role of wife, mother, hostess, interior decorator, gardener, child psychologist, charity worker and business manager. Even children have their play organized by school, church, clubs and home.

Are all these people abnormal? Many work to pay bills, to provide for others, to get ahead, to be useful. Work is necessary and good, perhaps our greatest satisfaction. How, then, tell an honest worker from an addict?

AN ADDICT, BY DEFINITION, must have a craving, a tolerance, and psychological symptoms upon withdrawal. Craving can be detected, Bradley says, "in excessive behavior. An alcoholic needs three ounces

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to relax and he drinks a quart. A work addict may need, say, three hours to get out a report but he does it in such a way it takes twenty-three."

Every month, when his sales report comes in from head office, the Canadian manager of a coast-to-coast firm shuts himself in his office, gulps cup after cup of coffee, and lets his mail pile up while he figures the loss or gain in percentage on every item he sells. Says a former employee: "The only breakdown he really needs is on a few big sellers, to find out how his promotion is pulling."

At noon hour this man will prow through shops pricing competing products. If he notes a price rise he spends the afternoon with his calculator figuring how much profit he would make if he hiked his price. He sees nothing incongruous in his plight that he needs an assistant but has no time to train one. As an addict, he is acting logically. He is making sure that he *must* work excessively.

"We're pretty well onto all the tricks of the drug and alcohol addict," says Bradley. "Now we're beginning to see through the work addict. He'll talk about getting away from it all. He'll protest board meetings, conferences, protocol. But all these things are pushed and inspired by him. I remember one of my patients came into my office and he was furious—he had to go to Kentucky on business. It was going to take the entire Easter week end, a terrible thing. When I talked to his wife I found he'd arranged it himself."

Equally meaningful is inappropriate behavior. "Two drinks to loosen up at a party might be fine," Bradley says, "but we'd raise our eyebrows at two drinks to bolster yourself for a job interview. An addict does the right thing at the wrong time, or for the wrong reason."

Life in "memoland"

Last year, after losing a football game, Montreal Alouettes' coach Perry Moss, a round-the-clock worker, roused assistants from bed to watch films of the game at 3 a.m. Jack Kent Cooke, a highly geared ex-Toronto publisher, used to run up a dozen flights of stairs rather than wait for an elevator, though waiting would have undoubtedly saved him time. "We're not much concerned with the physical energy that goes into work," says Bradley. "We're just as concerned with the railway engineer who presses a button and pulls a lever. Or the college professor who's never in his life sweated for a dollar. It's the terrible preoccupation that's so damaging."

The most significant symptom is grandiose behavior. The alcoholic, to make himself feel bigger, will buy drinks for everyone in the bar. The work addict, for the same reason, seldom delegates authority. He is given to such statements as: "If you're going to do something right, do it yourself." He complains that he cannot find competent assistants. "I'd love to get away for a week," he says, "but there isn't a chance with this new quota control system."

"Stock heroics," Bradley labels this. "A delusion. As condemning a symptom as a blackout in alcoholism."

Such behavior is common. Three years ago the vice-president of sales for a large Canadian company had a staff of ten, including secretaries. He insists on making all decisions, so his aides spent half their day writing memos to keep him in the picture. Studying and answering these took so much time that he hired more help. Now, with nine percent more business, his staff totals twenty-one. While he digests memos, his secretary sits idle till 4 p.m. He works most week nights, Saturdays and Sundays. "We call his depart-

ment memoland," says one colleague.

"Completely irrational," says Bradley. "No one's indispensable. How many companies have gone out of business because a key executive died? None that I know of. If an alcoholic dies and leaves a young wife and family, we despise him. If a young executive dies, a member of the Stock Exchange, a director of a fund for crippled children, that's terrible—he didn't realize he was overworking. Nuts! He had friends who were doctors. He read every day of men who died in their forties from overwork. But he had this

wonderful mechanism of rationalization, of explaining his behavior to himself."

"In spite of all consequences," says Dr. Gordon Bell, "our mental mechanisms defend addiction. The addict maintains his way of life by cover-up, alibis, lying, blaming others for his problems, and resenting anyone who tries to change him."

In the Fortune survey, ninety percent of the 221 executives denied that they worked too hard. They answered, not simply "No," but, "Absolutely not! It's ridiculous to think I overwork!" Asked if their wives and doctors thought they over-

worked they answered yes, but their wives just didn't understand.

"Denial is getting close to psychosis," Bradley says. "An insane person can deny reality by deciding he's Napoleon or Julius Caesar. That's not much harder to understand than the guy who sees his friends die from overwork and says, 'This can't happen to me.'"

FOR MOST NONADDICTS THE lethal dose of morphine is a half-grain, yet a drug addict can take up to ten half-grains a day. This phenomenon, known as tolerance, is

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notable in the work addict. He can labor far beyond normal fatigue.

"We check his metabolism, heart rate and cardiac output," says Bradley, "and it isn't any different from the rest of us. Yet he can work day and night without sleeping, eating or resting properly. We sit back in awe of his achievement."

At the height of her career as writer, broadcaster and publicist, Kate Aitken kept twenty-one secretaries busy. Pierre Berton, the current prodigy, Canada's best-known daily columnist, fills his spare time with a daily television program, three weekly television and radio shows, skits for an annual revue, books, after-dinner speeches, breeding cats and growing tropical plants.

EVERY EVENING AND WEEK end the work addict faces a crisis: withdrawal of his supply. "This is when he reveals himself," says Bradley. "When you withdraw you go through the various stages of anxiety—restlessness, nervousness, loneliness, fear, irritation, a tremendous number of syndromes—so we have a routine five o'clock behavior."

The addict usually handles the first twenty minutes, Bradley says, "by driving aggressively, fast and hard, on the way home." Then he paces around the house seeking a substitute for work.

"Course one," says Bradley, "is purposeful activity. He cleans the cellar, mows the lawn, fixes the car." One executive buys every home-improvement book that comes out. He seldom makes anything, but it gives him something to plan.

A hobby will have strong therapeutic overtones. As William H. Whyte notes in *The Organization Man*, it is "not a joy in itself but simply a means of restoring themselves between rounds. To this end some executives go through an almost

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compulsive ritual—like watering the flowers at a regular week-end time whether or not it has just rained. To borrow an old phrase, they are never less at leisure than when they are at leisure."

Course two is purposeless activity, escape through a kind of self-induced amnesia. "Here's a reasonable guy who knows his wife has had the kids all day," Bradley says. "He's heard the news on TV that morning. He's read it in the morning paper. He's listened to it on the radio on the way home. So he buries his head in the paper and reads it again. Sometimes reason breaks through and he plays with the kids, but in twenty minutes he's reaching again for the paper."

Television or fiction serves the same purpose. The American Management survey showed that a corporation president, when he did read for pleasure, read for

escape. Author Sloan Wilson considers this "close kin to dissipation. Does this not explain the enormous appetite for violence which causes such demand for books, movies and television dramas emphasizing loveless sex and the most graphic enactments of killing, shooting and slugging?" To enjoy constructive art requires some serenity, self-enjoyment. But unless the addict is working he is bored with himself.

He confirms this boredom by often withdrawing completely. "My husband's either working or sleeping," many wives complain. Says Bradley, "Maybe he's bored because his adrenals are tired of exploding. I don't know, we need a lot more research. But there's something tense about boredom. I'm convinced that boredom is anxiety."

Week ends confront the addict with two full workless days—unless he can find his solace in his brief case. Like the alcoholic who returns to the bar for the cigarettes he "forgot," he thinks of something he simply must have and "crashes down to the store in his car," says Bradley. "Or he organizes a party, a big deal. Or that modern classic, the week end conference."

Anything he can organize is good. Ernest Warwick of Blenheim, Ontario, who sells more seed corn behind Communist frontiers than anyone else, often asks a friend to go for a drive after work. "A drive!" said one. "He spends two and a half hours at his farm giving orders to his managers, then he loads his back seat with onions, tomatoes, cucumbers or peaches and returns to town to distribute them to his friends."

Gordon Tamblin, who labored from early morning till late every night building Canada's largest drug chain, finally took up golf to relax. According to Harold Browne, now a retired Tamblin's president,

"He played golf the same way he ran his business. If he muffed a shot he brooded through the rest of the round." He suffered a heart attack playing golf at the age of fifty-five and died that same night.

The work addict cannot relax. He makes recreation a task, strips it of spontaneity, gives it a goal or a strong combative element. He drives 600 miles a day sightseeing at seventy miles an hour. He rips apart the stillness of wilderness lakes with his speedboat. He skis with grim determination, golfs competitively.

But turning play into work does not generate all the tension he needs and by Sunday evening, says Bradley, "he's getting hard to live with. He reads for twelve or fifteen minutes, then he's in the fridge. He watches TV, then he's up and eating again. None of these things, in themselves, are abnormal. But he's irritable, nervous. He snaps at his wife. He bawls out the children. After they're in bed he may seem to settle down, but he's really planning Monday's work in his mind."

Vacations are hectic, strenuous, or mere camouflage. On a recent hunting trip Erle Stanley Gardner, creator of Perry Mason, took along his recording machine. He sat moping at the first campsite, abruptly lifted his head and said: "What do you mean, vacation? I'm starting a new book!"

Gardner, long wealthy, claims he loves hunting and fishing, but in fifty years he has never had a work-free vacation. Similarly, most company presidents in the American Management survey dream of a leisurely round-the-world cruise while frequently boasting that they "haven't had a vacation in ten years."

Retirement is unsettling even to contemplate. Half the company presidents surveyed refused to plan for it. One described it as "hell on earth." Ten percent said they would never retire. Lying in hospital



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after a heart attack in 1959, corn king Ernest Warwick received a stream of visitors, answered 300 get-well cards and ran his business by telephone. When his doctor protested he threatened to replace him. In a month he was touring Europe selling corn. "I'll never quit," he says, "as long as I've got my strength."

Perhaps this instinct is sound. Dr. Karl Menninger of the Menninger Clinic mentions his "many case profiles" of successful hard-driving people who "have attempted to retire, to reap the fruits of leisure, only to collapse physically or mentally, and often to proceed to an untimely death." Such people are the subject of endless speculation. Where do they get their energy? What makes them run?

MONEY IS CERTAINLY AN incentive, but in the Fortune survey, executives with independent means worked as hard as any. Executives themselves list ideals of service, a sense of responsibility and desire for prestige. But first and foremost they talk of the pressure within, the demon drive. They want to work, they enjoy it. As one says, "Overwork is simply work that you don't like."

"They think they enjoy it," says Menninger. "Indeed they do enjoy it more than they would enjoy the anxiety that they would suffer if it were not possible for them to express their aggressions in this way." Compulsive workers, he says, are neurotics with abnormal aggressive urges which work sublimates and sometimes crowns with success.

But, warns Dr. Fredrick C. Redlich of Yale, though success can be the consequence of a strong neurotic drive, the neurosis will eventually make trouble.

MOST DOCTORS AGREE WITH Britain's noted Dr. Melville Arnott that "none of the known effects of work can harm healthy tissues." The damage arises from tension, described by McGill's Dr. D. E. Cameron as a state of "preparedness for action."

Awaking from sleep, our lowest point of tension, our efficiency rises as tension mounts, until we reach optimum tension and efficiency. Beyond this, says Dr. W. H. Cruickshank, former medical director of The Bell Telephone Company, efficiency drops. We grow edgy, disturbed in sleep and appetite, anxious, depressed.

It is possible that some addicts work near optimum efficiency, but this balance of work and neurosis is precarious. The risk of failure is heightened with each step upward. Each move to a new social level increases the strain. A crisis can push the addict into a confidence-sapping spiral of overtense effort with dwindling results.

Prolonged tension or stress, says Dr. Hans Selye, Montreal's eminent medical investigator, causes overactivity of the adrenal cortex, a gland that sends hormones into the blood stream to prepare the body, among other things, for combat or flight. The gland can be triggered by stressful emotions — fear, anger, worry — and these, says Selye, often accompany the stress of overwork.

It appears, then, that the addict derives his force from the interaction between his neurosis and his adrenals, whose hormones help keep him in high gear. They also produce a sense of well-being and buoyancy, Selye says, equivalent to several drinks. We can, in effect, become tipsy on our own stress hormones. But, like alcohol, too much stress exacts a toll.

A U.S. study of West Coast accountants showed that four-fifths had a rise in blood cholesterol just before the income-tax deadline. The stress-prone person manufactures cholesterol, thinks Dr. Stewart Wolf of the University of Oklahoma, to provide fuel for his extraordinary effort.

High levels of cholesterol, a fat which can clog the arteries, usually accompany heart disease. The connection between emotional stress and ulcers, of course, is well-documented.

Dr. Charles E. Thompson of Chicago has sketched the health history of a typical executive. Under forty, he is strong, athletic, energetic, ambitious. He enjoys work and combat and works ten to twelve hours a day. At forty to forty-five he is fat, balding, aware of fatigue, and under strain in working more than eight hours.

Exceptional men over fifty-five, usually

board chairmen or presidents, may remain fit, says Thompson, because "of a rather stern, self-disciplinary mode of living." Their associates, however, are likely to have high blood pressure, one or more heart attacks, frequently some arthritis or gout, and an occasional cancer.

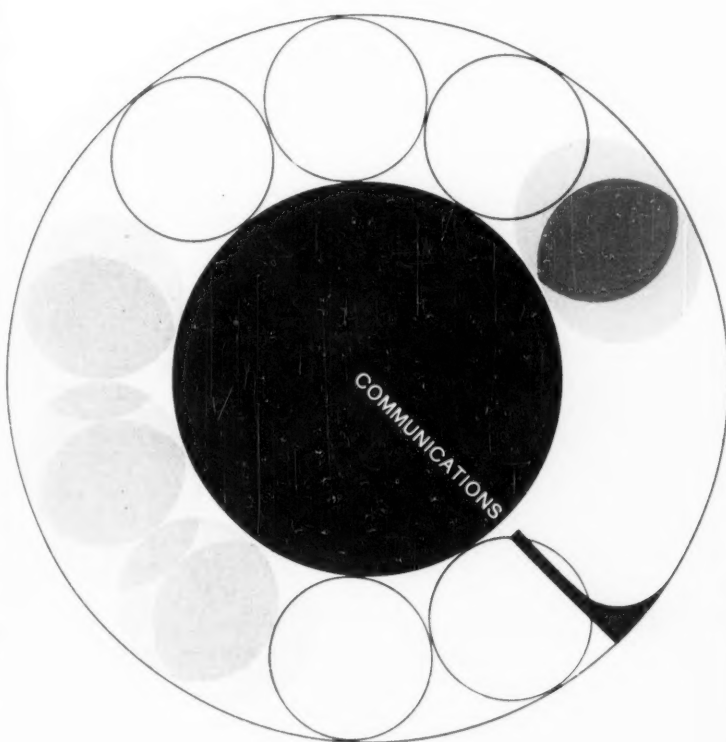
SOME WORK ADDICTS MAY be born, some may achieve it, but most have work addiction thrust upon them. Let us take the case of the man we will call Dom Anders. Six years ago he became vice-president in charge of a large Canadian firm. No one

that year got a salary increase. One executive, Will Johns, mustered nerve enough to ask why. "You should express your loyalty in some other way than by asking for more salary," Anders said. He himself had turned down a \$9,000-a-year raise.

Later, Johns put an idea in the suggestion box that saved the company \$18,000 a year. "I thought I might get ten percent of the first year's savings," he says. "Instead, Anders asked me why I hadn't thought of it sooner."

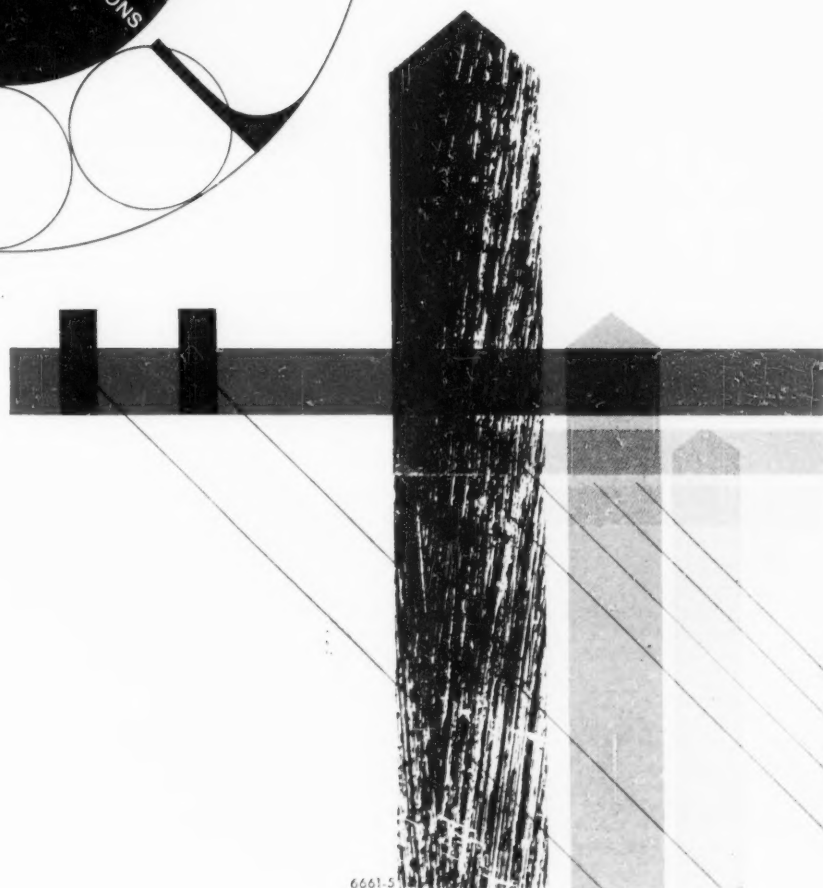
Anders never rewarded or praised. He took extra effort for granted. He was

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usually first to arrive at the plant and last to leave. A perfectionist, he roamed the factory, constantly criticizing. Gazing after him, his men would say, "That's one funeral I'd like to go to." But they would admit that his criticisms were always technically correct. He lived for the plant; human beings counted for little.

At bi-weekly meetings he would ask Johns to report. "Well, sir," Johns would begin, "I think—" Anders' fist would slam down on the table. "I don't care what you think! I want facts!"

At 5:10 one evening Anders met Johns

in the hall. "Where are you going?" Anders asked.

"I'm going home," Johns said.

"At ten after five! If you had any interest in your work you'd be here till nine."

Until that moment Johns had never worried about his job. Now he began working seven days a week to allay his anxiety. He patterned himself after Anders and he, too, became a work addict.

Four years later he experienced whirling and spinning sensations, hot and cold spells, tremors, sleeplessness. He was thir-

ty-nine, an ex-pilot who had never been sick in his life. Today, after eighteen months of psychiatric care, he is fully recovered but jobless because of the stigma attached to a breakdown. He is one of seven people who have cracked up under Anders.

"The real work addict has this total disregard for the needs of his fellow men," says Bradley, "and industry encourages the self-centredness that goes with addiction. If you're not producing, out you go. I may know your wife, your kids may play with mine, but I find it only mildly embarrassing to fire you. It's approved."

The economy's gain through addiction may be more apparent than real. For every superefficient executive genius there are several dozen addicts whose purposeless work is enormously costly.

Always, the hint of the automaton

A few months ago a Canadian marketing manager wrote to manufacturers for samples of their fastest selling line. For two days he worked into the evening comparing these products with his own. He involved the manufacturers in a breakdown of sales and his head office in voluminous correspondence. In the end he decided what associates believe he knew all along: that it wasn't practicable to change his own line.

This man has a reasonably hard-working sales manager whom he'd like to replace with "a real worker like myself, a driver." Because he distrusted his sales chief he asked all salesmen for weekly reports. The sales manager was then forced to spend two days a week checking reports. The marketing manager then complained that he spent too much time on paper work. The sales chief now takes most of it home—another work addict in the making.

Shari Lewis, a fast-rising young television star, is the product of the educational theory of the thirties. Her father, an educator, believed that with proper motivation, work could be made palatable. He motivated her to play six instruments, dance, and learn handicrafts. Every time she picked up a book he would gently suggest she do something constructive. When she broke her leg he confiscated her novel and taught her puppetry. When she caught measles he urged her to put together a television show. Today she drives her two writers and her producer as tirelessly as she drives herself. She literally had not learned how to play.

"Put enough pressure on anyone," says Bradley, "and they'll become addicts." One man, pushed by the wife he loved, now has everything she wanted, a \$50,000

house, two cars, a maid—and she is divorcing him because he is interested only in work.

Addiction thus becomes a vicious circle. Divorced, separated or bereaved women often feel bitter and resentful. This acts on their glands, charging their bodies with energy. And they, too, pass on their neurosis.

Through fear or admiration, the work addict molds his children. He can damage their lives as much as an alcoholic, says Dr. Bell. "Not so much because he fails to give them time, but because he never gives himself. They feel rejected." If he plays with them "it's more in the nature of a ritual," Bradley says. "His behavior is automatic, obligatory."

In everything the addict does is this hint of the automaton, as if he had been wound up and set in motion. As the wife of one says, "We've adjusted to his working from seven a.m. to five, and from seven p.m. to eleven. If he'd just be with us from five to seven! He's there in body but not in spirit."

Executives in the Fortune survey were well aware that they gave too little time to their families. They admitted they would probably never get around to building that long-put-off boat with the boy. "I sort of look forward to the day when my children are grown up," says one. "Then I won't have to have such a guilty conscience about neglecting them."

There is no social pressure on a work addict to change—only the obligation to his family. But although he is conscientious and kind he has little feeling for them. He seldom stops to recharge the emotions drained by work. When several wives of Bradley's patients forced a choice between job and family, none chose the family.

"Any change must come from within," Bradley says. "We can attack addiction with rules about work and vacations, but the only real answer is religion. A new set of values."

But, ironically, the nature of the malady insulates us. Religion is rooted in feeling, in the unity of love. "Love?" says the hero of *What Makes Sammy Run?*, Budd Schulberg's portrait of a work addict. "How the hell have I had time to love?"

A practical man, the work addict tries to shape the world in his image. He fills schools with the "practical" subjects that turn education into training. He fills churches with social projects that turn religion into sociology. His uncontrollable urge to master, dominate and win creates an Alice-in-Wonderland world wherein we talk peace and provoke war, a competitive world in which work is no longer a means, but the end. ★



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 and finally—ignore them**

living in a goldfish bowl," a London woman complained, after a dozen agency representatives had arrived following a family fracas.)

Yet, between these peaks of trouble, when consistent help might bring permanent results, no one comes around. Deryck Thomson, executive director of the Greater Vancouver Family Service Agency, calls this sort of thing "Band-aid thinking."

"Some of these families have been case-worked, group-worked and community-organized, put on and taken off social assistance rolls until they're dizzy," he says. "They have been pleaded with, cajoled, threatened and finally ignored." Over-worked and understaffed agencies frequently have brushed them under a carpet of vague sociological phrases in an attempt to forget the whole thing. Here is Thomson's translation of some of the phrases:

"The multiproblem family"—such total confusion exists in the family no one could be expected to know where to begin;

"The family doesn't really want help"—we haven't found the right kind yet;

"The family is nonmotivated"—its members avoid office interviews;

"The family is resisting the caseworker"—we aren't sure what we are supposed to do with this situation.

To co-ordinate help, welfare workers say agencies must co-operate in planning long range, intensive aid, preferably channeling all service through one worker, geared to work with the whole family rather than its individual members. Agencies admit one barrier to starting is their own preoccupation with the status quo.

Agencies guard their rights

By agreement one social agency doesn't invade another's field of service. Usually one agency doesn't even know if another has some of the same people on its case-books. Guarding their prerogatives, many have so far resisted any pooling of information that would let them know quickly if they were duplicating services or, conversely, leaving gaps in aid to particularly troubled households. More than thirty years ago a listing of those on agency rolls, known as the Social Service Index, began to come into use in a number of Canadian cities. It has now been abandoned in all but one or two. Some agencies claim it was misused (loan companies would check to see if prospective borrowers were getting aid) but it was probably the best system of checking on total agency service yet devised. One social worker has suggested that today's troubled families may suffer as much from the caution of those organized to help them as they once did from glaring public relief lists.

When an agency is able to work closely with a problem family, it is often hampered by lack of money. The family income, supplemented by welfare and public assistance payments, often just isn't enough even for basic needs.

"We're asking the most inadequate group in the community—those with the fewest skills and least management ability—to live on the smallest incomes," says Kate Macdonnell of the Ottawa Welfare Council. Last winter the OWC, aided by eight social agencies, made a report on forty-seven multiproblem Ottawa families. It found that in the nineteen families where the man of the household had a steady job,



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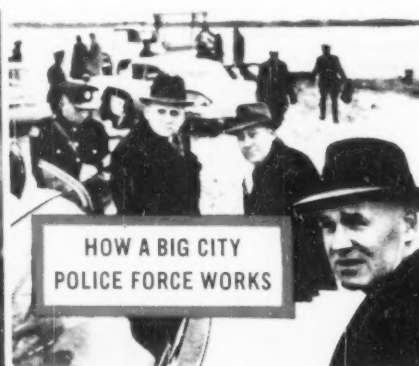
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the average family income was \$231 a month. Most families had five or six children and paid an average rent of eighty dollars a month. Yet a budget prepared by the Montreal Council of Social Agencies sets \$282 as the "absolute minimum" needed for a family with five children, allowing sixty dollars a month rent. With family allowances added, the Ottawa families' incomes still fell below this by \$15 a month. For the majority, living on public welfare or unemployment insurance, the gap was much wider.

A few years ago most social workers would probably have said that, in the face of all these obstacles, the problem family was an inevitable part of modern life. Today, however, many are looking hopefully at results of a six-year experiment in St. Paul, Minn., which has had notable success in helping some of the most dejected families. St. Paul decided to throw its energies into a pilot project after a three-year survey revealed that about six percent of the county's families were using more than half its total health and welfare resources—about \$12,000,000 for approximately 6,000 families annually. Financed partly by a \$90,000 grant from a private family foundation, St. Paul agencies picked 140 families "from the bottom of the social heap" and delegated six full-time and two part-time social workers to help them exclusively over the following three years. By agreement no other worker visited the families during this time. Through consistent, determined visits — whether welcome or not—the caseworkers tried to ferret out the causes of alcoholism, bad health, neglected or delinquent children, and family feuding. Then they worked with the families to overcome these conditions permanently. By the time the experiment ended in 1959, St. Paul had some impressive results to report: sixty-five percent of the families had changed for the better; nineteen percent were unchanged, and sixteen percent had

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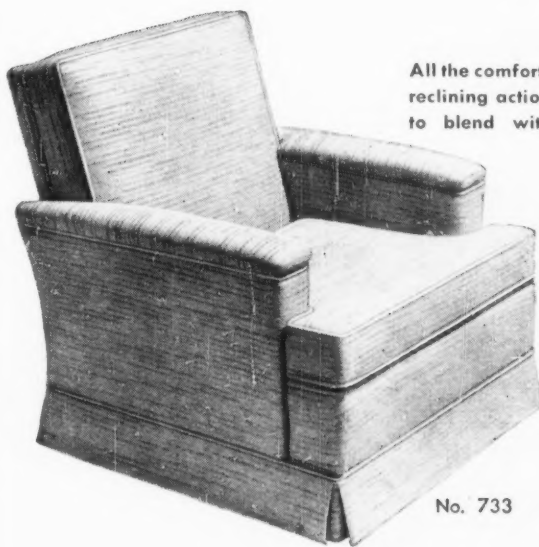
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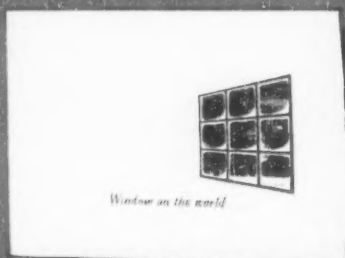
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The whole project cost about \$400,000. St. Paul is still working with some of its problem families on the same basis, al-

though it has dispensed with the professional staff.

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Most people, according to Miss Lillian Thomson, executive director of the Neighborhood Workers who sparked the Toronto meetings, are inclined to think of the undeserving poor as "just a lot of rotters, not worth helping."

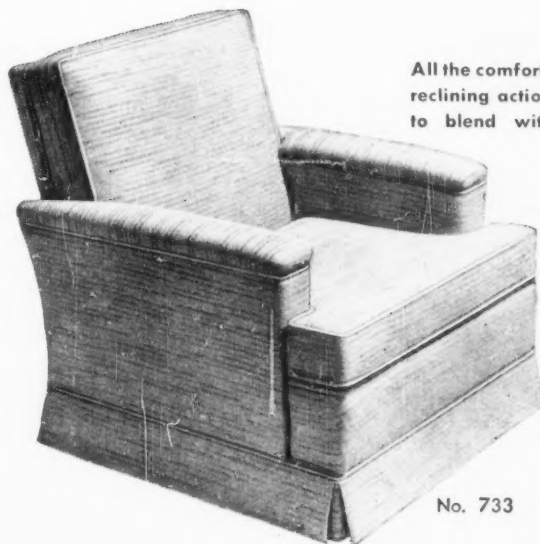
"We blame them for their brushes with the law, their dirty houses and drinking problems. What most people don't understand is that these parents were once neglected children. One of their difficulties has always been feeling everyone was against them. We must convince them it's not so. Otherwise our problem families will increase, and continue to be one of the most serious and frustrating worries we have." ★



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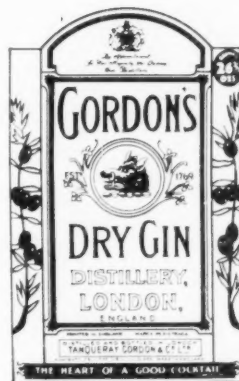
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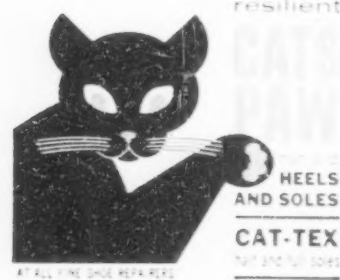
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and save money**

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AFTER THE FIRST

See Page 70 for details



LUXURY LINER continued from page 16

"Captain," I said. "Nothing is going on — except that I have taken over your ship"

Dulcinea's Log . . .

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1951

Caracas and La Guaira. The *Santa Maria* enters La Guaira at eight o'clock in the morning with its crew of 350 and is scheduled to leave at midnight with about 600 passengers on board. We prepare our baggage, in which we hide arms and ammunition. Because it has been impossible to raise money for everyone's ticket, some will have to embark surreptitiously at La Guaira and Curaçao and stow away until H-hour. In any case, I will have to embark secretly for security purposes, for my name on the passenger list of a ship destined for Portugal would inevitably arouse suspicion. I shall board the ship at Curaçao, with other key members of our group; to do this I shall take a plane to Curaçao at ten o'clock in the morning. My arms and baggage are to be taken on board at La Guaira.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21

The men with tickets had embarked, with their baggage, like any other passengers. There had been difficulties; it had been impossible to take along a box with materials for making hand grenades and another with barbed wire. During the night on board, nothing abnormal had been noted. We had exactly twenty-four men, fifteen of them Portuguese exiles, the rest Spanish and Venezuelan volunteers. Among them were men of various occupations and social levels—a sports broadcaster, a photographer, two office clerks, a locksmith, a former naval officer, a marine machinist and several carpenters, chauffeurs and mechanics.

We had arms and ammunition for fourteen, in addition to four hand grenades and some knives. We were far from being the contingent of one hundred men with automatic arms on which we had planned during the most optimistic phase of our project.

At exactly four-thirty I was at the pier where the *Santa Maria* was docked. It was later reported, and some newspapers stated it as a fact, that I had embarked as a paralytic in a wheel chair. This rumor must have come from someone without the least notion of the practical aspects of these things. I went on board dressed like any other man except that the brim of my hat was turned down over my eyes a little.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 22

At midnight, the beginning of the new day, all the arms were distributed and final instructions given. H-hour had been fixed at 1:30. I put my pistol, a large forty-two-caliber Colt, into my pocket and slowly went up to the assembly point, the quarter-deck used as a first- and second-class passenger promenade. In khaki uniforms without insignia, we met at the designated point. We waited there a few minutes, conversing in little groups.

At 1:45 I gave the order to attack. We were divided into two assault groups. One, commanded by Sotomayor, would occupy the radio room, the bridge, and the pilothouse. The others, under my command, would attack the quarters on the second deck where the captain, the first mate, and the other ship's officers had their cabins. Because of the element of surprise, we hoped to accomplish our purpose without having to fire a shot. However, Sotomayor's group, after taking the radio room without difficulty, ran into unexpected resistance on the part of the officer on the

bridge. A brief exchange of shots in the darkness resulted in the death of this officer, who deserved a better fate, and the wounding of another.

During the occupation of the pilothouse next to the bridge, the telephone rang. I answered it. It was the captain, calling from his cabin. I identified myself, certain that he knew my name and would quickly conclude that I was not on board for a pleasure trip, and said: "Captain, nothing is going on except that I have just taken over your ship." The captain then told me that he was in his cabin with all the officers who had rushed there when the disturbances began, and asked us to come down, unarmed, and talk with him. After a short conference with the captain, the officers all immediately swore on their honor to obey us with zeal and loyalty. By this time we had occupied the bridge.

PARADE

Virtue's Reward

Excitement mingled with a certain trepidation is mounting these days among the 12-14 age group in North Calgary, as each week the local Optimist Club chooses one of them as Youth of the Week. For in mid-November, reports the North Hill News, the youth scoring



highest for character, service, courtesy and respect for others will be chosen grand winner during National Youth Appreciation Week, at which time the club "proposes to award a plaque to the grand winner and provide a free trip out of town."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

and the officers' quarters and had sent the wounded to the infirmary.

Half an hour later the *Santa Maria* was sailing east toward the channel between Martinique and St. Lucia.

Having secured the ship, we were now most concerned with our strategem to create an exaggerated illusion of the numbers of our men and arms. By sacrificing sleep (my own was cut down to three hours of fitful dozing), causing a rumor to be spread that, in addition to the men in uniform, members of our group were circulating among passengers and crew, and by telling the officers fantastic stories about the way we had acquired arms and explosives, our goal was fully accomplished. For the thirteen days we remained aboard the *Santa Maria*, the captain and crew were convinced that there were at least seventy of us. Most of the passengers thought we were one hundred. Everyone believed we had brought along a ton of explosives. It was rumored that a coffin taken aboard at La Guaira and destined for Vigo was really filled with arms.

MONDAY, JANUARY 23

Early in the morning the ship's doctor presented us with a problem: the life of one of the two wounded men was in

danger and the ship lacked the facilities necessary to save it. The man might be saved, however, if he were put ashore and given proper medical aid. In addition, there was a man aboard suffering from a liver ailment, which had become so serious that hope of saving him depended on treatment he could receive only on shore.

At about nine o'clock we arrived at a point two miles from the island of St. Lucia. The *Santa Maria* stopped and the sick men were placed aboard one of the ship's two motor launches. With them went a medical attendant, an assistant purser, with seventy thousand escudos (about \$2,500) from the ship's safe for expenses, and three crewmen to operate the launch. We watched the boat moving away much as an artist might look at someone mutilating his work. A few minutes later, the *Santa Maria* entered the Atlantic at full speed, bound for the coast of Africa. We had just sacrificed a good part of our operational secrecy in saving the two lives, but we had won a little victory over ourselves.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24

Full speed ahead, we continue our course toward Africa. As a prearranged measure to put people off the track, we send a wireless message to the company's agency in Miami, saying that the condition of the turbine has become worse and that we will be about twelve hours late. We reopen the recreation deck to the passengers. The crew moves about the ship and performs its duties in the normal way. The impression spreads throughout the ship that we are at least seventy in number and that members of our group are circulating incognito among passengers and crew. With the breakdown in the air-conditioning system the third-class passengers on the lowest deck, the humblest of the group, suffer like the creatures in Dante's *Inferno*. I order their transfer to higher decks.

Tonight, on the ship's radio receivers, we heard the first outside echoes of the seizure of the *Santa Maria*. "Seventy passengers on the Portuguese transatlantic liner *Santa Maria* mutinied yesterday and, with machine guns and hand grenades, took command of the ship after it had left Curaçao bound for Miami."

From Washington: "A real pirate chase was started yesterday by the British and American navies to find the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria*, which has fallen into the hands of mutinous passengers."

At the same time it was announced that an English warship was in pursuit of us; later, that several American destroyers, based at Puerto Rico, had joined the pursuit. The announcement added that the mutineers were being led by an ex-captain of the Portuguese Navy, who had sent messages to the warships saying he would sink the *Santa Maria* if they overtook it and tried to board it. And so the communications industry, which is generally more concerned with sensationalism than with accuracy, began to relate not a historical event but a tall story.

From Lisbon we heard a statement by Salazar's Government, which had been taken by surprise: "The Portuguese liner *Santa Maria*, in the course of its regular stops at La Guaira and Curaçao, was boarded, along with hundreds of other passengers, by seventy individuals who were planning to commit a criminal act."

Later, we heard that the Defense Department in Washington had stated that "the action of the mutineers falls clearly under the crime of piracy" and that a pirate captured in *flagrante delicto* might be condemned to death without formal proceedings and hanged to the mainmast.

One thing appeared certain: at least three warships, possibly four, of two or

three NATO powers, with their retinue of airplanes, had started out in pursuit of us.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25

By the news reports coming to us over the ship's radio, we know that the pursuit continues. At the same time we get the impression that world opinion is starting to turn in our favor and to reject the idea that we are pirates on the scale of Captain Kidd and Sir Henry Morgan.

A political storm over the use of British warships in our pursuit broke in the House

of Commons. A few hours later, we learned that the British warships had abandoned the pursuit, under the pretext that they had run out of fuel! The French Government, according to bulletins from Paris, had not complied with Salazar's request that it join in the hunt for us.

I send messages to the Secretary-General of the United Nations and to the U. S. State Department asking that our status as political rebels at war be recognized; as expected, we receive no replies. In compensation, I receive a message from Admiral Robert Dennison, Commander of

the United States Atlantic Fleet. It is the beginning of a long radioed dialogue. He refers to my declared intention to put the passengers ashore, and suggests for this purpose any port in North or South America. I reply, reaffirming my intention, but impose the condition that guarantees of safety be given to the passengers, ourselves, and the ship, which we do not intend to abandon.

About six p.m. we were discovered by an American military plane. The cats had found the mouse at last, and, even if the mouse managed to resist capture, it could

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
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no longer go where it wanted to go.

The situation on the ship remains tranquil. In the salons, with curtains drawn, the ship's orchestras play and the passengers dance. On the first-class deck, at a time of lethargic silence, I come unexpectedly across a pair of passengers in amorous embrace, so oblivious of the world that I pass unnoticed, like one of the shadows of the night. I move away rapidly in order not to disturb them.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26

The morning sky reveals no sign of pursuit. The first important news from the ship's radio tells us that President Kennedy, in his first press conference, has declared that the American warships have received no order to board the Santa Maria. The captain, always grateful for our treatment of him, tells us he is worried about the ship's water supply. The amount of water on board may prove inadequate not only for purposes of food and hygiene but also for ballast. I order a rationing of water that will permit us five days more without an additional supply.

The foreign passengers, especially the Americans, are the most calm and understanding. Some go beyond cordiality and become our charming friends. I have warm memories of one who became, so to speak, a member of our group in spirit and of a young married couple who, to our great benefit, made their help constantly available. We keep the passengers informed of developments in the negotiations for their debarkation. They can receive, by radio, the same news reports we receive.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27

We have given the world the emotional shock we meant to give it: international public opinion has clearly rejected the thesis that we are pirates or mutineers and it recognizes our position as rebels and the sincerity of our aims.

The commander-in-chief of the American Atlantic Fleet would obviously like to have the Americans and, if possible, the other passengers debark at any nearby port. We are faced with additional difficulties. We wish—we are eager—to put the passengers ashore, but under conditions that do not imply surrender, danger to our men, or loss of the ship. Accordingly, either we or the Americans must persuade the government of the country chosen for the manoeuvre to agree to the conditions we deem essential.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28

Our wireless dialogue with the U. S. Atlantic Fleet is intensified today. The last message of the day was the following:

280513 Z FOR HENRIQUE GALVAO.

I APPRECIATE VERY MUCH YOUR MESSAGES INDICATING YOUR WILLINGNESS TO FACILITATE DISCHARGE OF PASSENGERS. IT IS MY HOPE THAT YOU WILL AGREE TO MY SUGGESTION TO PROCEED TO BELEM. REAR ADMIRAL ALLEN SMITH, UNITED STATES NAVY, EMBARKED IN THE DESTROYER WILSON, HAS BEEN DESIGNATED AS MY PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE TO CONFER WITH YOU RESPECT TO DISEMBARKING PASSENGERS. HE WILL PROCEED OUT OF BELEM AND MEET SANTA MARIA . . .

I informed Admiral Dennison, with my regrets for not accepting his suggestion, that I would head for the nearest Brazilian port (Recife) where, in international waters fifty miles off the coast, I would await his representative, Admiral Allen Smith. The meeting was definitely agreed upon.

A certain restlessness begins to develop among the crew, for some of them, especially those least favorably disposed toward us, fear they will not be put

ashore. The foreign passengers, especially the Americans, take pictures of everything and everyone, with no hindrance. By the messages they send and receive, I note that some are making excellent business deals—to sell their photographs to the press or to write stories of life aboard the Santa Maria. Figures in thousands of dollars are proposed. I myself receive many offers. They want me to write a book, to do articles for the periodicals, to appear on television, even to act in a motion picture! About this time I received a cable from an American publisher making an offer for book, television, motion picture and personal appearance rights to the Santa Maria story. My reply: "No time for literature!"

SUNDAY, JANUARY 29

At our request, the purser opens the ship's safe and we check the contents. We also open the diplomatic pouch. It contains mostly articles of contraband that the ambassador is sending as presents to friends and relatives. Our men laugh and, by way of customs duties, eat some of the caramels found in it. We are moving slowly in the direction of Recife, our rendezvous with Admiral Allen Smith. At night we can see lights on the Brazilian coast.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30

Sometimes I am attacked by crises of fatigue, the result of my not having slept more than two restless hours out of each twenty-four. I take a cold bath, which restores my vigor.

At daybreak we are forty-five miles from Recife. There is nothing for us to do now but kill time. The bulletins we receive continue to please us—even the one informing us that an executive of the shipping company, after a breathless arrival in Recife, has declared that "Galvão and Delgado should be shot."

In the evening I give a farewell dinner, with the first- and second-class passengers both invited to the first-class dining room. The purser plans the occasion as if this were a celebration for Saizazar himself. It is my first meal in the first-class dining room, and I occupy the place reserved for the ship's captain. After dinner, most of the passengers ask Sotomayor and myself to autograph the elaborate souvenir menu which states that the affair is taking place on the Santa Maria's "voyage to liberty." Afterward there is dancing and merry-making.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31

The conference with Admiral Allen Smith, who is now on a destroyer anchored three hundred and fifty yards from the Santa Maria, amounts to American tacit



"When's the last time you took her in your arms, and said, 'Chick, you're way out?'"

recognition of our political status as rebels. At ten o'clock, a motor launch conveying Admiral Smith arrives, and he boards the *Santa Maria*.

In addition to those who had succeeded in getting on the ship, more than three hundred newsmen from all over the world waited in vessels. All the passengers were on deck, impatient for the result of the conference. Suddenly a parachute descended from a plane flying over the *Santa Maria*. It was the French parachutist Gil Delamare, in the service of a news agency. Delamare missed his target and fell into the shark-infested waters, from which one of our launches rescued him. Half an hour later another parachutist tried and missed, and was picked up by the American destroyer. Four warships now surrounded the *Santa Maria*.

At noon, Admiral Smith took his leave. He received the same military honors as when he came on board, and I accompanied him to the gangway stairs.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1

We cast anchor just outside the limits of Brazil's territorial waters. We can see the city, spread out in the hot sun, and it seems to open its hospitable arms to us.

I finally receive the following radiogram from President Janio Quadros: YOU MAY BE SURE THAT IN THE EXERCISE OF MY CONSTITUTIONAL POWERS YOU WILL BE GRANTED THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM IN OUR NATIONAL TERRITORY AND WHATEVER ELSE IS PERMITTED ME BY THE LAWS AND TREATIES NOW IN EFFECT.

So far as we were concerned, there was nothing to prevent the passengers from departing the next day.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2

A build-up of naval power outside of Recife, beginning in the early hours of the morning, looks more and more like the reception for a chief of state: six warships, including a submarine, two American tankers, and various smaller vessels with newsmen and local maritime authorities.

About half past nine the pilot came on board. Captain Maia went up to the bridge. As the ship was heading into the harbor, Captain Maia, with a severe expression on his face, shouted to the pilot: "Steer the ship onto those rocks!"

To which the pilot, apparently undisturbed, replied:

"Steer it there yourself if you have the nerve."

The ship anchored about three hundred and fifty yards from the pier.

A little before noon, the passengers began to leave the ship. They were followed by the crew. The whole operation lasted the remainder of the day.

We now had two choices: (1) we could return to international waters, have our men leave the ship, and then sink it with the commanders of the operation on board; or (2) we could deliver the ship to the Brazilian authorities and let them decide what to do with it.

Sometimes the sinking of the ship seemed the most dignified conclusion to our adventure as well as the one that would best serve to perpetuate the emotion aroused throughout the world by the case of the *Santa Maria*. At other times this solution seemed excessively romantic to me, and it also seemed to place a definitive stop to a struggle that had barely begun.

By ten o'clock the next day I had definitely decided, with Sotomayor's accord, to turn the ship over to Brazil.

People everywhere ask me the same question:

"And now?"

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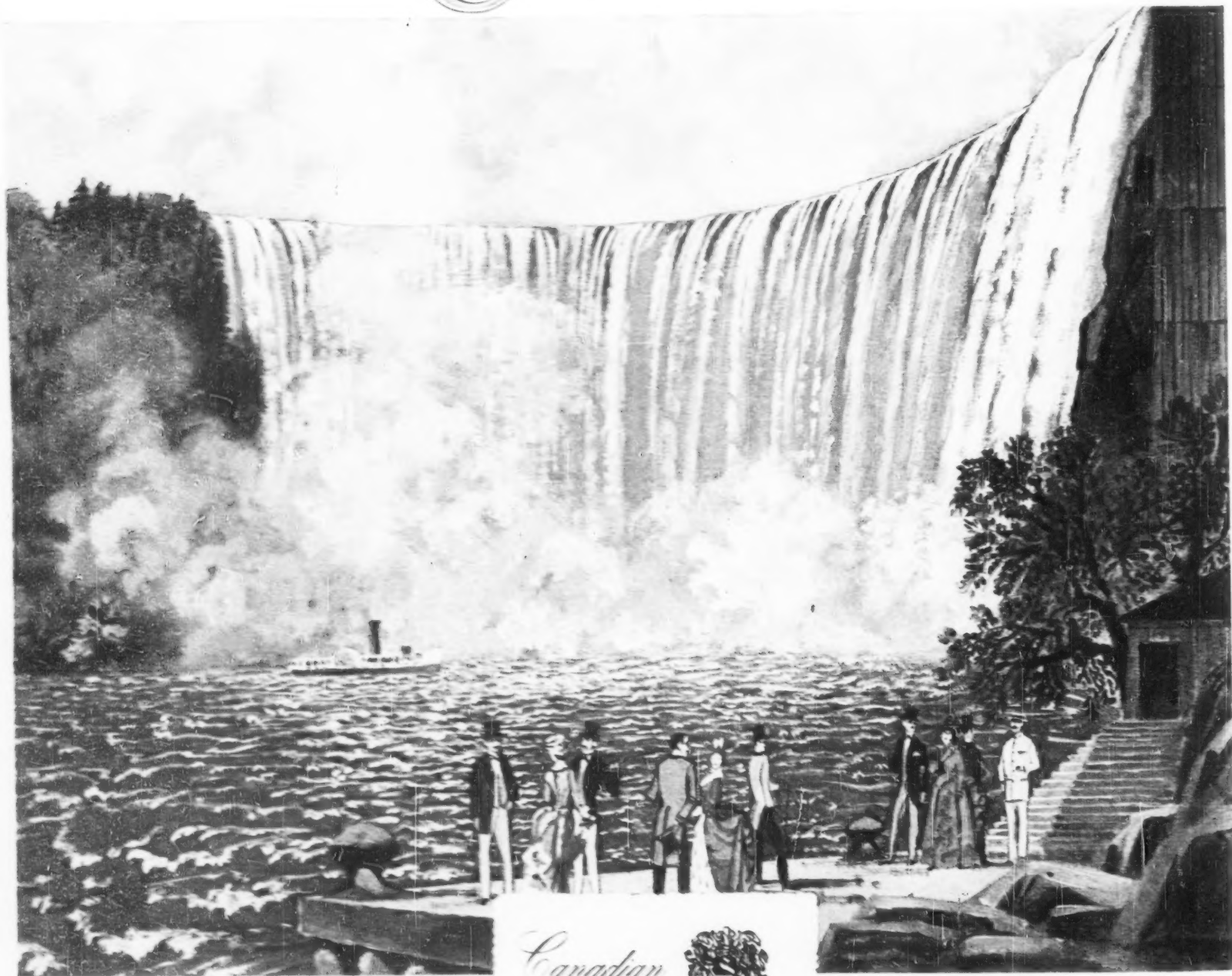
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BACKGROUND

Why so many prison breaks? Easy-to-break prisons

By mid-September, the federal penitentiaries system was ready to label 1961 the Year of the Prison Breaks. Fifty-two men had broken—or walked—out, more than the total in any previous full year; in 1960, only 30 men escaped.

Why do they do it? Only 19 men were so bent on escaping that they planned their breakouts in advance or invested any unusual effort, like the pair who crawled through a skein of air ducts. Thirty-three simply walked away because it was easy to do, either through doors that weren't locked or from fields that weren't guarded. None of the 52 used violence.

In most cases there was a background of bad news from outside: a wife or a girl friend wrote to say she had found someone else, or a man's children were in trouble. But some escapes seemed purely whimsical, like that of the man left briefly unguarded in a prison farm field who heard the far-off whistle of a train. Temptation gripped him, and he ran. Most impulsive of all was the prisoner who made a bid for freedom with only two weeks of his sentence left to serve.

To Allen J. MacLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries, these episodes are disappointing because they indicate that some of his 6,650 charges haven't yet adjusted to the new look in Canada's federal corrections system. He points out that until about two years ago every inmate was locked up in a maximum-security institution, with armed guards peering down from wall towers. Today there are medium- and minimum-security institutions as well, and some prisoners just don't seem able to handle their new responsibilities in a system where doors are no longer all locked and walls are often absent.

One of Canada's most persuasive advocates of the rehabilitative, rather than the retributive, approach to prisons, MacLeod believes the outbreak of escapes is temporary. He finds it encouraging that only three of this year's

escapes have been from minimum-security prisons, and only 24 of 1,600 men confined to medium-security penitentiaries have broken out. "This kind of jailing just takes a little getting used to," he says.

For those who can't seem to get used to it, fences are being built around two of the newest medium-security institutions, Joyceville, north of Kingston,

Ont., and Leclair, outside Montreal. MacLeod is under no illusion that the fences will stop inmates determined to get out—but such men won't be shifted from maximum security anyway if they can be spotted. What the fences will do, he hopes, is help the well-intentioned but weak-willed prisoner to resist temptation when that train hoots over the hill.

DON PEACOCK

Outlook for lost hunters: better, ever since Harold Patrick froze

When Harold Patrick failed to keep a rendezvous with his companions on a moose hunt along the Pancake River, in the wilderness north of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., it took most of a day to organize a search and two more days before Patrick was found, soaked by a plunge through the ice, unconscious and half buried in snow. He died in hospital the next morning. Some of his friends thought he might have been saved if there had been a rescue service available, equipped and ready to move.

That was in December, 1957. By the next winter, organization of a volunteer search and rescue unit was under way. It now numbers more than 100 seasoned outdoorsmen and has a record of 50 successful missions since it started functioning two and a half years ago.

The unit is probably the only civilian organization in Canada that can pick up a telephone and call out the United States Air Force. Two seven-passenger USAF helicopters, manned 24 hours a day, are stationed at Kincheloe, Mich., twenty miles away, and have never refused a summons.

The Soo Flying Club offers planes and pilots when conventional aircraft are required for searching. Men of the rescue corps take St. John Ambulance training, and the department of lands and forests drills them in map reading.

The unit is in action the year round,

rescuing fishermen and tourists from the bush, recovering the bodies of drowning victims, and finding lost children like the Brissons' John, two, and Denise, four, who wandered into the bush in January, 1960. Their mother called police, who called Search and Rescue. It was growing dark; within half an hour 75 men had reported to the search master. The temperature was four above zero and snow was falling heavily. The men fanned out in a well-rehearsed search pattern and about 8.30 the last man in the line spotted the children huddled under a spruce tree, soaking wet and too frightened to answer the shouts of the searchers.

This fall nearly 200,000 hunters are oiling their guns for the annual assault on Ontario's deer and moose population. Some will be shot by other hunters; some will upset their boats in ice-rimmed lakes; more will get lost and flounder through the bush, likely prey of death from exposure. According to Wilfred Jarrett, president of the rescue group, the worst danger of all is panic. Last fall he took part in a two-day search for a man who, when found, had obviously crossed a trail through the area. "Didn't you see a bush trail?" he asked. "Oh, yes," said the man. "Why didn't you follow it out?" said Jarrett. The man answered: "I didn't know where it went."

HELEN DEWAR

FOOTNOTES

About whooping cranes: Canadian wildlife service spotters have counted four babies with the flock in the Sass River area of the Northwest Territories, which would raise the world's known population to 40. A final tally will be made when the birds reach their winter nesting grounds in Texas.

About the four Rs: A course in relaxation has been added to the curriculum of George Williams College in Chicago, and teachers are being trained to teach others the art of doing nothing at all. A pilot study at Beloit College in Wisconsin showed that after 10 weeks of training most students had cut their muscular tension in half, slept better, studied more effectively and worried less about tests.

About the gambling instinct: Twenty slot machines placed aboard the liner Queen Mary are being taken out again. A Cunard spokesman said: "There was never much rush."

About the Canadian String Quartet: Only one of its members is a Canadian, first violinist Albert Pratz. The others, Bernard Robbins, David Mankowitz and George Ricci, are all from the U. S. The CSQ is part of the University of Toronto's faculty of music and will begin playing publicly next year. It is also part of the U. of T.'s "artist-in-residence" plan, which has been tried at a number of U. S. schools and caught on at Toronto last year, when the university hired the internationally known pianist Jacques Abram just to be in Toronto, give concerts and encourage students.

Postscript to Victoria: the Canadian who threatened the throne

In Julie, portrait of a royal mistress (Maclean's, Sept. 9) staff writer McKenzie Porter brought back to light the buried story of a French countess who shared the bed and board of Queen Victoria's father Edward for 27 years, until he married Victoria's mother. In a hazy way Canadians have always suspected that some of the bluest blood on this side of the Atlantic belongs to descendants of the two sons Julie bore to Edward in Quebec City; Porter's researches confirmed this suspicion. The suspicion had remained hazy for more than a hundred years, Porter concluded, because 19th century historians "were too fearful of Victoria's displeasure to explore her father's life in detail." But it was only after publication of the Maclean's article, and a book titled Overture to Victoria on the same subject, that Porter discovered how violent Victoria's displeasure could be, and how much blue blood Edward's generation left behind in the colonies.

The first indications came in letters from Canadian descendants of a certain William Woodall Green, who was born in the late 1780s in Quebec City. Green, the family says, was yet a third son of Edward and Julie. Soon after Victoria's coronation Green went to London and called on the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, who threw him out.

Some time later, in Quebec City, masked and armed men called at Green's house late at night. At gunpoint they forced him to sign documents thrust in front of him, and to yield up other documents in his possession.

Descendants of Green regard this incident as proof that their ancestor

was a son of the Duke of Kent and Julie de St. Laurent. But during his ten-year research for Overture to Victoria, Porter came across what he considers to be a more likely explanation of the Green family's origins.

In 1789, two years before the Duke of Kent and Julie de St. Laurent arriv-

ed in Quebec, that city was visited by Prince William, Duke of Clarence, Kent's older brother. Clarence had a prolonged affair with a United Empire Loyalist woman named Betsy Green. It seems likely, says Porter, that William Woodall Green was the fruit of this liaison. This is Porter's reasoning:

Robert Wood, a citizen of Quebec, was chosen to be the foster father of Kent's elder son and gave the boy his own name. Wood also acted as a sort of agent for the care of royal offspring in Canada. On one occasion he accompanied Kent's younger son, Jean de Mestre, on a voyage from Philadelphia to London.

The choice of the name of the third boy, William Woodall Green, is significant not only of the names of Prince William and Betsy Green, but of Wood too. Porter believes that both Kent's elder son and Clarence's son were brought up by Robert Wood, and that the inhabitants of Quebec City, knowing both boys to be of royal blood, assumed that they were brothers. In fact, Porter believes, they were cousins.

If there is any protocol associated with the descendants of the illegitimate sons of royalty, the Greens take precedence over the Woods. Clarence became William IV. Kent, Victoria's father, died a mere duke.



Family group: Kent, Victoria, Clarence.



BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

The PM's new vision: a national power grid

There's little doubt that the prime example of John Diefenbaker's genius for practical politics was the use he made during the 1958 campaign of the mesmerizing concept of "The Vision." The fact that the Vision is now blurred and has become in some quarters a faintly absurd cliché, doesn't diminish the political talent that conceived it. For the prime minister knew that what Canadians then wanted was a visionary leader; now he and his strategists realize that what Canadians want above all else is full employment. So this remarkable politician is now altering his Vision, not sloughing it off as a failure, but modifying it to meet the mood of the times.

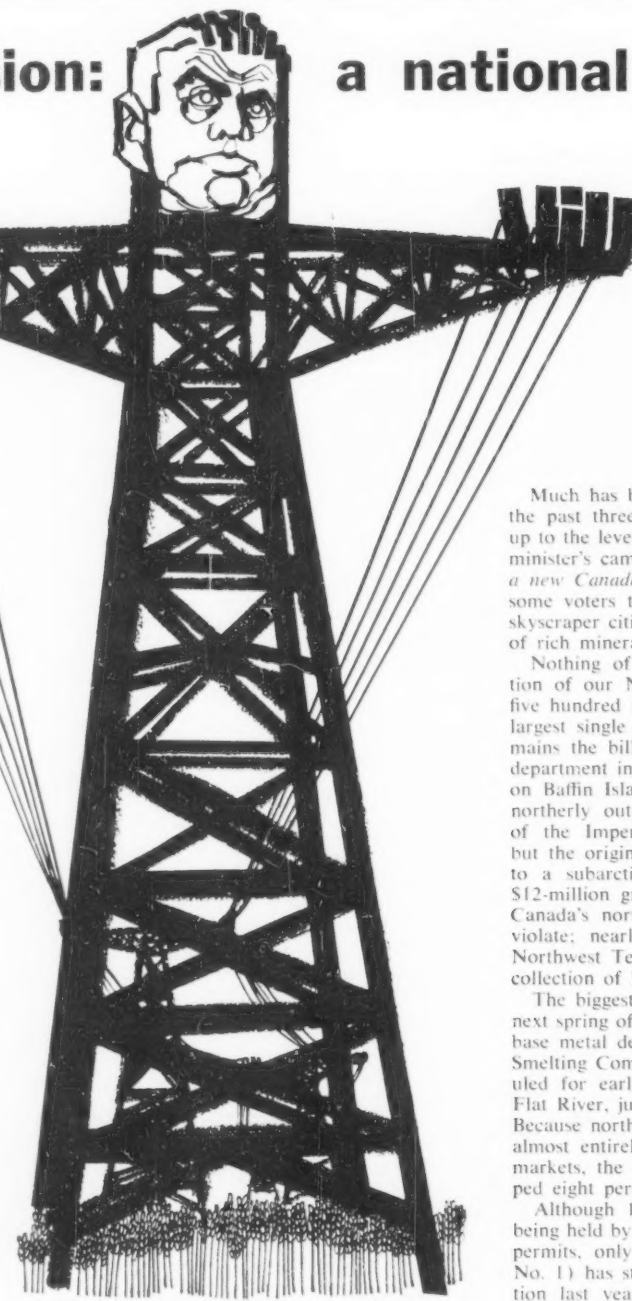
The second incarnation of the Diefenbaker Vision will probably be a plan for accelerated economic growth in southern Canada. This new version of the Vision—it's officially referred to as the National Development Plan—is now being discussed by the prime minister's senior advisers. Its detailed architecture remains secret, but the skeleton on which most of the adornments will be draped may become the establishment of a national power grid.

This scheme would be presented to the voters as a natural evolution from the Vision's initial stimulus provided by Conservative government action during the past three years. Whereas the first phase of the Vision, presented in the 1958 campaign, was concerned with the location of the country's outlying natural resources, this follow-up stage would be identified with the process of relating such discoveries to available power resources, through a national power policy. This next step, if it is implemented, may also include incentive proposals to encourage the domestic processing of raw materials.

While just about every economist who has studied the effects of a national power grid agrees that it would be a tremendous boost to the economy, the engineers warn that its construction is impossible with existing technology. The realization of the system depends on the ability to carry power over distances of a thousand miles or even more. At present, Canada's longest power line is the 390-mile strand connecting Montreal with the generating plant at Bersimis. The Russians and Swedes have been experimenting with greater distances and the longest operating link is now a 600-mile line pushing 750,000 kilowatts from the Volga to the Urals. Ontario Hydro has done considerable research in long-distance transmission, but the problem is far from licked. One suggestion is that a Canada Electrical Transmission Act be passed establishing a federal transmission authority which would conduct the necessary research, construct the power lines and divide the benefits. A Power Development Bank would guarantee the provinces necessary construction funds.

The suggestion to build a national power grid, if it is used in the next election campaign, will be the largest single project yet proposed by the Diefenbaker government. No final cost estimates have been made but preliminary calculations show that expenditures of at least half a billion dollars would be involved.

The trans-Canada grid would allow the transfer of power surpluses to energy-poor provinces. It's been estimated that Canadian power consumption, doubling every decade, will amount to about 76 million kilowatts by 1980. The hydro potential available to provincial power grids will by 1980 total only 49 million kilowatts. Much of the gap will of course be filled from other energy sources, but some experts are



convinced that the construction of a national power grid could provide the largest quantities of cheap power. With such a grid it would be possible, for instance, to capitalize on the fact that the time-zone differences mean it's dark in Ontario two hours before it's dark on most of the prairies. By smoothing out peak demand periods across the country, it's estimated that 1.5 million kilowatts might be saved. If a national power grid were in operation the five million horsepower that now roar to waste down Grand Falls, on the Hamilton River in Labrador, could produce six million kilowatts for Ontario industries. Right now, this power could barely be brought to Seven Islands, Quebec. Before a national grid can be built, serious federal-provincial jurisdictional disputes, as well as the technical problems of transmitting power over great distances, would have to be solved.

The few experts who have studied the idea of a national power grid insist that the scheme would greatly encourage the expansion of domestic manufacturing facilities, thus making it a major factor in helping to create more jobs in Canada. This will likely be the approach that the prime minister will use, if he decides to make the construction of a national power grid one of his planks in the next election campaign.

Of Diefenbaker's original Vision, only one item has not yet been begun: work on a second Trans-Canada Highway. Of the 6,800 miles of new highway promised for the northern sections of the provinces, the Yukon, and the Northwest Territories, 4,900 miles either have been completed or are under construction. Probably the most impressive development in the north under the Conservative government has been to provide educational facilities for 56 percent of Eskimo children, compared with only 20 percent before the change in administration. This has cost \$32 million.

Much has been accomplished in the Arctic during the past three years, but what has been done isn't up to the level of expectation prompted by the prime minister's campaign oratory. His declarations ("I see a new Canada. A Canada of the north") convinced some voters that our Arctic would suddenly sprout skyscraper cities, and that they'd hear weekly reports of rich mineral strikes.

Nothing of the kind has happened. The population of our North has increased at a rate of only five hundred new settlers a year since 1958 and the largest single investment in the Canadian Arctic remains the billion dollars spent by the U.S. defense department in building the DEW line. Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island recently acquired the world's most northerly outpost, at an Eskimo recreation centre, of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, but the original \$75-million scheme to expand it into a subarctic metropolis has been reduced to a \$12-million growth plan, which may be further cut. Canada's northern region remains economically inviolate; nearly half of last year's income of the Northwest Territories Council was derived from the collection of liquor taxes.

The biggest news in the north is the planned start next spring of the 438-mile railroad to the Pine Point base metal deposits of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company. The only other mine now scheduled for early production is the tungsten strike at Flat River, just east of the Yukon-N.W.T. boundary. Because northern mineral production has been based almost entirely on the depressed gold and uranium markets, the value of mineral output actually dropped eight percent in 1960.

Although 115 million acres of northern land are being held by petroleum companies under exploratory permits, only one well (Western Mineral's Chance No. 1) has struck oil. The north's entire oil production last year would supply far less than a day's Canadian consumption. One well is now being drilled on Melville Island, which is high above the Arctic circle.

The character of the Diefenbaker Vision changed considerably when Alvin Hamilton was transferred to agriculture a year ago. While at Northern Affairs, Hamilton was not always right, but he was always exciting. Walter Dinsdale, his successor, is a gentle slump of a man who appears to be interested in the details of administrative efficiency rather than visionary planning.

Dinsdale, who got into the Commons by winning a by-election upset at Brandon, Man., in 1951, is the cabinet's only active member of the Canadian Bandmasters Association. He still occasionally plays second cornet in the Ottawa Salvation Army band and is often asked to preach from local United Church pulpits. Before World War II he was a Salvation Army captain, then he joined the RCAF where he earned a DFC. He lectured in political science at Brandon College before getting into politics. "People are critical because the north hasn't been transformed overnight," he says, "but nobody suggested that, nor can it be done. It'll take a couple of decades to get our program really rolling, just as it required twenty to thirty years to open up the prairies."



OVERSEAS REPORT

Leslie F. Hannon IN WESTERN EUROPE

Operation fleshcreeper: Red answer to NATO arms

Western listening posts all over central Europe are on the alert right now for news of large-scale military manoeuvres somewhere in the Soviet satellite countries. For the first time since the Warsaw Pact was signed six years ago, combat training exercises have been officially announced by the eight member states—Russia, Poland, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania and Albania. Without doubt, the unified armies—the Soviet answer to NATO—have conducted war games before but they've never announced them in advance. A pointed clue has often been the sudden refusal to allow western diplomats to travel for a period in certain areas previously open. Recently, reports have reached Vienna from Prague that specialized personnel are being called up and strict controls imposed on travel. These reports suggest Czechoslovakia may be the main area for the manoeuvres this year.

"Operation Fleshcreeper" is the label coined by western circles here for the Warsaw Pact move—just another step in the buildup of pressure over Berlin. NATO itself is still studying the lessons of its own "biggest ever" manoeuvres, recently completed over a 4,500-square-mile area in Westphalia and lower Saxony. The flippancy of "Operation Fleshcreeper" is only half-meant; the unified Iron Curtain forces are commanded by Russian Marshal Andrei Grechko and are built around a very hard core of Russian armor. Grechko, a tough 51-year-old Ukrainian who was until last year commander of all Russian land forces, is perhaps the perfect choice—he is the man who put down the uprising in East Berlin in 1953.

What about Russia's allies?

No European military analyst harbors any doubts about the fighting qualities of the Russian soldier, but what about the Soviet allies? What would they be worth in a showdown? In terms of an old-fashioned stand-up war, what sort of force is arrayed against the NATO divisions in Europe?

On paper, we're swamped. The best current British estimate is that the Russians alone have 100 line divisions in central Europe or close by in western Russia. Twenty of these are in East Germany, at least two in Poland and four in Hungary. NATO's front-line strength was last listed at 21 divisions and one brigade (the Fourth Canadian). Russia is currently reckoned to

have 4,100,000 men in uniform and to be able to field 300 divisions within 30 days of general mobilization. The numerical inferiority of the West's continental manpower becomes even more marked when the armies of the satellites are totted up. Rumania is considered the biggest—322,000 men. Others are: Poland, 320,000; Czechoslovakia, 230,000; Bulgaria, 165,000; East Germany, 144,000; Hungary, 115,000; Albania, 37,000. Grand total of Warsaw Pact strength, including paramilitary units: 5,433,000. For quick comparison, Britain is unlikely at the present recruiting rate to reach her goal of an army of 165,000 by January, 1963. If she does hit the target, she'll just match the Bulgarians.

In the air, NATO currently can muster approximately 5,000 tactical aircraft, plus the British V-bomber fleet and the American strategic forces. A well-informed estimate last July placed the Soviet strength at between 15,000 and 20,000 operational planes. Experts consider West and East to be roughly equal in tactical missile striking power—each side has both 700-mile and 1,500-mile rockets—and there's no evidence that the Russians have supplied any of their satellites with nuclear warheads.

The simple totting up of the armed manpower of the satellites is, of course, misleading. The prime question is *how* misleading. It's a chilling guessing game trying to assess just how effectively a Czechoslovakian, say, would fight for the communist cause if ordered to do so by a Russian marshal under the terms of the Warsaw Pact. In my view, North Americans have never fully grasped the renaissance of the Russian fighting man between the two world wars. Given a cause—however mistaken a cause in our eyes—might not a Bulgarian fight, as tenaciously? The fact that membership in the Warsaw Pact was, in simplest terms, imposed on a group of captive peoples does not necessarily have the effect of sapping the morale of a young infantryman or tank gunner. Many westerners also still seem to have a conception of central European armies as mule-team-and-howitzer affairs, with ragged soldiers brandishing long Khyber Pass rifles. That picture was basically accurate a generation ago, but millions of roubles and thousands of technicians have streamed out of Moscow since then. Earlier this year, for instance, Russia announced she had offered her allies new loans and credits worth \$10 billion and had helped

them build 500 industrial enterprises.

With a ruthless efficiency that pushes aside national preferences or prides, Russian planners have decreed that the Czechs and Russians will make the cars and trucks, the Poles will make the ships, Hungary the aluminum, Bulgaria the copper, and so on. An oil pipeline, already half completed, will run 2,800 miles to link Russian oil fields with Hungarian, German and Polish refineries. A giant electric power grid, to be completed in 1964, will link the satellites and enable them to pass surplus power from one country to another on demand. A Russian embassy spokesman in London states that the seven other members of the Warsaw Pact now produce 40 percent as much electricity, almost as much coal, and 36 percent as much steel as does Russia herself.

Sparks of liberty still smolder

Unfortunately for theorists and technocrats, and fortunately for mankind, life isn't entirely a matter of machines. The sparks of liberty still smolder in central Europe and make assessing the loyalty of the satellites just as much a guessing game for Moscow as it must be for Washington. The riots of Poznan, the uprising in Berlin, the revolt in Hungary are indelibly on the record book. When East Germans will jump from third-story windows and families holding babies aloft will swim canals to escape communism, what price the 144,000 troops of the German Democratic Republic?

The Soviets carry Albania on the credit side of their books, but she's certainly a doubtful entry. Warring with Moscow on theoretical issues, Tirana is openly wooing Peking and neither Albanian President Enver Hoxha nor Premier Mehmet Shehu has attended Warsaw Pact talks for the past two years. They've sent a low-grade sub, Bequir Belluku. But Moscow must be tolerant as only Albania among the bloc countries has access to the Mediterranean. Albania is also sealed off from her allies by the thorny Tito and when I was in Belgrade recently I was told flatly, if unofficially, that the Albanians wouldn't be bothering anybody. When neutralist Yugoslavia was last talking about such matters, she was rated at 30 divisions, 220,000 men in arms, and extremely tough guys at that.

Over the last few years the Warsaw Pact nations have changed like the wind from denouncing NATO to offering nonaggression treaties to the western

bloc, to suggesting that neither of the Germans be allowed atomic arms and that a special zone be created in central Europe under joint East-West supervision. This last is a version of the Rapacki Plan that caught the favor of Anthony Eden. The West has replied steadily that it will welcome a non-aggression pact when all the countries concerned can be spoken for by governments elected by popular franchise—which is, in today's world, the equivalent of saying *mañana*. Jumping to the party-line whip, when the cold war was temporarily merely cool the Pact countries embarked on a program of neighborliness with adjacent NATO countries. Russia was to cuddle up to Turkey, Bulgaria to Greece and Albania to Italy. Togetherness was just as abruptly abandoned when the clouds began to darken over Berlin. Greece has been bluntly threatened. Late last month, the Turkish ambassador to Moscow was called in and warned that NATO exercises held in Turkey were regarded by Russia as a hostile demonstration.

The preliminaries to Operation Fleshcreeper began last spring when the Pact members met in Moscow. They stated that they had "agreed on the measures which they find it necessary to take in the interests of further consolidation of their defense policy and strengthening peace throughout the world." Last month, in Warsaw, Marshal Grechko's staff was further ordered to "work out practical moves" to strengthen the battle-readiness and defensive potential of the unified force. This decision was taken, a communique stated, in view of the intensified military preparations by the NATO powers. With one word changed, the communique could have come from SHAPE—from Paris, and not Warsaw.

As these fateful weeks pass, as the fields of central Europe are cleared of the last of the harvest, the men under General Norstad and the men under Marshal Grechko, whatever their capacity or will to fight, are sharing one of the most curious exhortations to battle ever promulgated. Neither side wants to fight. Almost within hours, Poland's Wladislaw Gomulka and the United States' John Kennedy made almost the same speech. "We do not want war. We do not want to attack anyone..." said Gomulka in Warsaw. "We shall neither commit nor provoke aggression," said Kennedy in New York. Both men, of course, went on to say that they would defend themselves to the utmost. Against whom?



ROLL CALL: Khrushchov, at right, lines up East Germany's Ulbricht, Poland's Gomulka, Czechoslovakia's Novotny, Hungary's Kadar, Bulgaria's Yugov and two uncertain allies — Albania's Hoxha and Yugoslavia's Tito. On paper they have 5,433,000 men but if war comes, how many of them will fight?

ENTERTAINMENT

Showdown in CBC's corral: how fast will CTV draw

As every TV fan knows, when a new gun rides into town he is almost sure to end up in a showdown with the old, established top gun. But if he's smart, he won't force a fight until he has sized up his rival and maybe tested him a little.

Canadian Television Network Limited (CTV) rode into the CBC's territory early in October, and won't be forcing any showdowns this season with the old top gun. But the adversaries are sizing up and testing each other right now. Here's how:

Both networks want big, loyal audiences—CTV to prove to sponsors that it can sell soap, the CBC to impress sponsors and to hold the confidence of Parliament. CTV, with only eight stations, and eight and a half hours of shows a week, knows it can't match the CBC's audience coverage (CBC has 31 regular network stations and 28 others intermittently, and it offers 24 hours of full network shows in "prime" evening time). Rather than trying to pull viewers away from such big CBC favorites as *Front Page Challenge*, the *Ed Sullivan Show* or *Perry Mason*, CTV is airing some of its strongest shows at times when CBC audiences are likely to be either small or lukewarm. For instance, CTV is matching *Maigret*, an hour-long British detective series, against two so-so CBC half hours—*Live a Borrowed Life*, a Canadian panel show, and the *Bob Cummings Show*, a U.S. situation comedy. Similarly, in its eight cities, CTV hopes to get more audience for *20 Questions*, a half-hour parlor game, than CBC is meanwhile getting for two 15-minute programs, *The Nation's Business* (free-time political talk) and *Mr. Fixit* (how-to instruction for handy-men).

CTV is also hoping the current fad for "adult" cartoons will help *Top Cat*, a new American show, outdraw *Don Messer's Jubilee*, a folksy half-hour musical from Halifax. On Thursday nights, when the hour-long *Perry Como Show* is half over on CBC, CTV will cut in with its one-hour musical from the U.S., *Sing Along With Mitch*, hoping viewers will switch to Mitch and forget the CBC for the rest of the night.

(Even before CTV got on the air, CBC began the maneuvering by scheduling *Bonanza*, a U.S. western, in the

time on Sunday evening formerly occupied by *GM Presents*, hoping to hold viewers on through *Close-Up*, the public-affairs documentary.)

How will the rivals—and sponsors and viewers—decide who's winning? Not primarily by the listenership ratings that have often dictated network decisions in the U.S. "We're not going to get into a rating war," says Spence Caldwell, head of CTV. "Personally, ratings don't mean much to me." CBC feels much the same way, having found sponsors less concerned about a program's rating than about the way it seems to affect product sales. Rather, CTV says it will count its victories in the number of sponsors signed and satisfied, and CBC will be watching the season's revenue figures to see what damage has been done—if any. One possibility is that both sides will be winners, by taking audiences and revenue away from competing U.S. stations.

Besides moving cautiously against its powerful Canadian competitor, CTV is making sure it meets the Board of Broadcast Governors' regulation calling for 45 percent Canadian content. Only three of its eight and a half hours are actually Canadian, but two hours of *Commonwealth* shows rate half marks under the BBG rule, and bring the network's score up from 35 to 46 percent.

SHIRLEY MAIR

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

The pool-room prowess of Fats Gleason

THE HUSTLER:

Making one of his rare appearances on the full-size screen, TV funny-man Jackie Gleason is superbly suited to his role as a pool-table heavy-weight champion named Minnesota Fats in this bleak, realistic drama. Its characters, mostly unsavory but all interesting, include a hungry young challenger for the title (Paul Newman), a suicidal alcoholic (Piper Laurie), and a gambler (George C. Scott) who dabbles in psychology.



THE TRUTH:

Ostensibly a "serious" Brigitte Bardot picture, this French courtroom yarn offers the pouting sex-kitten as a Paris beatnik who goes on trial for the murder of her former lover. There are some powerful moments but the famous BB's acting equipment fails to measure up to the requirements of the drama. She seems

more at home doing a slow-motion "haunch dance" in bed to the rhythm of her radio's rock-'n'-roll.

THE DEVIL AT 4 O'CLOCK: A bitter old priest (Spencer Tracy) and three convicts (one of whom is Frank Sinatra) risk their lives to rescue a colony of leper children from a volcanic eruption on a South Seas island. The story has its share of hokum but Tracy's performance has guts and honesty.

GREYFRIARS BOBBY: Gilt-edged for the kiddies, and for many a susceptible grown-up as well, is this Walt Disney presentation about a dog—a Skye terrier named Bobby—which refuses to leave the Edinburgh kirkyard where his old master lies buried.

And these are worth seeing:

Breakfast at Tiffany's
Mysterious Island
Paris Blues
Spare the Rod
Summer and Smoke
The Young Doctors

Life can be beautiful, Frobisher radio division



When the first exciting episode of *Way of Life*, a kind of Eskimo soap opera, was broadcast last winter by CBC station CFFB at Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island, it was a local sensation. Written and acted by Eskimos, it was the story

of Teekerk, who got drunk, beat his child, tried to stab his best friend and was arrested by the RCMP. Eskimo listeners, unaccustomed to such stirring drama in their own tongue and hazy about the dividing line between fact and fiction, were so impressed that some of them swore off drinking and others threatened the life of the play's director and leading man, Abe Opgik.

The CBC was impressed, too. This winter it will pay Opgik and his cast, and rebroadcast *Way of Life* on the Keewatin and Churchill stations and the short-wave northern network.

Opgik, a recreation director at the Department of Northern Affairs' Frobisher rehabilitation centre, conceived the show to dramatize the problems

Eskimos meet as they exchange their nomadic culture for the benefits of civilization, including steady jobs and beverage rooms. With a borrowed tape recorder and a cast of eight patients he worked out several half-hour episodes in the life of Teekerk, a hard-drinking loafer who spends the baby bonus cheques for booze but who redeems himself by saving a child from being mauled by huskies. (Script notes: *Misc, detour, sound of dogs fighting, much noise, dog gets kicked, howls, dog bites Teekerk, Teekerk howls.*)

Producing the dog's howl is simple: a husky is hauled into the studio and kicked on cue. Other sound effects call for more ingenuity. For footsteps in the snow, crunching a box of corn flakes gives almost the right sound; bran flakes are just right. For the wail of a blizzard they blow through cupped hands and for a motorboat they run an electric shaver in a tub of water.

Each episode ends with a cliffhanger (Will Teekerk lose his right to drink? Will little Ekesik escape the huskies?) and a moral (Drink in moderation. Keep your dogs tied up). Some installments also take sly jabs at authority, as when two Eskimos and a Mountie spend a night in an igloo on the trail. A polar bear tries to break in and they find their rifles have been left outside. (Announcer: "Listen next week...")

The three men break out through a rear wall. Teekerk grabs a rifle and shoots the bear. The crisis is over but the Mountie is missing. At length he hears their shouts and returns, admitting, "I was really scared." In the rush he has pulled on his trousers backward, to the huge delight of the Eskimos who tell the story to everyone at the next dance in the big snow house.

Some listeners didn't think it was funny. The local RCMP inspector complained to the radio station.

Book report: why aren't they laughing in Montreal?

If you live anywhere but in Montreal and read book reviews at all, you are probably convinced that *Why Rock the Boat*, a recently published first novel by Montrealese William Weintraub, is going to win at least the Leacock medal for humor. Comments have run from "one of the most joyous bits of wacky, ribald hilarity to show up in a long time" (*Calgary Herald*) to a simple "tremendously funny" (*Ottawa Citizen*). But Montrealese can't be so sure. There, both English-language newspapers had their managing editors do special reviews and the comments of both were, oh, huffy. "Why Rock the Boat," wrote Alan Randal in the *Gazette*, "has its funny moments. But they are few." In the *Star*, Walter O'Hearn said, "(it) attacks conditions which never existed or which disappeared years ago."

You may have guessed already that the subject of Weintraub's satire is the world of Montreal's English-language

newspapers. In the book, the fictional *Daily Witness* possesses both resolute dullness and doubtful integrity. When police raid a nudist convention barricaded in a downtown hotel, and fire breaks out and nudes and cops go plummeting from a sixth-floor window into ten-below cold and a fire-net, the city editor says: "Too bad it had to happen in the George the Third. It might have made a nice little story for the paper." But the *Witness* does run such non-news as exhaustive accounts of funerals, service club meetings, and speeches in favor of Free Enterprise.

Most newspapermen who worked on Montreal papers in the late 40s, when Weintraub did, say his spoof is valid—within a satirist's licence to exaggerate. Unfair? Not at all, though the newspapermen agree that the papers have improved since Weintraub left. "We all covered funerals," says one, "and we often added names of advertisers who phoned in and asked to be included."

Why the reaction to the book by the two managing editors? "If the shoe fits..." said an ex-desk man.

The squeakiest part of Weintraub's satirical shoe concerns suppression of news that might affect advertisers. What about that? "Well, name any paper that doesn't do it," said a former city editor.

Weintraub himself, who says he didn't write the book to satisfy a grudge and chose the newspaper world only because it provided a comic background, says he knows of dozens of cases where stories have been kept out to please advertisers, and has heard of dozens more since his book came out.

Weintraub, who is now thinking out a second satire—he won't say what the subject is—points to a letter he received from a former desk man on the *Gazette*. "You have to have worked on a Montreal newspaper," the letter says, "to realize how close to absolute reality your chronicle is." PETER GZOWSKI



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